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A NORTH NORTHUMBRIAN VILLAGE.

I.

HEBRON HILL.

AT the base of a hill, with the waters of the river Tweed lapping its northern and the waves of the German Ocean beating against its eastern side, lay the village. About a mile to the north, on the other side of the river, with its high walls and ruined castle, lay Berwick-on-Tweed, famed in Border history and in Border song. To the west, high up on the sloping hills, gleaming in the summer sunshine and gently waving in the western breeze, were fields of yellow corn. Away to the south rugged rocks and frowning cliffs rose high in the air, a narrow strip of white sandy beach skirting their base. More distant in the same direction, the tall turrets of Holy Island castle were clearly cut against the blue sky; near them the ruins of the ancient abbey of Lindisfarne; and farther distant still, the Fern Isles were scattered like dark specks on the shimmering surface of the German Ocean. Far away to the north, frowning darkly on the waters of the North Sea, rose St. Abb's Head, — the proudest headland in Europe, — the dark waves tumbling themselves wrathfully against its jagged sides.

The village was an outlandish place, albeit it was a favorite resort of the wealthy in summer; for its beach was regarded as one of the finest on the coast, affording facilities for bathing of which Newport could never boast. Consumptive dukes and superannuated duchesses might often be seen laving their aristocratic limbs in the waters which bleached its sands. There for a short season the famous Major Yelverton sojourned with his since discarded wife. There professors from the Edinburgh University and impecunious students from Durham Academy were wont to spend their hours of summer recreation, and there might be seen the country clergyman with a dozen of blooming daughters, the worn-out pedagogue from the base of the Cheviots, the coal merchant from Newcastle, and the weaver from Paisley. But these were only transient visitors; they had nothing in common with the inhabitants; they lived in a different world. The visitors were members of society, the inhabitants belonged to the village.

It was, as has already been observed, an outlandish place. Tradition states that it was founded in the twelfth century by a Danish prince, who when on a cruise landed some of his sick seamen, and built a hospital for them on the spot where the village now stands. The sailors having recovered, and seeing the

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situation was an excellent one, as a base for smuggling and piratical operations, resolved to locate themselves there. The prince gave them permission, and called the place Hospital. The name was subsequently abbreviated to Spital, which with the addition of a *t* — Spittal — it bears to-day.

II.

THE INHABITANTS.

It would be difficult to find in any other part of the civilized world a class of people exhibiting so many peculiarities of character, so much ignorance combined with the highest order of intelligence, so much piety combined with the most daring profanity, as was to be found in this little village. Most of the inhabitants were fishermen, — rough, uncouth men, as rugged as the rocks which raised their frowning fronts in defiance of the North Sea waves. Men the greater number of whom had never seen the inside of a school-house, and who listened to the call of the church bell only when it was rung in foggy weather to guide them in safety to their harbor. They believed the great end of life consisted in catching as many fish as possible, and believing this they pursued their calling with zeal. Two or three hours before sunrise, every morning when the condition of the weather permitted, they launched their cockle-shell craft and sped miles away into the ocean. At sunrise they cast their lines, and after waiting half an hour, hauled them in again. If the weather continued fine, they usually reached the harbor about ten o'clock. But oftentimes, more especially in the winter months, the calm, pleasant morning was succeeded by a stormy day. Fiercely would the northeast storm sweep over the bosom of the ocean lately so calm; the dark waves would come rolling along from the turbulent firth, raising their white frothy crests high in the air, and hiding from anxious wives and children, gathered on the shore, the tiny craft which bore husbands and fathers, bravely buffeting the rising storm. When the fishermen returned, their duties were over for the day, while those of their wives and children began. The wives stood upon the beach with their creels (baskets in which the fish were carried to market) upon their backs, waiting for their load. The lines, which were coiled in baskets called swulls, were put on shore first, after which the wives handed their creels to their husbands, into which the fish were flung. How grim and sour the wives looked if their loads were light, and how pleasant and amiable their bearing if their creels were heavy! It was amusing to hear their questions when their husbands landed.

Wives. — It 's been a fine mornin', men.

Husbands. — 'Deed an' that 's a' ye ken aboot it. Been blawin' a gale a wund frae th' narrit (northward) ootside a' this mornin'.

Wives. — D' ye say sa! Is there onything gaun? (Indeed! have you caught many fish?)

Husbands. — Ugh!

Wives look sour and throw their creels wrathfully into the boat.

Wives. — Jemmy Duggan's boat 's jest come in wi' fower creel-fu' (four creels full).

Husbands. — Jemmy Duggan be d—d; there 's yer fish; pack aff t' market.

Of quite a different nature was the conversation if a successful haul was the result of the morning's fishing. The husbands chatted in friendly tones with their wives, and the wives smiled pleasantly, and spoke of the nice toast and butter, and ham and eggs, that awaited their hungry lords at their humble homes.

The duties of the children were to pick bait, the limpet and periwinkle, which were found among the rocks that lined the shore for miles. Sometimes they dug sand-eels and a species of sea-worm called lug, the latter being regarded as an excellent bait for haddock and cod fishing.

The limpet is a univalve, and is found

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in great numbers on the Scotch and English coasts. It adheres firmly to the rock on which it grows, and has to be detached with a sharp steel implement, called, in the village vernacular, a "lampit picker." Securing this kind of bait was called "lampit pickin'." The periwinkle is a species of sea-snail inhabiting the clefts of the rocks. It was gathered in baskets, or in small wooden buckets. This occupation was called "gatherin' wulks," wulk being the name — and the only name — by which the periwinkle was known to the inhabitants of the village. Sand-eels were dug up with a hoe or a small iron implement shaped like a hoe, used by the villagers in raking the ashes from their grates. This implement was called a coal-rake, but it was pronounced precisely the same as choleric. Sometimes a blunted sickle was used in procuring sand-eels ; it was drawn rapidly through the sand, dragging out the eels with ease and rapidity. This occupation was called "howkin' sandals," howk being the term used for dig. The sea-worm called lug is of a purplish color, measuring from five to fifteen inches in length, softer than the earthworm and less robust, the largest scarcely ever measuring more than the eighth of an inch in diameter. It was much prized by the fishermen, but it was not plentiful in the vicinity of the village, and only a few of the more enterprising among them took the trouble to secure it. Besides procuring the bait, the children were obliged to bait the lines. This was an occupation requiring great skill and patience. Each line was fitted with twenty score of hooks. In baiting, the swull, an oval-shaped basket was used. The line was neatly coiled into one end of the basket, and the hooks, baited with limpet, periwinkle, sand-eel, or lug, were placed side by side in rows across the entire breadth of the basket, a layer of fog (fine, dry grass, called in New England "old tore") between each row. The task of baiting occupied an unusually expert boy or girl two hours, ordinary workers two hours and a half. In baiting with lug much more time was required than with limpets or periwinkles, as each worm required to be fastened to the hook. This was done by wrapping around the hook and worm a few threads of fine, white wool. The villagers called this "baitin' wi' oo."

Thus was the fisherman's family engaged; the husband in catching the fish, the wife in selling them, and the children in gathering the bait and baiting the lines. Haddock and cod fishing began in October and continued until June. About the beginning of July the herring season commenced; and great were the preparations that were made for it. The boats used for herring fishing were much larger than those used for haddock fishing, and built on a different plan. They were called keel boats; fine boats they were, well adapted to the pursuits in which they were engaged, fast sailers, and thoroughly sea-worthy. These boats were laid up during the haddock-fishing season, and on the approach of the herring season they were launched. An entire day was devoted by the fishermen to launching the boats. This day was called "boat lānchin' doon day," and on the close of the herring season another day was devoted to dragging the boats up on to the banks. This was called "boat lānchin' up day." These were not ordinary days. They were to the villagers what the Fourth of July is to Americans; looked forward to for months. Early in the morning the fishermen met on the beach, and the preparations for launching were begun. Two pieces of rope, each about fifty feet in length, were fastened to the boat. The stern was then raised with a lever, and a roller placed under it. Rollers were placed at intervals of about ten feet from the boat down to the edge of the water. Everything being in readiness the ropes were manned by the fishermen, who faced each other in two rows. About a dozen men placed themselves on each side of the boat to keep her on an even keel. The owner of the boat then sang out, —

"A' ready, men ? "

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"Ay, ay; a' ready," from a hundred voices.

"Start her, then."

But this was easier said than accomplished. Having lain in one position for many months, the keels of the boats had sunk deep into the sandy earth, and it required a strong pull to start them.

"D' she move, men?"

"Not a skuddick" (not a hair's-breadth).

The services of a dozen of boys who were playing near were now requested, and the following colloquy ensued.

Men. — Look ye here, youngsters, what are ye yellin' about?

Boys. — Whā 's yellin'?

Men. — Ee ar' (you are). D' ye want yer backs broken?

Boys. — No, we dinna want wur backs broken. Whā 'll brick wur backs?

Men. — Then if ye dinna want yer backs broken, come an' clap on t' this rop. Come alang, sharp; handle yer malleys (hands or feet).

The boys sullenly lay hold of the rope and now the boat must start.

Chorus of Men. — A-he-ā-ho! A-he! Hiree, ho-he-ūp oh-ho! Oh-ho! She starts, a-he-a-he-ah! pull away, men! Now then — ho-he-oh-ho hūp! — there she goes — keep her gaun — keep her gaun!

Chorus of Boys. — Start her, start her, pull away Snuffy Wull! Ho-he-oh-ho! He-he ee-he! Hi-he-i-hi! A lang pull, a strang pull — keep her on her keel, lazy Laurens! — there she goes — dinna stap her!

The boat was soon drawn down to the water's edge, and another was proceeded with, until all the herring boats were launched. The owner of each boat paid seven shillings and sixpence for launching. There were twenty-eight boats, which made a sum total of ten pounds ten shillings. This was distributed among the landlords of the thirteen public-houses in the village, and after the boats were all launched men and boys repaired to the public-houses, when the "boat lānchin' spree" commenced. About ten o'clock on the night of "boat lānchin' day" fighting began, rather mildly at first, but as the night wore on the strife increased. Then were heard fearful oaths and imprecations, wild shouts and startling cries. All the fishermen, with a few exceptions, were drunk. The village was in an uproar. Suddenly the door of a public-house would be thrown open, a glare of light streaming into the street, and a drunken crowd would issue forth. In a few moments a circle was formed, in the centre of which a couple of fishermen were to decide which was the better man.

"Are ye ready?" was asked in a fierce tone by one.

"Ay; are ee?" from the other.

"Take that then, ye cowart (coward). I'll batter ye, ye loosey thief."

Fierce now became the strife, the surrounding crowd urging on the combatants to deeds that would render them famous in the annals of "boat lānchin' days."

"Go in t' 'im, Jimmy." — "Hammer 'im, Jack." — "Gie 'im a crass-ballicker" (that is, knock him down and strike him as he falls). — "Stap that, Jack; it 's nae fair strikin' 'im when he 's doon." — "Fair play. He 's no gittin' fair play; bit I 'll see that he gits it," shouts a friend of the prostrate gladiator, springing into the ring.

"Wull ye? Wull ye?" shouts a friend of the other, throwing off his coat and dashing in beside the lover of fair play. "We 'll see whā 's t' hae the best af it."

This was the signal for a general engagement, and in a few moments the entire crowd, men, women, and children, were fighting. All order was lost. Friends knocked down friends. Husbands beat their own wives and wives tore the hair from the heads of their own husbands. Blood flowed, eyes were closed for indefinite periods, shirts and shawls were torn to shreds, and red night cowls trampled in the dust. When the crowd became exhausted they separated peacefully, and met each other as friendly as ever on the following day, all their differences

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buried until Spittal Feast or next boat launching day.

After the boats were launched they were ballasted; masts, sails, and oars put on board; a crew hired; the nets laid down, and they were ready for the herring season. Each boat carried from eighteen to twenty-seven nets. Each of these nets was from forty to seventy yards in length, and twelve yards in depth. Along the top of the net, a piece of rope called the net bank, about an inch in diameter, was fastened, and to this rope were attached the buoys which kept the net from sinking beyond a certain depth. These buoys were made from bullocks' bladders well tanned, tarred within, painted without, and sometimes bearing the name and number of the boat to which they belonged. The bladders were filled with air, securely fastened at the neck, and so buoyant were they that two of them were quite sufficient to keep a man from sinking. A piece of rope about a quarter of an inch in diameter and six yards in length was fastened, one end to the neck of the bladder and the other to the bank, thus allowing the top of the net to sink to the depth of three fathoms, the bottom of the net being nine fathoms from the surface. The bladders were placed at intervals of eight yards, each net having from six to eight bladders. Before proceeding to sea the nets, one fastened to another, were carefully laid in the bottom of the boat, the bladders neatly arranged in an after compartment called the cuddy. When the boat reached the fishing-ground a portion of sail was taken in and the speed reduced to about two knots an hour. The fishermen then proceeded to cast their nets, the boat being put before the wind, no matter from what point it blew. The nets were put out in a straight line; that is, they were left behind as fast as they were put out. When the last net was run over the side the sail was lowered, the mast taken down, and everything made snug. To the net next the boat was fastened a strong piece of rope about two inches in diameter and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty fathoms in length. About fifty fathoms of this rope were run out, and by it the boat rode to the nets. In stormy weather the entire length of the rope was run out with the view to making the boat ride easier. This rope was called "the swing," a very appropriate name, as it enabled the boat to swing easily in fine weather or foul. It was a pretty sight to see the herring boats swinging at their nets on a fine night. North and south as far as the eye could reach they lay, their lights twinkling like stars. Stretching far astern from each boat in a straight line were the rows of bladders from which the nets depended, rising and falling with the gentle swell which unceasingly rolls in the North Sea. On a moonlight night the scene was beautiful in the extreme, — the hundreds of boats, with their twinkling lights, lying like black specks on the silvery surface of the ocean, lazily drifting north or south according to the current, the bladders glistening in the moonlight and bobbing up and down on the tiny waves which sportively played around them. In this part of the world and on the ocean the moonlights are perfectly beautiful, so bright yet so soft, — so tender, so subdued. Nor were the ignorant, uncouth fishermen insensible to the charm of such a spectacle. Clustered around the fire blazing brightly in a grate which was secured in a wooden box, — the bottom being covered with sand about two inches in depth to prevent its ignition from the frequently falling embers, — they gazed around them with feelings akin to awe, and drank in the beauty of the scene which lay before them, stretching away north, south, east, and west as far as the eye could reach; with such expressions as "Dys n't she look bonnie the night?" referring to the moon; or, "Wull, it's worth lossin' sleep t' see sic a thing as this!" referring to the scene. Thirty miles distant to the north the light on St. Abb's Head gleamed brightly, and twenty miles to the south the revolving lights of the Fern Islands shot their rays far out on

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the ocean. Westward rose the Cheviots and the Lammermuirs, and eastward, shimmering in the soft moonlight until they met the sky, stretched the waters of the German Ocean. There lay a world of beauty of which the painter never dreamed. The scene changes. Behind a dense mass of gloomy clouds the moon is hidden; her light is extinguished by the gathering gloom, the northeast wind hurries along in fierce gusts, the herring boats are no longer visible. Only their lights are to be seen flaring fitfully in the gusts of wind, St. Abb's Head light is brighter than ever, and the beacons of the Fern Islands pierce the gloom with their rays. A black curtain hides the Lammermuirs and the Cheviots from sight, and save when a wave breaks and scatters millions of phosphorescent sparks around the rocking boat the surface of the ocean is invisible. The scene has changed from the beautiful to the grand. As the wind blows fiercer, and the waves rise higher, the sea presents the aspect of a sheet of flame. Now a wave breaks seemingly into a million pieces, each piece reflecting a diamond brilliancy. Again the surface of the ocean is broken and every color of the rainbow is presented to the wondering and delighted gaze. Even more beautiful and more impossible of description was the spectacle presented when the fishermen began the task of hauling in their nets. The fish in the nets, as they passed over the side of the boat dripping with phosphorescence, gleamed with auroral brilliancy, and it seemed as if the fishermen had been fishing in the sky and caught a sheet of the Northern Lights.

III.

FACILITIES FOR EDUCATION.

THERE were three schools in the village; "the subscription school" and two private schools. The subscription school was supported by voluntary contributions, that is, those of the villagers who were interested in promoting the means of education subscribed money for the purchase of books and other material necessary for the school. The salary of the master was seventy pounds a year and a free house. A school fee of twopence per week was paid by scholars over six years of age, and a penny per week under that age. These fees went towards the payment of the master's salary, the remainder being made up by subscription.

Arithmetic, grammar, geography, and sacred history were the chief studies. The scholars were also taught to sing — not by note, but by ear. The master of the subscription school was a kind-hearted, but stern and scrupulously conscientious man — well educated but full of that spirit of piety, almost amounting to fanaticism, which is peculiar to the Border character. The school opened in the morning with the singing of a hymn and the reading of a chapter from the Bible, which the master expounded as he read. After finishing the reading of the chapter, the master invoked the Divine blessing on the exercises of the day. With closed eyes and folded hands the scholars knelt in silence, while the master, with uplifted face and solemn aspect, returned thanks for past mercies and supplicated strength and wisdom in discharging the solemn duty of imparting instruction to the young. It was a beautiful sight — nearly three hundred boys and girls, varying in age from four to fifteen years, some in rags, some clothed neatly and respectably, some with begrimed faces and unkempt hair, some clean, rosy, and fresh, their hair smoothly combed and their clothing neat and comfortable, kneeling before their unpainted, unvarnished pine desks, silent and with closed eyes; the master, his face glowing with the inspiration of faith, with uplifted eyes, solemnly invoking the blessing of God on his labors, and the young committed to his charge. Truly

> "From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs,"

as much as from the scenes so beautifully described by the Ayrshire plow-

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man. Prayer finished, another hymn was sung, after which the scholars applied themselves to their different tasks. The scholars were divided into eight classes, according to the degree of proficiency they had attained. The classes were composed of boys and girls indiscriminately, and it was no unusual thing to see a girl occupying the head of a class. The master taught the first class and appointed tasks for the remainder; a scholar of the first class taught the second class, and the teachers for the remaining classes were taken from the second class. These teachers were changed every day. The master, albeit kind and benevolent, was a rigid disciplinarian, and his school was a very model of order. He turned out some excellent scholars, many of whom could be pointed out to-day, holding high positions in the literary and commercial world. His own son, who was educated in the school, and received no greater advantages than were afforded the son of the poorest and most ignorant fisherman of the village, occupies a high place in the ranks of American journalism; and it is worthy of remark that other graduates of his school are rapidly rising to conspicuous positions in the same profession.

The private schools were kept, one by an old man familiarly known in the village as Dominie Bowson, and the other by a woman named Esther Lauther. These were regarded as primary schools, although the dominie pretended to run in opposition to the subscription school. The dominie was very proud of his scholastic accomplishments, which consisted of a knowledge of arithmetic and geography. He did not pretend to teach grammar, affirming it as his opinion that it was a useless accomplishment. "Feegurs," said he, "Feegurs is the thing. Learn a youngster feegurs an' he 's a' right." The more intelligent fathers of families did not indorse the dominie's philosophy, and sent their children to the subscription school. The dominie had, nevertheless, quite a number of scholars of all ages and both sexes, many of whom turned out creditably. Being lame from an accident, — he had been a coal-miner, — and confined to his chair, his pupils not unfrequently opposed his authority. He kept upon his desk a cat-o'-nine-tails, denominated the "tawse;" this he would throw to a misbehaving scholar, who would bring them to the dominie and stand until he received a thrashing commensurate with his offense. Some of the bolder scholars would refuse to take the hint thrown out by the dominie with the tawse, and allow the corrective agent to lie beside them unnoticed. This indifference would arouse the dominie's wrath, and he would deliver himself as follows: —

"Ho, ho! So ye won't bring them, won't ye? Ho, ho, ha, ha! We 'll see if ye won't, ye jackass; ye — ye — ye what-ye-may-call-it; ye jackynapps; ye nint' feegur without the tail (a cipher). I 'll wallop ye, ye fisher's brat, I 'll be whuppit (whipped) if I don't. I 'll make the red ink (blood) fly, ye what-ye-may-call-it!"

During the delivery of this extemporaneous threatening address, the exasperated dominie raised his hand to a level with his eye, the index finger pointed like a pistol at the rebellious and, too often, indifferent pupil. His passion spent, he would sink back in his chair and resume his wonted serene demeanor.

Miss Esther Lauther's school was attended principally by girls, who were taught arithmetic, the alphabet, and plain sewing, darning, and knitting. Besides these there was Hobbie Elliott's school, which, from the peculiarity of the studies pursued in it, deserves special mention.

Hobbie Elliott was a fisherman who had seven sons. Having no faith in schools, he determined to educate his sons himself. He could neither read nor write; but, as he said himself, he had got on in the world without those accomplishments. He was prosperous; the majority of educated men in the village were not so comfortable as he, which fact was unquestionably owing to their knowledge. His sons should never be ruined by a schoolmaster.

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"Na, na," he concluded, "I'll school them masel'."

Each of Hobbie's seven sons, besides his baptismal name, had a nickname; indeed, there was hardly a man, woman, boy, or girl in the village, who was not more familiarly known by a nickname than by his or her real name.

The eldest son, Joseph, was nicknamed "Ginger," from his having red hair. The second was James or Lazy Jemmy. The latter name was merited, as James was naturally disinclined to work. The third was Ned, which was lengthened into Nedico. The fourth was Frank, who was called the Prince, his mother in a fond moment having bestowed that illustrious title upon him. The fifth was Bartholomew, named Sea-water-goods, from a habit he had of traversing the beach at all times, on the lookout for treasure cast up by the sea. The sixth was Benjamin, who was familiarly known as Toby. The seventh was Jack, who rejoiced in the peculiar appellation of the Fiend. The latter was the son of Hobbie's old age, and consequently the favorite. Thus the sons of Hobbie were seven: namely, Ginger, Lazy Jemmy, Nedico, Prince, Sea-water-goods, Toby, and Fiend. Hobbie's system of education was not the same as that taught in the other schools. It was an original system, of which he was the inventor. Only his own sons participated in the benefits derived from it. Outsiders were excluded for the reason that every father had it in his power to educate his sons in the same way, and as Hobbie said, "Every man for himsel'."

Hobbie's system of education may be gathered from the following scene, which is described exactly as it occurred.

It is about half past nine o'clock in the morning of a winter day. The sea is too rough for the boats to put out, and Hobbie and his sons are assembled in the only habitable room in the house, which constitutes kitchen, parlor, bedroom, and school-room. Hobbie sits at the head of a large pine table, his eldest son at the foot, and the remaining six are ranged, three on each side. Hobbie breaks the silence by saying, "Sea-water-goods, take the big mug an' run doon t' Nancy Burney's fur a quārt av beer."

"Ay, ay, feyther," S. W. G. answers, preparing to execute the order.

"Fiend, tak' yer fing-ers oot yer mooth an' look at me. That's right; now, answer this ques'on. How mony stra's wad it tak' t' reach t' th' moon?"

Fiend promptly replies, "Yen (one), if 't was lang 'nuff."

"That's right, ma spunkie; I'll gie ye a drink a beer whun Sea-water-goods comes back."

"Onybody might answer that ques-'on," says Ginger, sarcastically.

"Yes, onybody might answer it," repeat the others.

"What did ye no answer it fur, then?" asks Fiend, somewhat sullenly.

"Wadna tak' the trouble," says the Prince.

Sea-water-goods now makes his entrance with the beer. Hobbie fixes his eyes upon him sternly and asks, —

"Did ye drink ony, Sea-water?"

"Not a drap, feyther."

"That's right, ma hearty; ye'll be a man afore yer mother." Then seizing the pitcher he places it to his lips, saying, "Gud day, ma hearties, I'll be back in a jiffy," and for a moment disappears in the foam.

"Hould on, feyther," cries Fiend, "ye ken ye promised me some." An inarticulate sound comes from the recesses of the pitcher. With a sigh, Hobbie passes the vessel to the child of his age, whose head for a moment disappears within it. Sea-water-goods finishes the remainder of the beer and restores the pitcher to the shelf.

"Now then, ma swankies," says Hobbie, "we'll hae t' get at it; we canna pit aff ony mair time. Let's see, where was it I left aff?"

"At the beer, feyther," Prince remarks.

"Prince, ye're as sharp as a frosty mornin'. Now I'll ax ye the first ques'on. Suppose ye wur at sea, ridin' at yer nets on a coorse (stormy) night,

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wi' the wund blawin' frae the narrit (northward) an' swingin' heed on; an' suppose the herrin' wur thickest inshore, an' ye wanted yer boat t' swing in, instead uv settin' aff, wi' the flood-tide, what wad ye do?"

"Pit a couple a' han's t' the starboard bow an' after oars, an' keep her heed in."

This answer causes a general laugh.

"What wad ye do, Fiend?"

"I dinna ken, feyther."

"What wad ye do, Lazy?"

"Naethin', feyther; let her swing in if she wanted to, or swing oot, ony way she liked."

"Jist like ye, Lazy. What wad ye do, Nedico?"

"Swing her starn on wi' the swing on the larboard timmer heed" (timber head).

"Ye 've come pretty near it, Nedico."

"What wad ye do, Ginger?"

"Let her ride heed on; clap the swing on the after timmer heed an' gie her bow a swing in; an' the flood wad set her inshore."

"Right, ma swankie. Ye 'll do. Mind what he says, youngsters. Wad ye a' do that?"

"Yes, feyther; Ginger 's right."

"Weel then, suppose ye wur ootside an' a gale uv wund sprang up frae the narrit, an' a stormy flood-tide runnin', an' ye wur sooth (south) a' the harbor, what wad ye do t' git t' the harbor quickest, Sea-water-goods?"

"Reach her in on the starboard teck (tack) till I gat close inshore where the tide was easy, then make short tecks i' the easy tide till I gat t' the harbor."

"Right, ma son; right ye are. Ye 're a credit t' the fam'ly."

"An' suppose an ebb-tide was runnin', what wad ye do, Toby?"

"Smash her into it i' the offin' till I gat abreest a' the harbor, then reach her in wi' the ebb under her lee."

"Capital, capital, ma swankie; ye 've hit it. That 's 'nuff fur this time. Now fur yer fight. Go at it, ma sodgers, an' the thickest skin stand longest oot."

This was the signal for a general fight among the members of the family. The brothers paired according to their ages, and while Hobbie and his youngest son, Fiend, sat on the table, the remaining six pummeled each other to their hearts' content. During these affrays, furniture was often smashed, crockery ware demolished, and eyes partially closed; but, as Hobbie observed, it made the youngsters hardy and instructed them in the noble art of self-defense; a very necessary accomplishment in a North Sea fisherman. For the credit of the village, it is but just to remark here that Hobbie's was the only family in which this system of education was carried on.

IV.

RELIGION.

THE population of the village was about eighteen hundred; most of these were fishermen. A few mechanics, four or five fish-merchants, and some persons with hereditary incomes of from fifty to seventy-five pounds a year, who were called independent, composed the aristocracy. The majority of the aristocracy professed religion and attended "meetin'" on Sundays. Out of the entire number of fishermen only five or six were conspicuous for their piety; but these were very remarkable men when viewed in comparison with their professional brethren. There was only one house of worship in the village, and this was of the Presbyterian denomination. Strange to say, not one of the pious fishermen belonged to it. Two were Baptists, one a Swedenborgian, one an Irvingite, and one stood alone, calling himself a member of the church of Christ. What was very remarkable, the society of these pious fishermen, who, divested of their religion, were nothing more than poor, ignorant men, was sought by some of the most eminent divines of the mother country, including Cummings, of London, Lee, of Edinburgh, Cairns, of Berwick-on-Tweed, Mursell, the Manchester Spurgeon, and hosts of others. Ignorant of every other

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class of literature, these men were thoroughly conversant with the Holy Scriptures and the best theological works. So extensive was their knowledge, so vast their comprehension of truth, so subtile their reasoning, that the most learned divines were humbled before them, and listened to them in wonder. The Rev. John Cairns, D. D., a man as remarkable for his profundity as for his eloquence, had a handsome church built by his congregation. When it was finished, he invited one of these fishermen — he who called himself a member of the church of Christ — to examine it. Arm in arm the doctor of divinity and the North Sea fisherman walked through the richly carpeted aisles, examined the gorgeous pews, gazed upon the carved pulpit, the lofty ceiling, the stained glass windows.

"What do you think of it, brother?" asked the doctor.

The rugged North Sea fisherman raised his eyes to the lofty ceiling, drew his rough fustian jacket closer around him, and folding his arms upon his breast, said in reverential tones, —

"Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

The divine gazed upon the fisherman, an expression of admiration on his face, and laying his hand affectionately on the latter's shoulder said, —

"Brother, you have preached the first and the grandest sermon that will ever be heard within these walls."

These fishermen were in the habit of meeting together at the house of the member of the church of Christ, and it was no uncommon thing to see some of the greatest lights of the church militant mingling with them, and taking part in the theological controversies for which they assembled together. But though the arguments waxed hot, and in some instances debate almost tinged itself with acrimony, they never separated without exchanging the heartiest wishes for each other's temporal and spiritual welfare, and with common consent they knelt and praised the one God whom they worshiped differently, but earnestly and fervently.

On one occasion an Angel of the Irvingite church, who had been visiting the solitary lamb of that flock living in the village, was present, and debate between him and the member of the church of Christ ran high. At length the Angel, finding himself beaten at every point, and desirous of ending an argument in which all the advantages were on the side of his opponent, arose from his rough pine chair, and looking sternly at the pious fisherman said, —

"Brother, I will leave your dwelling. You are too dogmatical in your opinions, and I am grieved to say that I feel it my duty to shake the dust off my feet when I pass the threshold of your dwelling."

The humble fisherman arose and followed the Angel to the door. In his hand he held the well-thumbed Bible. Pointing to the book he said, —

"Brother, your decision does not make *that* the less true. Good-by, brother, and the blessing of our Father go with you."

The Angel turned back, and with tears in his eyes shook the fisherman by the hand. "Dear brother," said he, "I cannot part with you in anger after that speech. Let us pray together to the Almighty whom we both worship. Though I may differ with you in opinion, I admire the grandeur of your character, and envy the mighty strength of your faith."

In the families of these men, as may be imagined, religious discipline was very rigid. The Sabbath was most strictly observed. The food for Sunday was cooked on Saturday afternoons and eaten cold on the following day. The children were not allowed to go beyond the threshold of the door, unless to church or Sunday-school. In the house they were not allowed to indulge in the luxury of leaning back in their chairs, unless they were reading the Bible, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, the Pilgrim's Progress, Paley's Theology, or Harvey's Meditations Among the Tombs. The children of the family, from the eldest down to the boy or girl of three or four years old, were each

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obliged to commit to memory a chapter or portion of a chapter from the Old or New Testament during their leisure moments on Sunday, and repeat it without the book after family worship in the evening. The parents fully agreed with Dr. Watts that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and the children were kept busy. The severity of this discipline frequently had the effect of engendering a hatred in the minds of the less religiously inclined children against every form of piety, and runaways from the parental authority to the large sea-ports of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Shields, — where the boys bound themselves as apprentices in merchant's vessels, — were not uncommon.

Among the members of the Presbyterian church, with a few exceptions, the young were not ruled so rigidly. The children were allowed to lean back in their chairs, and I dare say the circumstance is yet fresh in the mind of every inhabitant of the village, of a boy caught one Sunday afternoon in the act of impaling a fly on a needle, who only received a slight whipping on the following day. No thrashing was done on Sunday. Crimes perpetrated on Sunday were not punished on that day, and the children who otherwise would have joyfully hailed the approach of Monday frequently awaited its arrival in terror.

Some of the inhabitants who attended church regularly, but who had never experienced a change of heart, had strange ideas of the future state, which was all the more remarkable as the genuine orthodox doctrine was preached to them every Sunday. A short distance north of the village was a small fishing hamlet, the inhabitants of which were known as "Grinders," and the most bitter rivalry existed between them and the fishermen of the village. They pursued their calling on the same ocean, braved the same dangers, and frequently, in storms, had to seek the same refuge; but the cloud of enmity which threw its shadow between them never for an instant seemed to lessen, but as time passed grew larger and blacker.

During the herring season a fish similar in appearance to a shark, but no larger than a cod, known by the fishermen as a sea-dog, made its appearance on the coast in great numbers, and committed dreadful ravages among the herrings, literally destroying whole "schools," and frequently destroying them when they were caught in the nets. One of the fishermen, a regular attendant of the Presbyterian church, being on his death-bed, his friends, anxious for his future welfare, thought to ask him some questions in regard to his spiritual condition.

"Weel, Rab, ye 're dyin', ye ken?"

"Ay, Jamie, I 'm gaun."

"An' where d' ye expect t' gau t' ?"

"I dinna ken, Jamie, bit I wad like t' turn int' a sea-dog an' plunder the Grinders' nets." And thus he died!

The sexton of the "meetin'," who had rung the bell regularly on Sundays for twenty years, but who was not distinguished for piety, died. After his funeral his chances of future bliss formed the topic of conversation among a few old men who were wont to meet at the "jetty corner" to discuss things in general.

"Weel, he was na a bad man after a'," said Jemmy Duggan.

"No, he was na verra bad; I 've seen warse," said Jack Crystal.

"D' ye think he 's gane t' heaven?" asked another.

"Gane t' heaven!" said Wull Johnson, the polemic and politician of the village. "Where else cud he gaun t' ? I wush I wus as sure a' heaven."

"What mak's ye think sae, Wull?" asked Jemmy Duggan.

"Think sae! why, ye ignorant fyll (fool), has n't he rung the meetin' bell fur twenty years?"

The Presbyterians observed the ordinance of the last supper four times a year, once every three months. One Saturday evening two women got into a dispute. They were both members of the church, and the following day — Sunday — was "sacrament day." The dispute ran high and harsh words were used. At length one of the women, her

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face inflamed with anger, stalked up to the other, and, shaking her clenched fist before the eyes of her antagonist, shouted wrathfully, —

"Ye hussy, if it hadna been Sacrament Sunday th' morn, I 'd a walloped ye!"

The children of the fishermen were, as I have already stated, obliged to gather bait, and had no opportunity of attending school regularly, even if their parents were willing that they should. Some of them attended Sunday-school, where they learned the child's catechism and sometimes portions of Scripture. It was no uncommon thing to find children who had not learned the alphabet able to repeat the catechism from beginning to end, and whole chapters from the Bible. The son of a fisherman who had never seen the inside of day-school or Sunday-school, one Sunday morning found himself clad in a new suit of corduroy made by Tam Carr, the tailor of the village, in the primary class of the Sabbath-school. The teacher, an elder of the church, asked the boy if he had been to school before. The boy answered "No."

"Who made you?" interrogated the teacher.

The boy, his mind filled with thoughts of his new suit of corduroy, promptly answered, —

"Tam Carr, bit they 're no' paid fur yet."

V.

SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Irish are said to be the most superstitious people in the world — that is, the peasant Irish; but these semi-Scotch, semi-English fishermen were far beyond the most grossly superstitious Irish peasant in that particular, and firmly believed in the existence of ghosts, goblins, fays, fairies, witches, kelpies, wraiths, warlocks, brownies, etc. Every tree that grew on the outskirts of the village screened within its leafy branches a fay or a fairy; every lichened rock that rose out of the heather-clad cliffs concealed behind it some malignant goblin, who only awaited a chance to seize his victim; every pool contained within its dark recesses some treacherous kelpie, that was ready to spring upon and drag into its dark waters the unwary passer-by; every woman who had turned the age of seventy, if not familiarly known, was avoided as a witch; every poor man whom nature had "sent into this breathing world before his time, but half finished, half made up," was dreaded as a warlock; every lonely place was inhabited by a ghost; every marsh was peopled with wraiths; and even at sea the fishermen were not safe, for mermaids had frequently been seen, and their appearance boded evil. They had more ghosts than the ancient Greeks and Romans had gods. Nor did their faith end there. They believed in signs and presentiments. Death was always heralded by some sign, and disaster by some presentiment.

At one time in the history of the village all the fishermen, with the exception of one boat's crew, were lost in a storm. It was during the winter season, while they pursued the haddock and cod fishing. About an hour before dawn, when the fishermen were preparing to proceed to sea, a woman, tall, and clad in a white dress and black shawl, was observed to go down on to the beach and touch every boat as she passed it, except one, with her hand. All the boats went to sea except the one that she had not touched, — two of her crew were sick. About an hour after sunrise a storm arose, such a storm as had never been seen on that coast. In a few minutes the sea ran mountains high, and not one of the boats, nor a solitary man out of all their crews, ever reached the shore. They were all drowned. It was a terrible calamity and almost depopulated the village.

On another occasion, as the boats were going out, a woman stood on the beach and shook her hand at one of them. That boat never returned. On approaching the harbor a thick fog settled down, she struck on a rock, and

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her crew, which consisted of four brothers, were drowned.

One morning the crew of a boat had all taken their places with the exception of one man, who was late. When he reached the boat he handed his line on board, and looking solemnly at his companions said, —

"Boys, I dinna ken what t' say 'bout gaun aff this mornin'."

"What 's the matter, Jemmy?" asked the others somewhat excitedly.

"Weel, I met that lout Dod Hay, wi' his limpin' (lame) horse, as I cam doon."

"D' ye say sae, Jemmy?"

"Ay, bo', I did, an' I dinna like it."

"Ye may weel say that, Jemmy," said the others.

There was a silence of a few moments' duration, which the owner of the boat broke by saying, —

"What d' ye say, boys; shall we try her?"

"Jest as ye like, bo', only I dinna like the looks a' the thing," answered one of the crew.

"Nor me naether," said another.

"Then I think, boys, we 'd better let her tak' her swagger fur this mornin'," said the owner of the boat.

"It 's the safest plan," said the others; and mooring the boat they shouldered their lines and returned to their homes.

If one of the crew of a boat was unfortunate enough to meet a woman, and did not speak to her, when going to the boat in the morning, no earthly power could by force or bribe induce that boat's crew to proceed to sea that day.

The younger fishermen were less superstitious than their elders, and a good story was told of how one young lad, who wanted a holiday to visit a neighboring village, managed to obtain it.

It was in winter, and the morning was very cold, with a strong breeze blowing from the northwest. The sea was smooth, however, and the boats made preparations for going out. The young fisherman, while anxious that his boat should not go to sea, was careless as to whether the others went or not, so one by one they were unmoored, and with a small piece of sail set, flitted out of the harbor in the gray dawn like dark birds skimming over the surface of the water. As the boat to which the young fisherman belonged was being unmoored, he stepped up to his father, who was the owner and captain of the boat, and said, —

"Feyther, I met a wumman this mornin'."

"What 's that, Buswing (the nickname of the young man); ye met a wumman, d' ye say?"

"Ay, feyther; I did in the Prince's Opens" (an alley known by that name).

"D' ye hear that, men?" the father inquired of the remainder of the crew.

"Ay, ay, bo'; she looks dirty enough too, away t' th' narrit" (referring to the weather), answered one of the crew.

"Meetin' a wumman 's a bad sign, men," the owner of the boat remarked.

"Ugh!" came from the crew in chorus.

"What 's t' be done, men?" inquired the owner.

"Let her take her swag," said one.

"Better sit at yer fireside an' starve, than gae aff there an' be drooned," said another gloomily.

"What 's the matter, men?" asked the owner of another boat, coming up at this moment.

"Buswing met a wumman, as he cam doon wi' his line this mornin'," replied the father.

"Heh! d' ye say sae? Did ye speak t' her, Buswing?"

"I did," answered the youth, "bit she didna answer me back again."

"Weel, I met her too, an' there 's na affin fur me this mornin'. What are ye gaun t' do, men?"

"Stap ashore," answered Buswing's father. "As Jemmy says, better starve than droon; fur when ye 're starvin' ye ken where ye are. Tak' yer lines, men, an' gae hame."

The crews of both boats went home and lost a day's fishing. The morning turned out beautiful; but the fishermen who did not go to sea were confident that if they had the weather would have been stormy.

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No death had occurred in the village since its foundation but had been "forewarned," so the old women said. On "the night that Widow Ruffel's bairn died," a pig, with its throat cut, had been seen to walk across the kitchen floor and disappear beneath the hearthstone. And the "night that auld Tam Crystal died, a black cat cam doon the chimley an' walked out at the door." When old Jemmy Benney was in his last sickness, a strange man was seen at midnight standing near the door of the house, with a bloody razor in his hand. Next morning Jemmy was dead. "Jack Johnson's dog growled a' night when Tammy Rutherford died," and on the night that the Lapwing was lost, with all hands, a woman with disheveled hair was seen on the beach just before dark, wringing her hands and weeping.

VI.

NOTED CHARACTERS.

I HAVE already mentioned the jetty corner. This was a piece of common situated near the river's edge, where a small landing, for the ferryboats which plied between the village and Berwick-on-Tweed, ran out. It was the custom of the old men of the village to meet at this place and indulge in the latest gossip. It was also the debating ground. All disputes that were found impossible of settlement by physical means were brought to the jetty corner and submitted to the patriarchs for settlement. Debate often ran high, and it was not uncommon to hear one disparaging the character of another. Although it might be called the village parliament, no order was observed in conducting debate. All the members spoke at once and gave their opinions in the same breath. At such times the by-stander could not hope to understand a word of what was being spoken. The patriarchs themselves did not understand each other. The debate went on, nevertheless.

Some of these old men were peculiar characters. Old and feeble they were, but each one had a strongly marked individuality. One (Joe Steele) bore the reputation of having been the greatest liar in the village, and though age had dimmed his eyes it had not impaired his inventive faculty. Standing with one foot in the grave, he could tell a lie at which Munchausen would have shuddered, with as much satisfaction and as earnestly as when he was in the full possession of his strength. Village boys, in giving each other the lie, would say: "That 's ane o' Joe Steele's figgers." Another (Jamie Smith) was noted as the laziest man of the village, and nobly he sustained his reputation. Labor he regarded with the greatest aversion. He was too lazy to go to bed, and after he got to bed, too lazy to get up. Nothing but the pangs of hunger could induce him to exert himself to eat, and after eating he wished he would remain satisfied forever. His peculiarity was visible in his dress. Each garment was fastened with only one button. He had no laces in his shoes. "What 's the use," said he, "of havin' show laces; if ye fas'n them i' the mornin' ye have t' loos'n them again at night." The only subject in which he appeared to take an interest was that of new inventions. He looked forward to the time when men "wadna need t' have buttons on their claes, and when chairs wi' soft cushions wud be placed at street corners."

Another, and the most striking character was William Johnson, familiarly known as au'd Wull Johnson. He was a very old man, nearly ninety but strong and vigorous. He was the champion debater of the "outs" of the assembly. He always differed from everybody, and in his own belief he was always right. He never formed an opinion until everybody else had formed his; then, after all had delivered themselves, he would take a position in direct antagonism to each, and he always triumphed, no matter how numerous and how strong the majority. And how he enjoyed his triumphs! How he would chuckle and mutter to himself, "Beat them again,

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the d—d fyells." These, with a few others, formed the assembly which daily met at the jetty corner to discuss the topics of the day. Sometimes their subjects took a wide range, embracing political economy, astronomy, grammar, geography, history, cheap breed (bread), bait, and ethics. The debate one day touched on the definition of words — "practice" being the word in question. Joe Steele, the liar, defined it as "the habit of doing anything, use, etc.; also a rule in arithmetic." The others, with the exception of Wull Johnson, agreed with Steele.

Wull Johnson defined it as a rule in arithmetic. The word had *no other* meaning, he was confident! A dictionary was necessary to settle the dispute. One was brought, and Wull Johnson was declared to be wrong for once. The defeated disputant looked crest-fallen, but brightened up in a moment.

"Whā's dictionary is that?" he asked.

"Walker's," replied Joe Steele.

"Walker's!" repeated Johnson. Then in the most contemptuous tone imaginable, "An' whā the deevil is Walker?"

No one could answer the question.

"I see, I see," Wull continued. "Another d—d upstart 's been writin' a dictionary, an' he doesna ken a bee frae a bull's fut. Walker! ho, ho! an' ye thought t' impose upon me by that upstart Walker! Did ye think me a jackass?"

"Weel, Wull," said Joe Steele apologetically, "I didna ken but that Walker cud be trusted."

"Weel, man Joe," said Johnson, commiseratingly, "ye 're t' be pitied; I didna think ye wur sae ignorant."

And so Wull Johnson triumphed.

Wull, true to his name, swore that Johnson's Dictionary was the only standard authority for Spittalers.

There came a day, however, when the champion disputant was to be vanquished. Alas that such a day should ever have dawned!

An old and much respected woman, long known in the village for her kind and benevolent disposition, went the way of all the living, and her funeral was attended by the assembly in a body. A few of the patriarchs, among them Wull Johnson, stood at the grave and watched the coffin — a plain pine on the lid of which a small metal plate bore the dates of her birth and death and her age — slowly lowered, and the earth placed upon it.

On the following day the assembly met early to discuss the probable chances of the deceased reaching heaven. Contrary to his usual custom, Wull Johnson coincided in the opinion of the others that "she was a' right." But shortly after, when the question of her age came up, Wull affirmed that the others had mistaken the figures on the coffin-plate. He had carefully scrutinized them, — indeed he attended the funeral for that purpose, — and the woman was not so old, by five years, as the others stated. The others had also seen the figures on the coffin-plate, and they were certain that Wull Johnson was wrong.

"The wumman was seeventy," said Joe Steele.

"Ye 're a liar," replied Wull Johnson; "she was only sixty-five."

"I saw the feegurs," said Joe Steele, mildly.

"Feegurs! what d' ye ken aboot feegurs! where did ye learn feegurs? ye 're as igorant as a cuddy" (ass).

"Never mind, the wumman was seeventy year au'd."

Wull Johnson flew into a terrible passion; the other members sided with Steele. As usual Wull himself, unaided and alone, represented the minority, and he braced himself for the contest. From morn till noon they argued, from noon till dewy eve. Wull Johnson would not budge an inch. The assembly did not adjourn for tea, but continued the debate, and midnight found them exhausted, but as far from settlement as ever. At last Joe Steele proposed that the assembly should proceed to the grave-yard, disinter the coffin, examine the dates on the plate, and fill in the grave again. The proposition was favorably received, and, provided with

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spades, the patriarchs tremblingly took their way to the grave-yard. Stationing a sentinel at the gate, they proceeded to the grave and in a short time the coffin-lid was laid bare. A match was lighted and the figures on the plate revealed to the gaze of all.

Wull Johnson was wrong!

Chuckling with glee the triumphant patriarchs filled up the grave, and when the last shovelful of earth had been thrown upon the mound, Joe Steele, with a smile of triumph, turned to Wull Johnson and in an exulting tone said, —

"Weel, Wull, what have ye t' say now, eh? Ye 've seen the feegurs an' they are jest as we said."

"Oh! ye ignorant anes, ye shuckle-heeds, yes, I 've seen the feegurs, *but the feegurs have been changed since I saw them afore!*"

"What! whā cud change them since yesterday, an' the coffin i' the grave?"

"I dinna ken, nor I dinna care, bit they 've been changed."

A general laugh drove Wull from the grave-yard. He did not make his appearance at the jetty corner next day. His spirit was crushed. He never held up his head again, and when the doctor told him he was dying, he could only murmur, "Ye 're a liar," and without continuing the argument, breathed his last. After Wull's death the assembly was broken up. Where they all agreed, it was impossible to get up a dispute. Joe Steele for some time managed to draw them together by relating his marvelous adventures, but they tired of these at last; and six months after Wull's death, the jetty corner was deserted by all save lazy Jamie Smith, who dragged himself to the old rendezvous every morning — too lazy to change his old habits — and lay sleeping until carried home by his son at night. The patriarchs have been gathered to *their* fathers, and the village, which now boasts an Episcopal as well as a Presbyterian church, is being educated and otherwise improved.

But the fishermen still think, with a sigh, of the good old days when they drank gin at every meal, and could get drunk on "boat lānchin' day" without being taken to task for it.

George Runell Jackson.

PISA.

On the Lung' Arno, in each stately street,
The silence is a hunger, and craves food
Like Ugolino cowering o'er his brood.
Sad Pisa! in thy garments obsolete
Still grand, the sceptre fallen at thy feet,
An impuissant queen of solitude,
Thine inconsolable gaze speaks widowhood,
Fixed on the river, voiceless and deplete.

A trance more lonely — lo! not many rods
From the shrunk Arno, a more slumberous air,
A dream of heaven in marbles rich and rare!
Oppressed with sleep the Campanile nods;
But in the Campo Santo's hush of breath,
Orcagna's pathos paints, not Sleep, but Death!

William Gibson.

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A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

III.

Don Ippolito had slept upon his interview with Ferris, and now sat in his laboratory, amidst the many witnesses of his inventive industry, with the model of the breech-loading cannon on the work-bench before him. He had neatly mounted it on wheels, that its completeness might do him the greater credit with the consul when he should show it him, but the carriage had been broken in his pocket, on the way home, by an unlucky thrust from the burden of a porter, and the poor toy lay there disabled, as if to dramatize that premature explosion in the secret chamber.

His heart was in these inventions of his, which had as yet so grudgingly repaid his affection. For their sake he had stinted himself of many needful things. The meagre stipend which he received from the patrimony of his church, eked out with the money paid him for baptisms, funerals, and marriages, and for masses by people who had friends to be prayed out of purgatory, would at best have barely sufficed to support him; but he denied himself everything save the necessary decorums of dress and lodging; he fasted like a saint, and slept hard as a hermit, that he might spend upon these ungrateful creatures of his brain. They were the work of his own hands, and so he saved the expense of their construction; but there were many little outlays for materials and for tools, which he could not avoid, and with him a little was all. They not only famished him; they isolated him. His superiors in the church, and his brother priests, looked with doubt or ridicule upon the labors for which he shunned their company, while he gave up the other social joys, few and small, which a priest might know in the Venice of that day, when all generous spirits regarded him with suspicion for his cloth's sake, and church and state were alert to detect disaffection or indifference in him. But bearing these things willingly, and living as frugally as he might, he had still not enough, and he had been fain to assume the instruction of a young girl of old and noble family in certain branches of polite learning which a young lady of that sort might fitly know. The family was not so rich as it was old and noble, and Don Ippolito was paid from its purse rather than its pride. But the slender salary was a help; these patricians were very good to him; many a time he dined with them, and so spared the cost of his own pottage at home; they always gave him coffee when he came, and that was a saving; at the proper seasons little presents from them were not wanting. In a word, his condition was not privation. He did his duty as a teacher faithfully, and the only trouble with it was that the young girl was growing into a young woman, and that he could not go on teaching her forever. In an evil hour, as it seemed to Don Ippolito, that made the years she had been his pupil shrivel to a mere pinch of time, there came from a young count of the Friuli, visiting Venice, an offer of marriage; and Don Ippolito lost his place. It was hard, but he bade himself have patience; and he composed an ode for the nuptials of his late pupil, which, together with a brief sketch of her ancestral history, he had elegantly printed, according to the Italian usage, and distributed among the family friends; he also made a sonnet to the bridegroom, and these literary tributes were handsomely acknowledged.

He managed a whole year upon the proceeds, and kept a cheerful spirit till the last soldo was spent, inventing one thing after another, and giving much time and money to a new principle of steam propulsion, which, as applied without steam to a small boat on the

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canal before his door, failed to work, though it had no logical excuse for its delinquency. He tried to get other pupils, but he got none, and he began to dream of going to America. He pinned his faith in all sorts of magnificent possibilities to the names of Franklin, Fulton, and Morse, and though he was so ignorant of our politics and geography as to suppose us at war with the South American Spaniards, yet he knew that English was the language of the North, and he applied himself to the study of it. Heaven only knows what kind of inventor's Utopia our poor, patent-ridden country appeared to him in these dreams of his, and I can but dimly figure it to myself. But he might very naturally desire to come to a land where the spirit of invention is recognized and fostered, and where he could hope to find that comfort of incentive and companionship which our artists find in Italy.

The idea of the breech-loading cannon had occurred to him suddenly one day, in one of his New-World-ward reveries, and he had made haste to realize it, carefully studying the form and general effect of the Austrian cannon under the gallery of the Ducal Palace, to the high embarrassment of the Croat sentry who paced up and down there, and who did not feel free to order off a priest as he would a civilian. Don Ippolito's model was of admirable finish; he even painted the carriage yellow and black, because that of the original was so, and colored the piece to look like brass; and he lost a day while the paint was drying, after he was otherwise ready to show it to the consul.

He had parted from Ferris with some gleams of comfort, caught chiefly from his kindly manner, but they had died away before nightfall, and this morning he could not rekindle them.

He had had his coffee served to him on the bench, as his frequent custom was, but it stood untasted in the little copper pot beside the dismounted cannon, though it was now ten o'clock, and it was full time he had breakfasted, for he had risen early to perform the matin service for three peasant women, two beggars, a cat, and a paralytic nobleman, in the ancient and beautiful church to which he was attached. He had tried to go about his wonted occupations, but he was still sitting idle before his bench, while his servant gossiped from her balcony to the mistress of the next house, across a calle so deep and narrow that it opened like a mountain chasm beneath them. "It were well if the master read his breviary a little more, instead of always maddening himself with those blessed inventions, that eat more soldi than a Christian, and never come to anything. There he sits before his table, as if he were nailed to his chair, and lets his coffee cool — and God knows I was ready to drink it warm two hours ago — and never looks at me if I open the door twenty times to see whether he has finished. Holy patience! You have not even the advantage of fasting to the glory of God in this house, though you keep Lent the year round. It's the Devil's Lent, *I* say. Eh, Diana! There goes the bell. Who now? Adieu, Lusetta. To meet again, dear. Farewell!"

She ran to another window, and admitted the visitor. It was Ferris, and she went to announce him to her master by the title he had given, while he amused his leisure in the darkness below by falling over a cistern-top, with a loud clattering of his cane on the copper lid, after which he heard the voice of the priest begging him to remain at his convenience a moment till he could descend and show him the way up-stairs. His eyes were not yet used to the obscurity of the narrow entry in which he stood, when he felt a cold hand laid on his, and passively yielded himself to its guidance. He tried to excuse himself for intruding upon Don Ippolito so soon, but the priest in far suppler Italian overwhelmed him with lamentations that he should be so unworthy the honor done him, and ushered his guest into his apartment. He plainly took it for granted that Ferris had come to see his inventions, in compliance with the

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invitation he had given him the day before, and he made no affectation of delay, though after the excitement of the greetings was past, there was a quiet dejection in the promptness with which he rose and offered to lead his visitor to his laboratory.

The whole place was an outgrowth of himself: it was his history as well as his character. It recorded his quaint and childish tastes, his restless endeavors, his partial and halting successes. The anteroom in which he had paused with Ferris was painted to look like a grape-arbor, where the vines sprang from the floor, and flourishing up the trellised walls, with many a wanton tendril and flaunting leaf, displayed their lavish clusters of white and purple all over the ceiling. It touched Ferris, when Don Ippolito confessed that this decoration had been the distraction of his own vacant moments, to find that it was like certain grape-arbors he had seen in remote corners of Venice before the doors of degenerate palaces, or forming the entrances of open-air restaurants, and did not seem at all to have been studied from grape-arbors in the country. He perceived the archaic striving for exact truth, and he successfully praised the mechanical skill and love of reality with which it was done; but he was silenced by a collection of paintings in Don Ippolito's parlor, where he had been made to sit down a moment. Hard they were in line, fixed in expression, and opaque in color, these copies of famous masterpieces, — saints of either sex, ascensions, assumptions, martyrdoms, and what not, — and they were not quite comprehensible till Don Ippolito explained that he had made them from such prints of the subjects as he could get, and had colored them after his own fancy. All this, in a city whose art had been the glory of the world for nigh half a thousand years, struck Ferris as yet more comically pathetic than the frescoed grape-arbor; he stared about him for some sort of escape from the pictures, and his eye fell upon a piano and a melodeon placed end to end in a right angle. Don Ippolito, seeing his look of inquiry, sat down and briefly played the same air with a hand upon each instrument.

Ferris smiled. "Don Ippolito, you are another Da Vinci, a universal genius."

"Bagatelles, bagatelles," said the priest pensively; but he rose with greater spirit than he had yet shown, and preceded the consul into the little room that served him for a smithy. It seemed from some peculiarities of shape to have once been an oratory, but it was now begrimed with smoke and dust from the forge which Don Ippolito had set up in it; the embers of a recent fire, the bellows, the pincers, the hammers, and the other implements of the trade gave it a sinister effect, as if the place of prayer had been invaded by mocking imps, or as if some hapless mortal in contract with the evil powers were here searching, by the help of the adversary, for the forbidden secrets of the metals and of fire. In those days, Ferris was an uncompromising enemy of the theatricalization of Italy, or indeed of anything; but the fancy of the black-robed young priest at work in this place appealed to him all the more potently because of the sort of tragic innocence which seemed to characterize Don Ippolito's expression. He longed intensely to sketch the picture then and there, but he had strength to rebuke the fancy as something that could not make itself intelligible without the help of such accessories as he despised, and he victoriously followed the priest into his larger workshop, where his inventions, complete and incomplete, were stored, and where he had been seated when his visitor arrived. The high windows and the frescoed ceiling were festooned with dusty cobwebs; litter of shavings and whittlings strewed the floor; mechanical implements and contrivances were everywhere, and Don Ippolito's listlessness seemed to return upon him again at the sight of the familiar disorder.

Conspicuous among other objects lay the illogically unsuccessful model of the new principle of steam propulsion,

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untouched since the day when he had lifted it out of the canal and carried it indoors through the ranks of grinning spectators. From a shelf above it he took down models of a flying-machine and a perpetual motion. "Fantastic researches in the impossible. I never expected results from these experiments, with which I nevertheless once pleased myself," he said, and turned impatiently to various pieces of portable furniture, chairs, tables, bedsteads, which by folding up their legs and tops condensed themselves into flat boxes, developing handles at the side for convenience in carrying. They were painted and varnished, and were in all respects complete; they had indeed won favorable mention at an exposition of the Provincial Society of Arts and Industries, and Ferris could applaud their ingenuity sincerely, though he had his tacit doubts of their usefulness. He fell silent again when Don Ippolito called his notice to a photographic camera, so contrived with traps and springs that you could snatch by its help whatever joy there might be in taking your own photograph; and he did not know what to say of a submarine boat, a four-wheeled water-velocipede, a movable bridge, or the very many other principles and ideas to which Don Ippolito's cunning hand had given shape, more or less imperfect. It seemed to him that they all, however perfect or imperfect, had some fatal defect: they were aspirations toward the impossible, or realizations of the trivial and superfluous. Yet, for all this, they strongly appealed to the painter as the stunted fruit of a talent denied opportunity, instruction, and sympathy. As he looked from them at last to the questioning face of the priest, and considered out of what disheartened and solitary patience they must have come in this city, — dead hundreds of years to all such endeavor, — he could not utter some glib phrases of compliment that he had on his tongue. If Don Ippolito had been taken young, he might perhaps have come to something, though this was questionable; but at thirty — as he looked now — with his undisciplined purposes, and his head full of vagaries of which these things were the tangible witness . . . Ferris let his eyes drop again. They fell upon the ruin of the breech-loading cannon, and he said, "Don Ippolito, it 's very good of you to take the trouble of showing me these matters, and I hope you 'll pardon the ungrateful return, if I cannot offer any definite opinion of them now. They are rather out of my way, I confess. I wish with all my heart I could order an experimental, life-size copy of your breech-loading cannon here, for trial by my government, but I can't; and to tell you the truth, it was not altogether the wish to see these inventions of yours that brought me here to-day."

"Oh," said Don Ippolito, with a mortified air, "I am afraid that I have wearied the Signor Console."

"Not at all, not at all," Ferris made haste to answer, with a frown at his own awkwardness. "But your speaking English yesterday . . . perhaps what I was thinking of is quite foreign to your tastes and possibilities" . . . He hesitated with a look of perplexity, while Don Ippolito stood before him in an attitude of expectation, pressing the points of his fingers together, and looking curiously into his face. "The case is this," resumed Ferris desperately. "There are two American ladies, friends of mine, sojourning in Venice, who expect to be here till midsummer. They are mother and daughter, and the young lady wants to read and speak Italian with somebody a few hours each day. The question is whether it is quite out of your way or not to give her lessons of this kind. I ask it quite at a venture. I suppose no harm is done, at any rate," and he looked at Don Ippolito with apologetic perturbation.

"No," said the priest, "there is no harm. On the contrary, I am at this moment in a position to consider it a great favor that you do me in offering me this employment. I accept it with the greatest pleasure. Oh!" he cried, breaking by a sudden impulse from the composure with which he had begun to

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speak, "you don't know what you do for me; you lift me out of despair. Before you came, I had reached one of those passes that seem the last bound of endeavor. But you give me new life. Now I can go on with my experiment. I can attest my gratitude by possessing your native country of the weapon I had designed for it — I am sure of the principle: some slight improvement, perhaps the use of some different explosive, would get over that difficulty you suggested," he said eagerly. "Yes, something can be done. God bless you, my dear little son — I mean — perdoni! — my dear sir" . . .

"Wait — not so fast," said Ferris with a laugh, yet a little annoyed that a question so purely tentative as his should have met at once such a definitive response. "Are you quite sure you can do what they want?" He unfolded to him, as fully as he understood it, Mrs. Vervain's scheme.

Don Ippolito entered into it with perfect intelligence. He said that he had already had charge of the education of a young girl of noble family, and he could therefore the more confidently hope to be useful to this American lady. A light of joyful hope shone in his dreamy eyes, the whole man changed, he assumed the hospitable and caressing host. He conducted Ferris back to his parlor, and making him sit upon the hard sofa that was his hard bed by night, he summoned his servant, and bade her serve them coffee. She closed her lips firmly, and waved her finger before her face. Then he bade her fetch it from the caffè; and he listened with a sort of rapt inattention while Ferris again returned to the subject and explained that he had approached him without first informing the ladies, and that he must regard nothing as final. It was at this point that Don Ippolito, who had understood so clearly what Mrs. Vervain wanted, appeared a little slow to understand; and Ferris carried away with him a doubt whether it was from subtlety or from simplicity that the priest seemed not to comprehend the impulse on which he had acted. He finished his coffee in this perplexity, and when he rose to go, Don Ippolito followed him down to the street-door, and preserved him from a second encounter with the cistern-top.

"But, Don Ippolito — remember! I make no engagement for the ladies, whom you must see before anything is settled," said Ferris.

"Surely, — surely!" answered the priest, and he remained smiling at the door till the American turned the next corner. Then he went back to his work-room, and took up the broken model from the bench. But he could not work at it now, he could not work at anything; he began to walk up and down the floor.

"Could he really have been so stupid because his mind was on his ridiculous cannon?" wondered Ferris as he sauntered frowning away; and he tried to prepare his own mind for his meeting with the Vervains, to whom he must now go at once. He felt abused and victimized. Yet it was an amusing experience, and he found himself able to interest both of the ladies in it. The younger had received him as coldly as the forms of greeting would allow; but as he talked she drew nearer him with a reluctant haughtiness which he noted. He turned the more conspicuously towards Mrs. Vervain. "Well, to make a long story short," he said, "I could n't discourage Don Ippolito. He refused to be dismayed at the notion of teaching Miss Vervain, — as I should have been. I did n't arrange with him not to fall in love with her as his secular predecessors have done — it seemed superfluous. But you can mention it to him if you like. In fact," said Ferris, suddenly addressing the daughter, "you might make the stipulation yourself, Miss Vervain."

She looked at him a moment with a sort of defenseless pain that made him ashamed; and then walked away from him towards the window, with a frank resentment that made him smile, as he continued, "But I suppose you would like to have some explanation of my motive in precipitating Don Ip-

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polito upon you in this way, when I told you only yesterday that he would n't do at all; in fact I think myself that I 've behaved rather fickle-mindedly — for a representative of the country. But I 'll tell you; and you won't be surprised to learn that I acted from mixed motives. I 'm not at all sure that he 'll do; I 've had awful misgivings about it since I left him, and I'm glad of the chance to make a clean breast of it. When I came to think the matter over last night, the fact that he had taught himself English — with the help of an Irishman for the pronunciation — seemed to promise that he 'd have the right sort of sympathy with your scheme, and it showed that he must have something practical about him, too. And here 's where the selfish admixture comes in. I did n't have your interests solely in mind when I went to see Don Ippolito. I had n't been able to get rid of him; he stuck in my thought. I fancied he might be glad of the pay of a teacher, and — I had half a notion to ask him to let me paint him. It was an even chance whether I should try to secure him for Miss Vervain, or for Art — as they call it. Miss Vervain won because she could pay him, and I did n't see how Art could. I can bring him round any time; and that 's the whole inconsequent business. My consolation is that I 've left you perfectly free. There 's nothing decided."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Vervain; "then it 's all settled. You can bring him round as soon as you like, to our new place. We 've taken that apartment we looked at the other day, and we 're going into it this afternoon. Here 's the landlord's letter," she added, drawing a paper out of her pocket. "If he 's cheated us, I suppose you can see justice done. I did n't want to trouble you before."

"You 're a woman of business, Mrs. Vervain," said Ferris. "The man 's a perfect Jew — or a perfect Christian, one ought to say in Venice; we true believers do gouge so much more infamously here — and you let him get you in black and white before you come to me. Well," he continued, as he glanced at the paper, "you 've done it! He makes you pay one half too much. However, it 's cheap enough; twice as cheap as your hotel."

"But I don't care for cheapness. I hate to be imposed upon. What 's to be done about it?"

"Nothing; if he has your letter as you have his. It 's a bargain, and you must stand to it."

"A bargain? Oh nonsense, now, Mr. Ferris. This is merely a note of mutual understanding."

"Yes, that 's one way of looking at it. The Civil Tribunal would call it a binding agreement of the closest tenure, — if you want to go to law about it."

"I *will* go to law about it."

"Oh no, you won't — unless you mean to spend your remaining days and all your substance in Venice. Come, you have n't done so badly, Mrs. Vervain. I don't call four rooms, completely furnished for housekeeping, with that lovely garden, at all dear at eleven francs a day. Besides, the landlord is a man of excellent feeling, sympathetic and obliging, and a perfect gentleman, though he *is* such an outrageous scoundrel. He 'll cheat you, of course, in whatever he can; you must look out for that; but he 'll do you any sort of little neighborly kindness. Good-by," said Ferris, getting to the door before Mrs. Vervain could intercept him. "I 'll come to your new place this evening to see how you are pleased."

"Florida," said Mrs. Vervain, "this is outrageous."

"I would n't mind it, mother. We pay very little, after all."

"Yes, but we pay too much. That 's what I can't bear. And as you said yesterday, I don't think Mr. Ferris's manners are quite respectful to me."

"He only told you the truth; I think he advised you for the best. The matter could n't be helped now."

"But I call it a want of feeling to speak the truth so bluntly."

"We won't have to complain of that in our landlord, it seems," said Florida.

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"Perhaps not in our priest, either," she added, a little more seriously.

"Yes, that *was* kind of Mr. Ferris," said Mrs. Vervain. "It was thoroughly thoughtful and considerate — what I call an instance of true delicacy. I'm really quite curious to see him. Don Ippolito! How very odd to call a priest *Don!* I should have said Padre. Don always makes you think of a Spanish cavalier. Don Rodrigo: something like that."

They went on to talk, desultorily, of Don Ippolito, and what he might be like. In speaking of him the day before, Ferris had hinted at some mysterious sadness in him; and to hint of sadness in a man always interests women in him, whether they are old or young: the old have suffered, the young forebode suffering. Their interest in Don Ippolito had not been diminished by what Ferris had told them of his visit to the priest's house and of the things he had seen there; for there had always been the same strain of pity in his laughing account, and he had imparted none of his doubts to them. They did not talk as if it were strange that Ferris should do to-day what he had yesterday said he would not do: perhaps as women they could not find such a thing strange; but it vexed him more and more as he went about all afternoon thinking of his inconsistency, and wondering whether he had not acted rashly.

IV.

The palace in which Mrs. Vervain had taken an apartment fronted on a broad campo, and hung its empty marble balconies from gothic windows above a silence scarcely to be matched elsewhere in Venice. The local pharmacy, the caffè, the grocery, the fruiterer's, the other shops with which every Venetian campo is furnished, had each a certain life about it, but it was a silent life, and at midday a frowzy-headed woman clacking across the flags in her wooden-heeled shoes made echoes whose garrulity was interrupted by no other sound. In the early morning, when the lid of the public cistern in the centre of the campo was unlocked, there was a clamor of voices and a clangor of copper vessels, as the housewives of the neighborhood and the local force of strong-backed Friulan water-girls drew their day's supply of water; and on that sort of special parochial holiday, called a *sagra*, the campo hummed and clattered and shrieked with a multitude celebrating the day around the stands where pumpkin-seeds and roast pumpkin and anisette-water were sold, and before the movable kitchen where cakes were fried in caldrons of oil, and uproariously offered to the crowd by the cook, who did not suffer himself to be embarrassed by the rival drama of adjacent puppet-shows, but continued to bellow forth his bargains all day long and far into the night, when the flames under his kettles painted his visage a fine crimson. The sagra once over, however, the campo relapsed into its habitual silence, and no one looking at the front of the palace would have thought of it as a place for distraction-seeking foreign sojourners. But it was not on this side that the landlord tempted his tenants; his principal notice of lodgings to let was affixed to the water-gate of the palace, which opened on a smaller channel so near the Grand Canal that no wandering eye could fail to see it. The portal was a tall arch of Venetian gothic tipped with a carven flame; steps of white Istrian stone descended to the level of the lowest ebb, irregularly embossed with barnacles, and dabbling long fringes of soft green sea-mosses in the rising and falling tide. Swarms of water-bugs and beetles played over the edges of the steps, and crabs scuttled sidewise into deeper water at the approach of a gondola. A length of stone-capped brick wall, to which patches of stucco still clung, stretched from the gate on either hand under cover of an ivy that flung its mesh of shining green from within, where there lurked a lovely garden, stately, spacious for Venice, and full of a delicious, half-sad surprise for whoso opened upon it. In the midst

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it had a broken fountain, with a marble naiad standing on a shell, and looking saucier than the sculptor meant, from having lost the point of her nose; nymphs and fauns, and shepherds and shepherdesses, her kinsfolk, coquetted in and out among the greenery in flirtation not to be embarrassed by the fracture of an arm, or the casting of a leg or so; one lady had no head, but she was the boldest of all. In this garden there were some mulberry and pomegranate trees, several of which hung about the fountain with seats in their shade, and for the rest there seemed to be mostly roses and oleanders, with other shrubs of a kind that made the greatest show of blossom and cost the least for tendance. A wide terrace stretched across the rear of the palace, dropping to the garden path by a flight of balustraded steps, and upon this terrace opened the long windows of Mrs. Vervain's parlor and dining-room. Her landlord owned only the first story and the basement of the palace, in some corner of which he cowered with his servants, his taste for pictures and *bric-à-brac*, and his little branch of inquiry into Venetian history, whatever it was, ready to let himself or anything he had for hire at a moment's notice, but very pleasant, gentle, and unobtrusive; a cheat and a liar, but of a kind heart and sympathetic manners. Under his protection Mrs. Vervain set up her impermanent household gods. The apartment was taken only from week to week, and as she freely explained to the *padrone* hovering about with offers of service, she knew herself too well ever to unpack anything that would not spoil by remaining packed. She made her trunks yield all the appliances necessary for an invalid's comfort, and then left them in a state to be strapped and transported to the station within half a day after the desire of change or the exigencies of her feeble health obliged her going. Everything for housekeeping was furnished with the rooms. There was a gondolier and a sort of house-servant in the employ of the landlord, of whom Mrs. Vervain hired them, and she caressingly dismissed the padrone at an early moment after her arrival, with the charge to find a maid for herself and daughter. As if she had been waiting at the next door this maid appeared promptly, and being Venetian, and in domestic service, her name was of course Nina. Mrs. Vervain now said to Florida that everything was perfect, and contentedly began her life in Venice by telling Mr. Ferris, when he came in the evening, that he could bring Don Ippolito the day after the morrow, if he liked.

She and Florida sat on the terrace waiting for them on the morning named, when Ferris, with the priest in his clerical best, came up the garden path in the sunny light. Don Ippolito's best was a little poverty-stricken; he had faltered a while, before leaving home, over the sad choice between a shabby cylinder hat of obsolete fashion and his well-worn three-cornered priestly beaver, and had at last put on the latter with a sigh. He had made his servant polish the buckles of his shoes, and instead of a band of linen round his throat, he wore a strip of cloth covered with small white beads, edged above and below with a single row of pale blue ones.

As he mounted the steps with Ferris, Mrs. Vervain came forward a little to meet them, while Florida rose and stood beside her chair in a sort of proud suspense and timidity. The elder lady was in that black from which she had so seldom been able to escape; but the daughter wore a dress of delicate green, in which she seemed a part of the young season that everywhere clothed itself in the same tint. The sunlight fell upon her blonde hair, melting into its light gold; her level brows frowned somewhat with the glance of scrutiny which she gave the dark young priest, who was making his stately bow to her mother, and trying to answer her English greetings in the same tongue.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Vervain, and Don Ippolito made another low bow, and then looked at the girl with a sort of frank and melancholy wonder, as she turned and exchanged a few

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words with Ferris, who was assailing her seriousness and hauteur with unabashed levity of compliment. A quick light flashed and fled in her cheek as she talked, and the fringes of her serious, asking eyes swept slowly up and down as she bent them upon him a moment before she broke abruptly, not coquettishly, away from him, and moved toward her mother, while Ferris walked off to the other end of the terrace, with a laugh. Mrs. Vervain and the priest were trying each other in French, and not making great advance; he explained to Florida in Italian, and she answered him hesitatingly; whereupon he praised her Italian in set phrase.

"Thank you," said the girl sincerely, "I have tried hard to learn. I hope," she added as before, "you can make me see how little I know." The deprecating wave of the hand with which Don Ippolito appealed to her from herself, seemed arrested midway by his perception of some novel quality in her. He said gravely that he should try to be of use, and then the two stood silent.

"Come, Mr. Ferris," called out Mrs. Vervain, "breakfast is ready, and I want you to take me in."

"Too much honor," said the painter, coming forward and offering his arm, and Mrs. Vervain led the way indoors.

"I suppose I ought to have taken Don Ippolito's arm," she confided in under-tone, "but the fact is, our French is so unlike that we don't understand each other *very* well."

"Oh," returned Ferris, "I've known Italians and Americans whom Frenchmen themselves could n't understand."

"You see it's an American breakfast," said Mrs. Vervain with a critical glance at the table before she sat down. "All but hot bread; *that* you *can't* have," and Don Ippolito was for the first time in his life confronted by a breakfast of beef-steak, eggs and toast, fried potatoes, and coffee with milk, with a choice of tea. He subdued all signs of the wonder he must have felt, and beyond cutting his meat into little bits before eating it, did nothing to betray his strangeness to the feast.

The breakfast had passed off very pleasantly, with occasional lapses. "We break down under the burden of so many languages," said Ferris. "It is an *embarras de richesses*. Let us fix upon a common maccheronic. May I trouble you for a poco più di sugar dans mon café, Mrs. Vervain? What do you think of the bellazza de ce weather magnifique, Don Ippolito?"

"How ridiculous!" said Mrs. Vervain in a tone of fond admiration aside to Don Ippolito, who smiled, but shrank from contributing to the new tongue.

"Very well, then," said the painter. "I shall stick to my native Bergamask, for the future; and Don Ippolito may translate for the foreign ladies."

He ended by speaking English with everybody; Don Ippolito eked out his speeches to Mrs. Vervain in that tongue with a little French; Florida, conscious of Ferris's ironical observance, used an embarrassed but defiant Italian with the priest.

"I'm *so* pleased!" said Mrs. Vervain, rising when Ferris said that he must go, and Florida shook hands with both guests.

"Thank you, Mrs. Vervain; I could have gone before, if I'd thought you would have liked it," answered the painter.

"Oh nonsense, now," returned the lady. "You know what I mean. I'm perfectly delighted with him," she continued, getting Ferris to one side, "and I *know* he must have a good accent. So very kind of you. Will you arrange with him about the pay? — such a *shame!* Thanks. Then I need n't say anything to him about that. I'm so glad I had him to breakfast the first day; though Florida thought not. Of course, one need n't keep it up. But seriously, it is n't an ordinary case, you know."

Ferris laughed at her with a sort of affectionate disrespect, and said good-by. Don Ippolito lingered for a while to talk over the proposed lessons, and then went, after more elaborate adieux.

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Mrs. Vervain remained thoughtful a moment before she said:—

"That was rather droll, Florida."

"What, mother?"

"His cutting his meat into small bites, before he began to eat. But perhaps it 's the Venetian custom. At any rate, my dear, he 's a gentleman in virtue of his profession, and I could n't do less than ask him to breakfast. He has beautiful manners; and if he must take snuff, I suppose it 's neater to carry two handkerchiefs, though it does look odd. I wish he would n't take snuff."

"I don't see why we need care, mother. At any rate, we cannot help it."

"That 's true, my dear. And his nails. Now, when they 're spread out on a book, you know, to keep it open, won't it be unpleasant?"

"They seem to have just such finger-nails all over Europe — except in England."

"Oh, yes; I know it. I dare say we should n't care for it in him, if he did n't seem so very nice otherwise. How handsome he is!"

V.

It was understood that Don Ippolito should come every morning at ten o'clock, and read and talk with Miss Vervain for an hour or two; but Mrs. Vervain's hospitality was too aggressive for the letter of the agreement. She oftener had him to breakfast at nine, for, as she explained to Ferris, she could not endure to have him feel that it was a mere mercenary transaction, and there was no limit fixed for the lessons on these days. When she could, she had Ferris come, too, and she missed him when he did not come. "I like that bluntness of his," she professed to her daughter, "and I don't mind his making light of me. You *are* so apt to be heavy if you 're not made light of occasionally. I certainly should n't want a *son* to be so respectful and obedient as you are, my dear."

The painter honestly returned her fondness, and with not much greater reason. He saw that she took pleasure in his talk, and enjoyed it even when she did not understand it; and this is a kind of flattery not easy to resist. Besides, there was very little ladies' society in Venice in those times, and Ferris, after trying the little he could get at, had gladly denied himself its pleasures, and consorted with the young men he met at the caffès, or in the Piazza. But when the Vervains came, they recalled to him the younger days in which he had delighted in the companionship of women. After so long disuse, it was charming to be with a beautiful girl who neither regarded him with distrust nor expected him to ask her in marriage because he sat alone with her, rode out with her in a gondola, walked with her, read with her. All young men like a house in which no ado is made about their coming and going, and Mrs. Vervain perfectly understood the art of letting him make himself at home. He perceived with amusement that this amiable lady, who never did an ungraceful thing nor wittingly said an ungracious one, was very much of a Bohemian at heart, — the gentlest and most blameless of the tribe, but still lawless, — whether from her campaigning married life, or the rovings of her widowhood, or by natural disposition; and that Miss Vervain was inclined to be conventionally strict, but with her irregular training was at a loss for rules by which to check her mother's little waywardnesses. Her anxious perplexity, at times, together with her heroic obedience and unswerving loyalty to her mother had something pathetic as well as amusing in it. He saw her tried almost to tears by her mother's helpless frankness, — for Mrs. Vervain was apparently one of those ladies whom the intolerable surprise of having anything come into their heads causes instantly to say or do it, — and he observed that she never tried to pass off her endurance with any feminine arts; but seemed to defy him to think what he would of it. Perhaps she was not able to do otherwise: he thought of her at times as a

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person wholly abandoned to the truth. Her pride was on the alert against him; she may have imagined that he was covertly smiling at her, and she no doubt tasted the ironical flavor of much of his talk and behavior, for in those days he liked to qualify his devotion to the Vervains with a certain nonchalant slight, which, while the mother openly enjoyed it, filled the daughter with anger and apprehension. Quite at random, she visited points of his informal manner with unmeasured reprisal; others, for which he might have blamed himself, she passed over with strange caprice. Sometimes this attitude of hers provoked him, and sometimes it disarmed him; but whether they were at feud, or keeping an armed truce, or, as now and then happened, were in an *entente cordiale* which he found very charming, the thing that he always contrived to treat with silent respect and forbearance in Miss Vervain was that sort of aggressive tenderness with which she hastened to shield the foibles of her mother. That was something very good in her pride, he finally decided. At the same time, he did not pretend to understand the curious filial self-sacrifice which it involved.

Another thing in her that puzzled him was her devoutness. Mrs. Vervain could with difficulty be got to church, but her daughter missed no service of the English ritual in the old palace where the British and American tourists assembled once a week with their guide-books in one pocket and their prayer-books in the other, and buried the tomahawk under the altar. Mr. Ferris was often sent with her; and then his thoughts, which were a young man's, wandered from the service to the beautiful girl at his side, — the exquisite head that punctiliously bowed itself at the name of the second person in the Trinity; the full lips that murmured the responses; the silken lashes that swept her fair cheeks as she perused the morning lesson. He knew that the Vervains were not Episcopalians when at home, for Mrs. Vervain had told him so, and that Florida went to the English service because there was no other. He conjectured that perhaps her touch of ritualism came from mere love of any form she could make sure of.

The servants in Mrs. Vervain's lightly ordered household, with the sympathetic quickness of the Italians, learned to use him as the next friend of the family, and though they may have had their decorous surprise at his untrammeled footing, they probably excused the whole relation as a phase of that foreign eccentricity to which their nation is so amiable. If they were not able to cast the same mantle of charity over Don Ippolito's allegiance, — and doubtless they had their reserves concerning such frankly familiar treatment of so dubious a character as a priest, — still as a priest they stood somewhat in awe of him; they had the spontaneous loyalty of their race to the people they served, and they never intimated by a look that they found it strange when Don Ippolito freely came and went. Mrs. Vervain had quite adopted him into her family; while her daughter seemed more at ease with him than with Ferris, and treated him with a grave politeness which had something also of compassion and of child-like reverence in it. Ferris observed that she was always particularly careful of his supposable sensibilities as a Roman Catholic, and that the priest was oddly indifferent to this deference, as if it would have mattered very little to him whether his church was spared or not. He had a way of lightly avoiding, Ferris fancied, not only religious points on which they could disagree, but all phases of religious thought as wearisome or trivial. At such times Miss Vervain relaxed her reverential attitude, and used him with something like rebuke, as if it did not please her to have the representative of even an alien religion slight his office; as if her respect were for his priesthood and her compassion for him personally. That was rather hard for Don Ippolito, Ferris thought, and waited to see him snubbed outright some day, when he should behave without sufficient gravity.

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The blossoms came and went upon the pomegranate and almond trees in the garden, and some of the earliest roses were in their prime; everywhere was so full leaf that the wantonest of the strutting nymphs was forced into a sort of decent seclusion, but the careless naiad of the fountain burnt in sunlight that subtly increased its fervors day by day, and it was no longer beginning to be warm, — it was warm, — when one morning Ferris and Miss Vervain sat on the steps of the terrace, waiting for Don Ippolito to join them at breakfast.

By this time the painter was well on with the picture of Don Ippolito which the first sight of the priest had given him a longing to paint, and he had been just now talking of it with Miss Vervain.

"But why do you paint him simply as a priest?" she asked. "I should think you would want to make him the centre of some famous or romantic scene," she added, gravely looking into his eyes as he sat with his head thrown back against the balustrade.

"No, I doubt if you *think*," answered Ferris, "or you 'd see that a Venetian priest does n't need any tawdry accessories. What do you want? Somebody administering the extreme unction to a victim of the Council of Ten? A priest stepping into a confessional at the Frari — tomb of Canova in the distance, perspective of one of the naves, and so forth — with his eye on a pretty devotee coming up to unburden her conscience? I've no patience with the follies people think and say about Venice!"

Florida stared in haughty question at the painter.

"You 're no worse than the rest," he continued with indifference to her anger at his bluntness. "You all think that there can be no picture of Venice without a gondola or a Bridge of Sighs in it. Have you ever read the Merchant of Venice, or Othello? There is n't a boat nor a bridge nor a canal mentioned in either of them; and yet they breathe and pulsate with the very life of Venice. I 'm going to try to paint a Venetian priest so that you 'll know him without a bit of conventional Venice near him."

"It was Shakespeare who wrote those plays," said Florida. Ferris bowed in mock suffering from her sarcasm. "You 'd better have some sort of symbol in your picture of a Venetian priest, or people will wonder why you came so far to paint Father O'Brien."

"I don't say I shall succeed," Ferris answered, "but the principle is right, all the same. I don't expect everybody to see the difference between Don Ippolito and Father O'Brien. At any rate, what I 'm going to paint *at* is the lingering pagan in the man, the renunciation first of the inherited nature, and then of a personality that would have enjoyed the world. I want to show that baffled aspiration, apathetic despair, and rebellious longing which you catch in his face when he 's off his guard, and that suppressed look which is the characteristic expression of all Austrian Venice. Then," said Ferris, laughing, "I must work in that small suspicion of Jesuit which there is in every priest. But it 's quite possible I may make a Father O'Brien of him."

"You won't make a Don Ippolito of him," said Florida, after serious consideration of his face to see whether he was quite in earnest, "if you put all that into him. He has the simplest and openest look in the world," she added warmly, "and there 's neither pagan, nor martyr, nor rebel in it."

Ferris laughed again. "Excuse me; I don't think you know. I can convince you" . . .

Florida rose, and looking down the garden path said, "He 's coming;" and as Don Ippolito drew near, his face lighting up with a joyous and innocent smile, she continued absently, "he 's got on new stockings, and a different coat and hat."

The stockings were indeed new and the hat was not the accustomed *nicchio*, but a new silk cylinder with a very worldly, curling brim. Don Ippolito's coat, also, was of a more mundane cut than the talare; he wore a waistcoat

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and small-clothes, meeting the stockings at the knee with a sprightly buckle. His person showed no traces of the snuff with which it used to be so plentifully dusted; in fact, he no longer took snuff in the presence of the ladies. The first week he had noted an inexplicable uneasiness in them when he drew forth that blue cotton handkerchief after the solace of a pinch; shortly afterwards, being alone with Florida, he saw her give a nervous start at its appearance. He blushed violently, and put it back into the pocket from which he had half drawn it, and whence it never emerged again in her presence. The contessina had not shown any aversion to Don Ippolito's snuff or his blue handkerchief; but then the contessina had never rebuked his finger-nails by the tints of rose and ivory with which Miss Vervain's hands bewildered him. It was a little droll how anxiously he studied the ways of these Americans, and conformed to them as far as he knew. His English grew rapidly in their society, and it happened sometimes that the only Italian in the day's lesson was what he read with Florida, for she always yielded to her mother's wish to talk, and Mrs. Vervain preferred the ease of her native tongue. He was Americanizing in that good lady's hands as fast as she could transform him, and he listened to her with trustful reverence, as to a woman of striking though eccentric mind. Yet he seemed finally to refer every point to Florida, as if with an intuition of steadier and stronger character in her; and now, as he ascended the terrace steps in his modified costume, he looked intently at her. She swept him from head to foot with a glance, and then gravely welcomed him with unchanged countenance.

At the same moment Mrs. Vervain came out through one of the long windows, and adjusting her glasses, said with a start, "Why, my dear Don Ippolito, I should n't have known you!"

"Indeed, madama?" asked the priest with a painful smile. "Is it so great a change? We can wear this dress as well as the other, if we please."

"Why, of course it 's very becoming and all that; but it does look so out of character," Mrs. Vervain said, leading the way to the breakfast-room. "It 's like seeing a military man in a civil coat."

"It must be a great relief to lay aside the uniform now and then, mother," said Florida, as they sat down. "I can remember that papa used to be glad to get out of his."

"Perfectly wild," assented Mrs. Vervain. "But he never seemed the same person. Soldiers and — clergymen — are so much more stylish in their own dress — not stylish, exactly, but taking; don't you know?"

"There, Don Ippolito," interposed Ferris, "you had better put on your talare and your nicchio again. Your *abbate's* dress is n't acceptable, you see."

The painter spoke in Italian, but Don Ippolito answered — with certain blunders which it would be tedious to reproduce — in his patient, conscientious English, half sadly, half playfully, and glancing at Florida, before he turned to Mrs. Vervain, "You are as rigid as the rest of the world, madama. I thought you would like this dress, but it seems that you think it a masquerade. As madamigella says, it is a relief to lay aside the uniform, now and then, for us who fight the spiritual enemies as well as for the other soldiers. There was one time, when I was younger and in the subdeaconate orders, that I put off the priest's dress altogether, and wore citizen's clothes, not an abbate's suit like this. We were in Padua, another young priest and I, my nearest and only friend, and for a whole night we walked about the streets in that dress, meeting the students, as they strolled singing through the moonlight; we went to the theatre and to the caffè, — we smoked cigars, all the time laughing and trembling to think of the tonsure under our hats. But in the morning we had to put on the stockings and the talare and the nicchio again."

Don Ippolito gave a melancholy laugh.

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He had thrust the corner of his napkin into his collar; seeing that Ferris had not his so, he twitched it out, and made a feint of its having been all the time in his lap. Every one was silent as if something shocking had been said; Florida looked with grave rebuke at Don Ippolito, whose story affected Ferris like that of some girl's adventure in men's clothes. He was in terror lest Mrs. Vervain should be going to say it was like that; she was going to say something; he made haste to forestall her, and turn the talk on other things.

The next day the priest came in his usual dress, and he did not again try to escape from it.

VI.

One afternoon, as Don Ippolito was posing to Ferris for his picture of A Venetian Priest, the painter asked, to make talk, "Have you hit upon that new explosive yet, which is to utilize your breech-loading cannon? Or are you engaged upon something altogether new?"

"No," answered the other uneasily, "I have not touched the cannon since that day you saw it at my house; and as for other things, I have not been able to put my mind to them. I have made a few trifles, which I have ventured to offer the ladies."

Ferris had noticed the ingenious reading-desk which Don Ippolito had presented to Florida, and the footstool, contrived with springs and hinges so that it would fold up into the compass of an ordinary portfolio, which Mrs. Vervain carried about with her.

An odd look, which the painter caught at and missed, came into the priest's face, as he resumed: "I suppose it is the distraction of my new occupation, and of the new acquaintances — so very strange to me in every way — that I have made in your amiable country-women, which hinders me from going about anything in earnest, now that their munificence has enabled me to pursue my aims with greater advantages than ever before. But this idle mood will pass, and in the mean time I am very happy. They are real angels, and madama is a true original."

"Mrs. Vervain is rather peculiar," said the painter, retiring a few paces from his picture, and quizzing it through his half-closed eyes. "She is a woman who has had affliction enough to turn a stronger head than hers could ever have been," he added kindly. "But she has the best heart in the world. In fact," he burst forth, "she is the most extraordinary combination of perfect fool and perfect lady I ever saw."

"Excuse me; I don't understand," blankly faltered Don Ippolito.

"No; and I'm afraid I could n't explain to you," answered Ferris.

There was a silence for a time, broken at last by Don Ippolito, who asked, "Why do you not marry madamigella?"

He seemed not to feel that there was anything out of the way in the question, and Ferris was too well used to the child-like directness of the most maneuvering of races to be surprised. Yet he was displeased, as he would not have been if Don Ippolito were not a priest. He was not of the type of priests whom the American knew from the prejudice and distrust of the Italians; he was alienated from his clerical fellows by all the objects of his life, and by a reciprocal dislike. About other priests there were various scandals; but Don Ippolito was like that pretty match-girl of the Piazza of whom it was Venetianly answered, when one asked if so sweet a face were not innocent, "Oh yes, she is mad!" He was of a purity so blameless that he was reputed crack-brained by the caffè-gossip that in Venice turns its searching light upon whoever you mention; and from his own association with the man Ferris perceived in him an apparent single-heartedness such as no man can have but the rarest of Italians. He was the albino of his species; a gray crow, a white fly; he was really this, or he knew how to seem it with an art far beyond any common deceit. It was the half expectation of coming sometime

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upon the lurking insincerity in Don Ippolito, that continually enfeebled the painter in his attempts to portray his Venetian priest, and that gave its undecided, unsatisfactory character to the picture before him — its weak hardness, its provoking superficiality. He expressed the traits of melancholy and loss that he imagined in him, yet he always was tempted to leave the picture with a touch of something sinister in it, some airy and subtle shadow of selfish design.

He stared hard at Don Ippolito while this perplexity filled his mind, for the hundredth time; then he said stiffly, "I don't know. I don't want to marry anybody. Besides," he added, relaxing into a smile of helpless amusement, "it's possible that Miss Vervain might not want to marry me."

"As to that," replied Don Ippolito, "you never can tell. All young girls desire to be married, I suppose," he continued with a sigh. "She is very beautiful, is she not? It is seldom that we see such a blonde in Italy. Our blondes are dark; they have auburn hair and blue eyes, but their complexions are thick. Miss Vervain is blonde as the morning light; the sun's gold is in her hair, his noonday whiteness in her dazzling throat; the flush of his coming is on her lips; she might utter the dawn!"

"You're a poet, Don Ippolito," laughed the painter. "What property of the sun is in her angry-looking eyes?"

"His fire! Ah, that is her greatest charm! Those strange eyes of hers, they seem full of tragedies. She looks made to be the heroine of some stormy romance; and yet how simply patient and good she is!"

"Yes," said Ferris, who often responded in English to the priest's Italian; and he added half musingly in his own tongue, after a moment, "but I don't think it would be safe to count upon her. I'm afraid she has a bad temper. At any rate, I always expect to see smoke somewhere when I look at those eyes of hers. She has wonderful self-control, however; and I don't exactly understand why. Perhaps people of strong impulses have strong wills to overrule them; it seems no more than fair."

"Is it the custom," asked Don Ippolito, after a moment, "for the American young ladies always to address their mammas as *mother?*"

"No; that seems to be a peculiarity of Miss Vervain's. It's a little formality that I should say served to hold Mrs. Vervain in check."

"Do you mean that it repulses her?"

"Not at all. I don't think I could explain," said Ferris with a certain air of regretting to have gone so far in comment on the Vervains. He added recklessly, "Don't you see that Mrs. Vervain sometimes does and says things that embarrass her daughter, and that Miss Vervain seems to try to restrain her?"

"I thought," returned Don Ippolito meditatively, "that the signorina was always very tenderly submissive to her mother."

"Yes, so she is," said the painter dryly, and looked in annoyance from the priest to the picture, and from the picture to the priest.

After a minute Don Ippolito said, "They must be very rich to live as they do."

"I don't know about that," replied Ferris. "Americans spend and save in ways different from the Italians. I dare say the Vervains find Venice very cheap after London and Paris and Berlin."

"Perhaps," said Don Ippolito, "if they were rich you would be in a position to marry her."

"I should not marry Miss Vervain for her money," answered the painter, sharply.

"No, but if you loved her, the money would enable you to marry her."

"Listen to me, Don Ippolito. I never said that I loved Miss Vervain, and I don't know how you feel warranted in speaking to me about the matter. Why do you do so?"

"I? Why? I could not but imagine that you must love her. Is there

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anything wrong in speaking of such things? Is it contrary to the American custom? I ask pardon with all my heart if I have done anything amiss."

"There is no offense," said the painter, with a laugh, "and I don't wonder you thought I ought to be in love with Miss Vervain. She *is* beautiful, and I believe she 's good. But if men had to marry because women were beautiful and good, there is n't one of us could live single a day. Besides, I 'm the victim of another passion — I 'm laboring under an unrequited affection for Art."

"Then you do *not* love her?" asked Don Ippolito, eagerly.

"So far as I 'm advised at present, no, I don't."

"It is strange!" said the priest, absently, but with a glowing face.

He quitted the painter's and walked swiftly homeward with a triumphant buoyancy of step. A subtle content diffused itself over his face, and a joyful light burnt in his deep eyes. He sat down before the piano and organ as he had arranged them, and began to strike their keys in unison; this seemed to him for the first time childish. Then he played some lively bars on the piano alone; they sounded too light and trivial, and he turned to the other instrument. As the plaint of the reeds arose, it filled his sense like a solemn organ-music, and transfigured the place; the notes swelled to the ample vault of a church, and at the high altar he was celebrating the mass in his sacerdotal robes. He suddenly caught his fingers away from the keys; his breast heaved, he hid his face in his hands.

W. D. Howells.

A SEA DREAM.

We saw the slow tides go and come,
The curving surf-lines lightly drawn,
The gray rocks touched with tender bloom
Beneath the fresh-blown rose of dawn.

We saw in richer sunsets lost
The sombre pomp of showery noons;
And signaled spectral sails that crossed
The weird, low light of sea-born moons.

On stormy eves from cliff and head
We saw the white spray tossed and spurned;
While, over all, in gold and red,
Its face of fire the light-house turned.

The rail-car brought its daily crowds;
Half curious, half indifferent,
Like passing sails or floating clouds,
We saw them as they came and went.

But, one calm morning, as we lay
And watched the mirage-lifted wall
Of coast, across the dreamy bay,
And heard afar the curlew call,

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And nearer voices, wild or tame,
Of airy flock and childish throng,
Up from the water's edge there came
Faint snatches of familiar song.

Careless we heard the singer's choice
Of old and common airs; at last
The tender pathos of his voice
In one low chanson held us fast.

A song that mingled joy and pain,
And memories old and sadly sweet:
While timing to its minor strain,
The waves in lapsing cadence beat.

The waves are glad in breeze and sun,
The rocks are fringed with foam;
I walk once more a haunted shore,
A stranger, yet at home, —
A land of dreams I roam!

Is this the wind, the soft sea-wind
That stirred thy locks of brown?
Are these the rocks whose mosses knew
The trail of thy light gown
Where boy and girl sat down?

I see the gray fort's broken wall,
The boats that rock below;
And, out at sea, the passing sails
We saw so long ago,
Rose-red in morning's glow.

The freshness of the early time
On every breeze is blown;
As glad the sea, as blue the sky, —
The change is ours alone;
The saddest is my own!

A stranger now, a world-worn man
Is he who bears my name;
But thou, methinks, whose mortal life
Immortal youth became,
Art evermore the same.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,
Thy place I cannot see;
I only know that where thou art
The blessed angels be,
And heaven is glad for thee.

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Forgive me, if the evil years
  Have left on me their sign;
Wash out, O soul so beautiful,
  The many stains of mine
  In tears of love divine!

Oh turn to me that dearest face
  Of all thy sea-born town,
The wedded roses of thy lips,
  Thy loose hair rippling down
  In waves of golden brown!

Look forth once more through space and time,
  And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
  On memory's frescoed wall,
  A shadow, and yet all!

Draw near, more near, forever dear!
  Where'er I rest or roam,
Or in the crowded city streets
  Or by the blown sea-foam,
  The thought of thee is home!

At breakfast hour the singer read
  The city news, with comment wise,
Like one who felt the pulse of trade
  Beneath his finger fall and rise.

His look, his air, his curt speech told
  The man of action, not of books,
To whom the corners made in gold
  And stocks were more than sea-side nooks.

Of life beneath the life confessed
  His song had hinted unawares;
Of flowers in traffic's ledgers pressed,
  Of human hearts in Bulls and Bears.

But eyes in vain were turned to watch
  That face so hard and shrewd and strong;
And ears in vain grew sharp to catch
  The meaning of that morning song.

In vain some sweet-voiced querist sought
  To sound him, leaving as she came;
Her baited album only caught
  A common, unromantic name.

No word betrayed the mystery fine
  That trembled on the singer's tongue;
He came and went, and left no sign
  Behind him save the song he sung.

John G. Whittier.

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A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

III.

THE CONDUCT OF THE WOMEN.

DURING the latter part of the year in which the war between the States came to an end, a Southern comic writer, in a letter addressed to Artemus Ward, summed up the political outlook in one sentence, reading somewhat as follows: "You may reconstruct the men, with your laws and things, but how are you going to reconstruct the women? *Whoop-ee!*" Now this unauthorized but certainly very expressive interjection had a deal of truth at its back, and I am very sure that I have never yet known a thoroughly "reconstructed" woman. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. The women of the South could hardly have been more desperately in earnest than their husbands and brothers and sons were, in the prosecution of the war, but with their woman-natures they gave themselves wholly to the cause, and having loved it heartily when it gave promise of a sturdy life, they almost worship it now that they have strewn its bier with funeral flowers. To doubt its righteousness, or to falter in their loyalty to it while it lived, would have been treason and infidelity; to do the like now that it is dead would be to them little less than sacrilege.

I wish I could adequately tell my reader of the part those women played in the war. If I could make these pages show the half of their nobleness; if I could describe the sufferings they endured, and tell of their cheerfulness under it all; if the reader might guess the utter unselfishness with which they laid themselves and the things they held nearest their hearts upon the altar of the only country they knew as their own, the rare heroism with which they played their sorrowful part in a drama which was to them a long tragedy; if my pages could be made to show the half of these things, all womankind, I am sure, would tenderly cherish the record, and nobody would wonder again at the tenacity with which the women of the South still hold their allegiance to the lost cause.

Theirs was a peculiarly hard lot. The real sorrows of war, like those of drunkenness, always fall most heavily upon women. They may not bear arms. They may not even share the triumphs which compensate their brethren for toil and suffering and danger. They must sit still and endure. The poverty which war brings to them wears no cheerful face, but sits down with them to empty tables and pinches them sorely in solitude.

After the victory, the men who have won it throw up their hats in a glad huzza, while their wives and daughters await in sorest agony of suspense the news which may bring hopeless desolation to their hearts. To them the victory may mean the loss of those for whom they lived and in whom they hoped, while to those who have fought the battle it brings only gladness. And all this was true of Southern women almost without exception. The fact that all the men capable of bearing arms went into the army, and staid there, gave to every woman in the South a personal interest not only in the general result of each battle, but in the list of killed and wounded as well. Poverty, too, and privation of the sorest kind, was the common lot, while the absence of the men laid many heavy burdens of work and responsibility upon shoulders unused to either. But they bore it all, not cheerfully only, but gladly. They believed it to be the duty of every able-bodied man to serve in the army, and they eagerly sent the men of their own homes to the field, frowning undisguisedly upon every laggard until there were no laggards left. And their spirit knew no change as the war went

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on. Their idea of men's duty comprehended nothing less than persistence as long as a shot could be fired. When they saw that the end was not to be victory, but defeat, that fact made no change whatever in their view of the duty to be done. Still less did their own privations and labors and sufferings tend to dampen their ardor. On the contrary, the more heavily the war bore upon themselves, the more persistently did they demand that it should be fought out to the end. When they lost a husband, a son, or a brother, they held the loss only an additional reason for faithful adherence to the cause. Having made such a sacrifice to that which was almost a religion to them, they had, if possible, less thought than ever of proving unfaithful to it.

I put these general statements first, so that the reader who shall be interested in such anecdotes as I shall have to tell may not be misled thereby into the thought that these good women were implacable or vindictive, when they were only devoted to a cause which in their eyes represented the sum of all righteousness.

I remember a conversation between two of them, — one a young wife whose husband was in the army, and the other an elderly lady, with no husband or son, but with many friends and near relatives in marching regiments. The younger lady remarked, —

"I 'm sure I do not hate our enemies. I earnestly hope their souls may go to heaven, but I would like to blow all their mortal bodies away, as fast as they come upon our soil."

"Why, you shock me, my dear," replied the other; "I don't see why you want the Yankees to go to heaven! I hope to get there myself some day, and I 'm sure I should n't want to go if I thought I should find any of them there."

This old lady was convinced from the first that the South would fail, and she based this belief on the fact that we had permitted Yankees to build railroads through the Southern States. "I tell you," she would say, "that 's what they built the railroads for. They knew the war was coming, and they got ready for it. The railroads will whip us, you may depend. What else were they made for? We got on well enough without them, and we ought n't to have let anybody build them." And no amount of reasoning would serve to shake her conviction that the people of the North had built all our railroads with treacherous intent, though the stock of the only road she had ever seen was held very largely by the people along its line, many of whom were her own friends.

She always insisted, too, that the Northern troops came South and made war for the sole purpose of taking possession of our lands and negroes, and she was astonished almost out of her wits when she learned that the negroes were free. She had supposed that they were simply to change masters, and even then she lived for months in daily anticipation of the coming of "the new land owners," who were waiting, she supposed, for assignments of plantations to be made to them by military authority.

"They 'll quarrel about the division, maybe," she said one day, "and then there 'll be a chance for us to whip them again, I hope." The last time I saw her, she had not yet become convinced that title-deeds were still to be respected.

A young girl, ordinarily of a very gentle disposition, astonished a Federal colonel one day by an outburst of temper which served at least to show the earnestness of her purpose to uphold her side of the argument. She lived in a part of the country then for the first time held by the Federal army, and a colonel with some members of his staff made her family the unwilling recipients of a call one morning. Seeing the piano open, the colonel asked the young lady to play, but she declined. He then went to the instrument himself, but he had hardly begun to play when the damsel, raising the piano top, severed nearly all the strings with a hatchet, saying to the astonished performer, as she did so, —

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"That's my piano, and it shall not give you a minute's pleasure." The colonel bowed, apologized, and replied,

"If all your people are as ready as you to make costly sacrifices, we might as well go home."

And most of them were ready and willing to make similar sacrifices. One lady of my acquaintance knocked in the heads of a dozen casks of choice wine rather than allow some Federal officers to sip as many glasses of it. Another destroyed her own library, which was very precious to her, when that seemed the only way in which she could prevent the staff of a general officer, camped near her, from enjoying a few hours' reading in her parlor every morning.

In New Orleans, soon after the war, I saw in a drawing-room, one day, an elaborately framed letter, of which, the curtains being drawn, I could read only the signature, which to my astonishment was that of General Butler.

"What is that?" I asked of the young gentlewoman I was visiting.

"Oh, that's my diploma, my certificate of good behavior, from General Butler;" and taking it down from the wall, she permitted me to read it, telling me at the same time its history. It seems that the young lady had been very active in aiding captured Confederates to escape from New Orleans, and for this and other similar offenses she was arrested several times. A gentleman who knew General Butler personally had interested himself in behalf of her and some of her friends, and upon making an appeal for their discharge received this personal note from the commanding general, in which he declared his willingness to discharge all the others, "But that black-eyed Miss B.," he wrote, "seems to me an incorrigible little devil whom even prison fare won't tame." The young lady had framed the note, and she cherishes it yet, doubtless.

There is a story told of General Forrest, which will serve to show his opinion of the pluck and devotion of the Southern women. He was drawing his men up in line of battle one day, and it was evident that a sharp encounter was about to take place. Some ladies ran from a house, which happened to stand just in front of his line, and asked him anxiously, —

"What shall we do, general, what shall we do?"

Strong in his faith that they only wished to help in some way, he replied,

"I really don't see that you can do much, except to stand on stumps, wave your bonnets, and shout 'Hurrah, boys!'"

In Richmond, when the hospitals were filled with wounded men brought in from the seven days' fighting with McClellan, and the surgeons found it impossible to dress half the wounds, a band was formed, consisting of nearly all the married women of the city, who took upon themselves the duty of going to the hospitals and dressing wounds from morning till night; and they persisted in their painful duty until every man was cared for, saving hundreds of lives, as the surgeons unanimously testified. When nitre was found to be growing scarce, and the supply of gunpowder was consequently about to give out, women all over the land dug up the earth in their smoke-houses and tobacco barns, and with their own hands faithfully extracted the desired salt, for use in the government laboratories.

Many of them denied themselves not only delicacies, but substantial food also, when by enduring semi-starvation they could add to the stock of food at the command of the subsistence officers. I myself knew more than one houseful of women, who, from the moment that food began to grow scarce, refused to eat meat or drink coffee, living thenceforth only upon vegetables of a speedily perishable sort, in order that they might leave the more for the soldiers in the field. When a friend remonstrated with one of them, on the ground that her health, already frail, was breaking down utterly for want of proper diet, she replied, in a quiet, determined, way, "I know that very well; but it is little that I can do, and I must do that little at any cost. My health and my

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life are worth less than those of my brothers, and if they give theirs to the cause, why should not I do the same? I would starve to death cheerfully if I could feed one soldier more by doing so, but the things I eat can't be sent to camp. I think it a sin to eat anything that can be used for rations." And she meant what she said, too, as a little mound in the church-yard testifies.

Every Confederate remembers gratefully the reception given him when he went into any house where these women were. Whoever he might be, and whatever his plight, if he wore the gray he was received, not as a beggar or tramp, not even as a stranger, but as a son of the house, for whom it held nothing too good, and whose comfort was the one care of all its inmates, even though their own must be sacrificed in securing it. When the hospitals were crowded, the people earnestly besought permission to take the men to their houses and to care for them there, and for many months almost every house within a hundred miles of Richmond held one or more wounded men as especially honored guests.

"God bless these Virginia women!" said a general officer from one of the cotton States, one day, "they 're worth a regiment apiece;" and he spoke the thought of the army, except that their blessing covered the whole country as well as Virginia.

The ingenuity with which these good ladies discovered or manufactured onerous duties for themselves was surprising, and having discovered or imagined some new duty they straightway proceeded to do it at any cost. An excellent Richmond dame was talking with a soldier friend, when he carelessly remarked that there was nothing which so greatly helped to keep up a contented and cheerful spirit among the men as the receipt of letters from their woman friends. Catching at the suggestion as a revelation of duty, she asked, "And cheerfulness makes better soldiers of the men, does it not?" Receiving yes for an answer, the frail little woman, already overburdened with cares of an unusual sort, sat down and made out a list of all the men with whom she was acquainted even in the smallest possible way, and from that day until the end of the war she wrote one letter a week to each, a task which, as her acquaintance was large, taxed her time and strength very severely. Not content with this, she wrote on the subject in the newspapers, earnestly urging a like course upon her sisters, many of whom adopted the suggestion at once, much to the delight of the soldiers, who little dreamed that the kindly, cheerful, friendly letters which every mail brought into camp, were a part of woman's self-appointed work for the success of the common cause. From the beginning to the end of the war it was the same. No cry of pain escaped woman's lips at the parting which sent the men into camp; no word of despondency was spoken when hope seemed most surely dead; no complaint from the women ever reminded their soldier husbands and sons and brothers that there was hardship and privation and terror at home. They bore all with brave hearts and cheerful faces, and even when they mourned the death of their most tenderly loved ones, they comforted themselves with the thought that they buried only heroic dust.

"It is the death I would have chosen for him," wrote the widow of a friend whose loss I had announced to her. "I loved him for his manliness, and now that he has shown that manliness by dying as a hero dies, I mourn but am not heart-broken. I know that a brave man awaits me whither I am going."

They carried their efforts to cheer and help the troops into every act of their lives. When they could, they visited camp. Along the lines of march they came out with water or coffee or tea, — the best they had, whatever it might be, — with flowers, or garlands of green when their flowers were gone. A bevy of girls stood under a sharp fire from the enemy's lines at Petersburg one day, while they sang Bayard Taylor's Song of the Camp, responding to an encore with the stanza: —

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"Ah! soldiers, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing,
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring!"

Indeed, the coolness of women under fire was always a matter of surprise to me. A young girl, not more than sixteen years of age, acted as guide to a scouting party during the early years of the war, and when we urged her to go back after the enemy had opened a vigorous fire upon us, she declined, on the plea that she believed we were "going to charge those fellows," and she "wanted to see the fun." At Petersburg women did their shopping and went about their duties under a most uncomfortable bombardment, without evincing the slightest fear or showing any nervousness whatever.

But if the cheerfulness of the women during the war was remarkable, what shall we say of the way in which they met its final failure and the poverty that came with it? The end of the war completed the ruin which its progress had wrought. Women who had always lived in luxury, and whose labors and sufferings during the war were lightened by the consciousness that in suffering and laboring they were doing their part toward the accomplishment of the end upon which all hearts were set, were now compelled to face not temporary but permanent poverty, and to endure, without a motive or a sustaining purpose, still sorer privations than any they had known in the past. The country was exhausted, and nobody could foresee any future but one of abject wretchedness. It was seed-time, but the suddenly freed negroes had not yet learned that freedom meant aught else than idleness, and the spring was gone before anything like a reorganization of the labor system could be effected. The men might emigrate when they should get home, but the case of the women was a very sorry one indeed. They kept their spirits up through it all, however, and improvised a new social system in which absolute poverty, cheerfully borne, was the badge of respectability. Everybody was poor except the speculators who had fattened upon the necessities of the women and children, and so poverty was essential to anything like good repute. The return of the soldiers made some sort of social festivity necessary, and "starvation parties" were given, at which it was understood that the givers were wholly unable to set out refreshments of any kind. In the matter of dress, too, the general poverty was recognized, and every one went clad in whatever he or she happened to have. The want of means became a jest, and nobody mourned over it; while all were laboring to repair their wasted fortunes as they best could. And all this was due solely to the unconquerable cheerfulness of the Southern women. The men came home moody, worn out, discouraged, and but for the influence of woman's cheerfulness, the Southern States might have fallen into a lethargy from which they could not have recovered for generations.

Such prosperity as they have since achieved is largely due to the courage and spirit of their noble women.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE MOTH.

Poor Moth, that, fluttering through my candle's flame,
Die of your sudden passion for the light,
From the great gulf of outer dark you came,
Then flash into utter night!

J. J. Piatt.

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OVER THE FOOT-LIGHTS.

THE morning after my *début* I was in no haste to rise from the pillow on which I had passed a dreamless and refreshing night. I felt much as one feels who, having embarked upon a voyage full of novelty and adventure, suffers himself to be borne onward by the prevailing wind, and shifts all further responsibility upon the captain.

I was no longer my own master; if it pleased the manager to summon me to rehearsal at the midnight hour, it was my duty to answer the call, provided my bodily health was equal to the task. He could cast me for any part he pleased, though I had shipped as juvenile, and by rights was subject to nothing outside of the young lover and dutiful son business.

If I declined to enact any *rôle* set down to the juvenile, I was liable to a peremptory and unqualified discharge from the company; it was, however, my privilege to speak my mind freely in case I found myself doomed to assume a character that seemed eminently unsuited to my peculiar talents. All this I turned over in my mind while I congratulated myself that the bill for the evening was a repetition of the last night's performance, and that it was to be succeeded by a change of programme which relieved me for a night or two from any duties whatever, save that of holding myself in readiness to answer a call in case of the sudden indisposition of any member of the company whose services were in requisition.

This substitution is by no means agreeable, and the substitute, after having passed two or three hours in the swiftest possible study, is generally introduced to the audience by the manager, who makes an apology before the curtain at the beginning of the play; a pitiful consolation for the embarrassed actor who is thus led to the sacrifice an unwelcome and unwilling victim, reeking with fresh cues that start at the slightest provocation and threaten to ruin all. I believe the litany of the profession contains this supplementary petition: "From sudden calls, good Lord, deliver us!"

It is excessively monotonous work trying to lie abed when there is no further prospect of napping. I had no rehearsal that morning, but I was getting hungry, and it occurred to me that I had not seen the morning papers. I arose, dressed, and was about quitting the room when I was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Enter the comedian from the rival theatre, whom until that hour I had known only by reputation; on the previous night he had played the first gravedigger in Hamlet, and had found time to slip over to our house and see how I was beginning my career. As a member of the profession and one having its interests at heart, he wished to congratulate me upon my success in standing still when I had nothing else to do, and in making my voice heard even to the limits of the building; two points decidedly in my favor. He proffered his sympathy and his wardrobe, and hoped we should be friends, which, by the way, we have not failed to be ever since.

This pleasant episode, though trifling, was an excellent appetizer, and I sat at breakfast that morning with uncommon composure, ordering the delicacies and the dailies of the season to the evident admiration of the youthful waiter, whose patronizing servility made me suspect that he had been one of our audience on the eventful night.

The papers were, as usual, curt, critical, and uncompromising; it was announced that "with the exception of the usual nervousness betrayed by novices, Mr. Blank did fairly, and with patience, etc., etc., . . . in the arduous, etc., etc. . . . it was not unlikely that his future would be, etc." The

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same was probably left standing, ready for insertion on the occasion of the very next début.

It is hard to speak fairly of a novice; it is hard for the novice to know just what position he occupies in the profession; after the experiences of a few weeks he ceases to be promising, and is judged according to the actual work he does.

I was still in the chrysalis state and required careful handling; all who approached me confessed it in their manner; and though the encouragement of my friends, like sunshine, was calculated to burst my shell and dry my wings for me, I was conscious of a large proportion of suspended judgment that only waited the first feeble flutter of those wings to burst upon me like a northern blast.

Since there was no rehearsal — delicious thought, how it recurred to me again and again! — since I was free, I walked; what else can one do in a strange town where he has few or no acquaintances? At the first corner I ran against the leading man from the opposition house, an old friend and a fellow of infinite talents and versatility, and together we wended our way into the suburbs.

The morning air was glorious; the willows along the bank of the sluggish river were budding and leafing, birds flitted before us with fluttering confidence, children worked their way to school by slow and easy stages, and we strolling players footed it in the best of spirits, given up to the sensuous enjoyment of liberty and nature.

Small wayside hospices were scattered over the country, for there was much travel along the river, and poor Yorick, my comrade, having earned for himself the unenviable reputation of godfather to all liquor dispensaries, was usually greeted familiarly by the portly Teutons, who seemed to be sitting in the sun for a living, they made such a business of it.

In our morning wanderings I discovered that it is not uncommon for actors to receive smiles of recognition from people who are utter strangers to them; men who have grown friendly with their faces over the foot-lights, and who, almost unconsciously, begin to claim acquaintance with them. This is sometimes pleasant, but it is oftener a bore, as a one-sided friendship is apt to be.

Yorick had played numerous and lengthy engagements in S——, and being a comedian of the genial and persuasive order, it was rather difficult to avoid smiling as one passed him, in memory of the many hearty laughs enjoyed at his hands.

"Who was that?" asked I, when we had parted with a garrulous youth whose familiarity was by no means a matter of doubt. Yorick had n't the slightest idea who or what he was; could n't remember having seen him before; was always meeting such fellows and despaired of classifying more than one in a dozen.

I suppose we might have walked till doomsday on that narrow, grassy path by the river-side, and repeated the experiences of the first half-hour with little or no variation; but it was becoming tiresome to watch the human buttresses on the sunny sides of the tap-houses, while Yorick was invariably recognized by word or look; and we returned home after a couple of hours passed in that retreat from the town and its professional associations, with the hope of a quiet moment constantly destroyed by some unfeeling spectator who advertised my friend gratuitously, not to say indelicately.

It seemed that anything like real privacy was almost impossible in the life of an actor; his face or his manner betrayed him wherever he went; he was forced to play his part in the street as well as on the stage, and was never thoroughly *au naturel* save alone in his own room, or in the society of some intimate friend who had bridged over the chasm that yawns between public and private life.

I learned this lesson almost immediately and in the following manner: after my first breakfast in the profession, — I like to draw a sharp line in my brief

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experience and make the most of it, — after breakfast I was on my way to nowhere in particular, and consequently was not progressing very rapidly, when I discovered a show-window whose attractions were irresistible. I paused to contemplate. A couple of youngsters drew near, and one of them, recognizing me as the débutant of the previous night, nudged his companion and whispered audibly, "That feller made his first appearance last night, and he done *bully*!" The whole tableau was reflected in the large plate-glass of the window, and as I stood with my back to the youthful critic I was enabled to conceal my blushes, while the two regarded with some interest the breadth of my shoulders and the cut of my back hair.

I observed that the postman was more polite than formerly, so soon as I had grown somewhat familiar to the public of S——; likewise that I never lacked companionship very long at a time; for if I were alone I had only to pause at a street corner or to lounge among the docks, and sooner or later some one or other would sidle up to me and begin a mild order of conversation that was not entirely disagreeable, though nothing very good can be said of it.

Had I felt at ease in my mind, all would have been well. I received much encouragement; my deficiencies in the shape of wardrobe and properties were cheerfully supplied by the various members of our company; there were some who envied me, however uncharitable it may seem, — I could not envy them. My acquaintance was sought in several quarters, and I was the recipient of much attention. Probably something was the matter with me, for I remember that one evening I appeared in Hessian-tops, the property of the leading-lady, who frequently assumed male attire; silk tights belonging to the soubrette, now a blonde star in the East with her own burlesque company; a hat and ostrich feather by kind permission of the heavy villain, as well as various other articles contributed from sundry sources — and yet I was not happy!

It was hard study that discouraged me; I had ever a cue in my throat, and tasted it at breakfast, lunch, dinner, and even at the late supper after the play, which is almost one of the necessities of professional life.

It seemed to me that *lengths* never could be learned, and the worst feature of the case was that I never knew when I had mastered them. I carried about in my mind fragments of dialogue of no earthly interest to me, tail ends of speeches with my responses fitted in between them; I had little or no knowledge of the scene itself any further than was evidenced by my personal connection with it. Few who have not attempted to commit to memory page after page of dialogue can realize the tediousness of such a task. Our manuscript plays were dealt out to us in slices, and not one of us had any thorough knowledge of the plot, for we knew only such fragments of it as we had participated in; and had the play run to this hour the chances are we should have been none the wiser.

It is easy enough for histrionic aspirants to envy the actor whose lines are learned in a few hours, and whose part has only to be repeated night after night for an indefinite period. The whole day is at his disposal, and there are few admirers of the drama who would not take pleasure in entertaining him. But there comes a time when the business is bad, the houses poor, the treasury low; the bill must be changed frequently in order to retain the few regular play-goers, and perhaps attract others; a new part every day for a week or two, with a long rehearsal in the forenoon, and a slow, painful, and unsatisfactory representation at night, — all this is by no means a pleasant preparation for the study of a fresh part after midnight.

Happy the man whose negative mind seizes at once upon the body of the matter, retains it long enough to answer his purpose, and then lets it fade from his memory!

One's best study is usually done just before sleeping; I therefore found it ad-

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visable to commit as much of my part as possible after my return home at midnight, for there was only time for a single rehearsal of the play which was to be produced on the following evening. Very often I was overcome with fatigue. Sometimes it seemed impossible for me to keep my eyes open, and at the suggestion of an old stager who had been pressed with work in his day, I bound a wet towel about my head and in this way drove off sleep, though at the same time I nearly blistered my forehead, and in the end gained very little by the operation.

Of course there was a rest from these labors — precious days when my mind was unburdened, and precious nights when I was comparatively my own master; though even then, somehow I seemed to gravitate to the theatre like a moth to the flame that consumes it; why, I know not, unless it was because there and only there did I hope to find the sort of sympathy so necessary to my life just then.

My best friends held me at arms-length, because they felt the invisible breach in the relationship, and new acquaintances were drawn to me by reason of my association with the theatre, an association which casts a traditional glamour over every one that comes within its magic bounds; there was the difference of sea and land between us, and when I was in the body of the house to witness a play, and should have been grateful for the privacy vouchsafed Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry in their characters of first, second, and third citizens, I felt the necessity of assuming an air of distraction I was far from feeling. I felt that I was being privately quizzed by the next row, and I felt it because I was an ex-member of the row in question and had done considerable quizzing in my day.

All actors are subject to this merciless though silent inquisition, and their agony is increased in proportion to their popularity and the position they may occupy in the theatre. Many a sensitive and retiring man has been spared the rack of criticism off the stage by reason of the small type that usually announced him in the bills of the evening.

Probably judicious advertising has more influence upon the uncultured masses than the highest dramatic art, but the personal magnetism of genius is more persuasive than either.

I have seen an actor who lacked style, versatility, and power; whose impersonations were neither finished nor original; whose voice was not charming, and whose manner was inelegant: yet there was something about him that attracted you, and every one in the house instinctively reached out to him with a cordial spirit that insured him an unqualified success.

I have seen a star whose art was evident in the exquisite *pose*, the melodious utterance, the fine play of the features that were in themselves a panoroma of the passions; yet he lacked magnetism, and nothing but the extravagant eulogies of the press, and a fashion of seeing celebrities, drew his audiences together. Even when they had assembled there was a coldness in the house that must have chilled the performers, and doubled the fatigue of their impersonations.

A crowded house is not often an enthusiastic one; people do not gush when they are hot and uncomfortable. A scattered audience on a damp night has been known to enter so heartily into the spirit of a performance that the actors have been roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, the curtain falling upon one of the most spirited representations of the season. As a rule, bad weather is not desirable, and the gloom of a thin house is not easily dispelled.

Once our unhappy company played to an audience that seemed possessed of the spirit of disapproval; the evening was disagreeable; a heavy mist began falling about sunset; the atmosphere was muggy and relaxing; everything was sticky, and even the jolliest of us showed little or no signs of mirth. It was a benefit night, one of all others to hope for a remunerative and indulgent audience. Our empty benches

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looked bleak and ragged, the gas-meter was defective, — at any rate the light was poorer than common, — and to crown all, the beneficiary had a misunderstanding with his wife at the unseasonable hour of seven P. M., and as she went into hysterics and was unable to come out of them in season, the "delightful comedietta" was withdrawn and a farce substituted.

The audience had not even the spirit to acknowledge this unavoidable imposition, but sat stolidly in little melancholy groups all over the house, looking rather lonesome than otherwise. The farce went off without an audible sign of satisfaction or disapproval; the burlesque was called and we proceeded to recite some hundreds of doggerel lines in a very semi-amusing fashion. A whole scene passed without awakening an audible response from the front; the puns went off like squibs, there was no snap to them; it was evident that something must be done. In the off moments, while we stood in the wings, with shawls thrown over us, — our scanty costumes being scarcely sufficient for the severity of the evening, — we resolved to double our humor, to play with increased *abandon*, and to create some symptoms of merriment in the audience at any hazard. We did absurd things that amused us greatly, we were boisterous and belligerent, yet the audience was evidently bored. It began to be a huge joke; we actually enjoyed it; or was it delirium that caused us to laugh in each other's faces, to skip about the stage and discharge our cues at random, utterly regardless of the proprieties and of the reputation of the house? When we had danced the last *cancan* in an atmosphere of red fire and tinsel, the audience deliberately turned its back on us and shuffled toward the street, as we bowed our acknowledgment to a sympathizing friend who was doing his best to create an agreeable disturbance by trotting his cane on the floor — and this, by the way, was the first applause of the evening.

Probably such nights are not common in the career of an actor; I trust they are not, for the salary which is drawn on the following Monday is scarcely a compensation for the moral and physical exhaustion that necessarily follows such an effort.

Matinées are a thorn in the flesh; they never seem like the genuine article, and moreover, the thought of having to repeat the performance in the evening of the same day is dispiriting. Matinée audiences are composed mostly of ladies. Now the gentler sex no doubt is appreciative, emotional, and not infrequently demonstrative, but it is a fact that women do not know how to applaud; neither can they charge the atmosphere with the subtle essence, call it what you will, which the actor feels the moment he steps upon the stage, and which is as necessary to his professional life as the air he breathes. He recognizes it in the warm glow that seems to radiate from the body of the house; his step is lighter, his nervous energies are tuned to concert-pitch; the people play upon him as upon an instrument, and he responds in fuller harmony; he has confidence in the support of the friendly throng that has resolved itself into a unit; he precipitates himself into his rôle, and is often unconscious of himself and of the audience and of everything save the character which he is realizing for the time. It is at such moments that an actor achieves his greatest triumphs, and they are each a genuine inspiration aided by powerful and sufficient human sympathy.

We never could play to an audience of Jewesses and children, but usually walked through our parts with a determined indifference that was as tedious to us as it must have been unsatisfactory to the auditors; it seemed to us an imposition to demand a double entertainment on Saturdays and holidays, for which the management could expect but half prices at best, and the quality of which was little better than counterfeit. I am inclined to think that no dramatic representation, the success of which depends upon the completeness of the illusion, can be given successfully in the day-time. The spirits of earth,

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air, and sea forbid; it is the legitimate offspring of night and mystery.

The actor should sink his individuality forever; unless he is equal to this sacrifice he is only half an actor. He withdraws from the public and becomes a medium through whose genius the creations of the poets are born again; but the moment his inspiration ceases, he is nothing more than the least of us. Yet so distinctive is his calling that it seems a breach of the proprieties to meet him in common life; he looks out of place when he enters the auditorium, and talks out of place when he seeks to be natural among every-day men. What is more jarring than to see a tragedy queen, whose death agonies have held an audience spell-bound, step out before the curtain and smile a temporary farewell to the applauding house? I strove to preserve my integrity by keeping aloof from the public save in my professional calling; I avoided the lounging-places where many of my comrades passed much of their time in familiar intercourse with people who were not of us; I walked among unfrequented streets, and courted solitude. I remember a little river-side saloon that tempted me to loiter one glorious morning when I was wandering, book in hand, my attention divided between the exquisite spring landscape and my tedious study; there was such a comely woman sitting behind such a clean bar, and not a customer in sight, besides myself; I ordered a glass of beer and seated myself on a rustic bench out under the willows. The morning was positively seductive, the river close at hand flowed musically onward, the beer was good; I dreamed over a stage copy of Louis XI. until I was sick unto death of my cues, and fell to thinking upon the vicissitudes in the actor's life.

With infinite labor he builds up his reputation, for his pains he becomes the idol of the hour; yet in the midst of his triumphs he is subject to reverses, and has to fight his way to success in every new community he visits. While he is yet young and aspiring, a new star glimmers in the horizon, whose charming splendor already threatens to cast him into the shade; he outlives his popularity, and unless his tenacity is uncommon he descends from his high estate and plays the ancient in good earnest, with the pitiful prospect of at last making his exit from the stage of life to the mournful music of a little faint applause. Some actors never rise; the lower rounds of the ladder are crowded with aspirants upon whose heads and shoulders is borne the burden of success, the success that they are concerned in yet not permitted to share. But actors are necessary adjuncts to the complete isolation of a star performer; they are the shadows in the picture that heighten the lights, and for the most part they are entirely worthy of their obscurity by reason of a negative talent that is only serviceable in filling up the spaces.

I thought of all this as I sipped beer under the willows, and a reconsideration of the matter leads me to believe that there is more body than froth in my conclusions. About me were multitudes of pretty spots for young actors to study in — bowers, lawns, old boats, and shady bends in the river where one could begin his task with commendable relish; but somehow the birds or the bees or the boats on the river wooed my mind away, and I forgot my lines and did nothing but enjoy myself — which is perhaps what God wished me to do all the while.

At any rate I was homesick for private life and longed for liberty; I was tired of being recognized by people who were nothing whatever to me but mere people, such as the world is full of, and the most of whom one cannot afford to cultivate.

Back to rehearsal on the double-quick, having only a running glimpse of the thousand pleasant things that appealed to me; by no means perfect in my part, and dreading the long hours that were to be spent in the dubious half-light of the stage, everybody reading their lines and having eyes and ears for nothing else. How I struggled with my humor those mornings, and

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tried hard to be civil while I was spoiling for the opportunity of legitimate escape from a kind of slavery I had voluntarily assumed!

Everything about the theatre seemed hateful to me; I was choking for sweet air that did n't smell of paint, and starving for companionship that did n't bring up associations of the business! Away off in the shadows of the dress-circle loafed some one who could go out into daylight, and stay there; I envied him with all my heart. Far up under the roof a couple of those absurd windows that get lost in the rear-wall of a theatre let in a stream of blue, dusty light that looked as though you might walk on it, it was so thick and dingy; it was about the only natural thing on the premises, and I took to it, but hated the size and shape of the windows, that seemed to mock heaven with six panes of glass, and got a bad quality of sunshine for their impudence.

In those moods I used to feel that the happiest moment of my life would come when I could step out before the green curtain and bow over the foot-lights to an immense audience that was afraid of me; while I transfixed them with the sternness of my gaze, I would address them thus: —

"Ladies and gentlemen! While thanking you for the applause with which you have been kind enough to favor me during my brief and (to my heart if not my pocket) profitable engagement, permit me to say that I have found the relationship between actor and audience so variable and uncertain, that I for one cannot feel secure in trusting my happiness to your hands.

"But, thank God! this is a free country, and I am at liberty to go my way rejoicing, provided there is anything to rejoice at; this sequel hangs upon the returns of my farewell benefit! Till then, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to be your most obedient servant!"

Charles Warren Stoddard.

AT MY ENEMY'S GATE.

As I passed my enemy's gate
In the summer afternoon,
On my pathway, stealthy as Fate,
Crept a shadow vague and chill:
The bright spirit, the rainbow grace
Of sweet, hovering thought, gave place
To a nameless feeling of loss,
A dark sense of something ill.

Whereupon I said, in my scorn,
"There should grow about his door
Nothing but thistle and thorn,
Shrewd nettle, dogwood, and dock;
Or three-leaved ivy that twines
A bleak ledge with poisonous vines,
And black lichens that incrust
The scaly crest of a rock!"

Then I looked, and there, on the ground,
Were two lovely children at play;
The door-yard turf all around
Was spotted with daisies and pinks;

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From his apple-trees showered the notes
Of a dozen ecstatic throats,
And up from the grass-lot below
Came the gossip of bobolinks.

And, behold! like a cloud, overhead,
Flocked a multitude of white doves!
They circled round stable and shed,
Alighting on sill and roof:
All astir in the sun, so white,
All a-murmur with love, the sight
Sent a pang to my softening heart,
An arrow of sweet reproof.

And I thought of our foolish strife,
And "How hateful is hate!" I said.
"Under all that we see of his life
Is a world we never may know,
With its sorrows, and solace, and dreams;
And even though bad as he seems,
He is as he is for a cause,
And Nature accepts him so.

"She gives this foeman of mine
Of the best her bounty affords, —
Sends him the rain and the shine,
And children whom doubtless he loves;
She fosters his horses and herds,
And surrounds him with blossoms and birds:
And why am I harder of heart
To his faults than the daisies and doves?

"To me so perverse and unjust,
He has yet in his uncouth shell
Some kernel of good, I will trust,
Though a good I never may see:
And if, for our difference, still
He cherishes grudge and ill-will,
The more 's the pity for him, —
And what is his hatred to me?"

So for him began in my heart
The doves to murmur and stir,
The pinks and daisies to start,
And make golden afternoon.
And now, in the wintry street,
His frown, if we chance to meet,
Brings back, with my gentler thoughts,
The birds and blossoms of June.

J. T. Trowbridge.

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KATY'S FORTUNE.

IV.

KATY WINS THE SHELL AND OVERDO GETS THE KERNEL.

When Mr. Brown left Katy after that interview, he did not feel like going back to business. The saloon was convenient, and he stepped in to take a drink. It was cool in there, and there was a billiard-table. He played with the saloon-keeper, and they talked about neighbor Konigratz's going away. The place was one of his haunts, and Brown found the story of his influence over Overdo no secret among the man's cronies. They played and drank, Brown drinking the fiery whisky of such places, and presently he found himself full of whisky-wisdom. He would see the agent and worm out of him the name of the person who got Miss Keith's money. He went straight to the agency and drew the broker aside.

"Mis'r Overdo; man in the blue coat an' brass buttons, ye know; got Miss Keith's money, ye know," uttered with an impulse of his breath that tickled the agent's ear and made him dizzy with drinking at his nose. "Man in the brass coat an' blue buttons," said Brown; "blow on him." And he leered with drunken craft at that astute suggestion.

The agent was worried and nervous. He whispered a clerk to fetch the police. The man declined peremptorily. Brown was notoriously dangerous, and if given in charge to-day, would inevitably shoot the man who did it to-morrow.

Our diplomatist returned to the question again. "Man in the brass — in the blue coat, you know; got Miss Keith's money, you know. Blow on him; turn State's evidence; d'ye see?" and he winked a volume of criminal jurisprudence over that profoundly devised strategy.

The agent was white. He was in the tiger's claws; for he, too, knew Brown's terribly dangerous character when in that condition. "If you know who has her money, Mr. Brown," he said obsequiously, "you know I have not. Why do you sue me for it?"

"You are a pretty d——d slippery scoundrel," said Brown, as if expressing an encomium on his virtue, "but 'sponsible; oh, yes! 'sponsible man, Mis'r Overdo; an' ye got to ante up."

"But I don't owe it, Mr. Brown," said the agent, "and will not pay it," afraid even in his terror to make an admission the law might construe into a revival of the obligation — a thing the law is singularly ready to do.

"Not pay! Go right against the law!" said Brown, construing the refusal to apply to obedience to a judgment at law. "It will be my professional duty to make you pay it; and I will make you; that 's good as a promise, and no man ever knew me to break a promise — but one," he added, suddenly slipping from the tall stool and throwing his hand under his coat with a peculiar gesture, "and there 's the reprobated scoundrel now." This was a tigerish fellow who slouched in the back way, the very client Brown had threatened at Katy's first visit to his office, if he forfeited bail, and the man had forfeited bail.

It was shown later that he went to the agent to rent a house for some loose characters under his protection. He wanted to find the agent, and he found Brown.

For a moment there was a preliminary scurrying like that of a rat finding itself in the presence of a cat. In the pause Brown was as much like the lithe feline as the other like the vermin; but the bayed rat fights.

"Throw up your hands!" shouted Brown with that sharp, military accent. "Ah! Will you?" and there were two quick reports. Brown was brushing

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a powder-burn from his cheeks and hair; the other was down and bleeding, shot through and through.

"The man is a criminal who forfeited bail," explained the young lawyer to the policemen. "I was his bondsman, and offered to arrest him, when he resisted. Don't let him escape."

"He will not be apt to escape, Mr. Brown," said the officer bending over the man. "He has got his demit this time."

"I hope not," said Brown, but it was so. The man died in the agent's office in less than half an hour. If anything had been needed to complete the agent's terror, it was this. But the shock had partly sobered Brown, and it drove Katy's affairs out of his mind. The effect of it was that the circumstances of the trial monopolized Mr. Lorn, and a reluctance to speak to Katy of so painful a subject kept him from visiting her. Then his partner, without confessing the occasion of his learning it, told of her engagement to Earl Groth, and Lorn felt bitterly that, for his own good, he must not see her. It was one of those wise resolves that would keep until he did see her. This he soon had occasion to do, but not before some other events occurred relating to the cause itself.

While Mr. Lorn was occupied in the case of Commonwealth *v.* Brown, Judge Groth made a motion in the suit to recover Katy's money. Perhaps because of absence of opposing counsel; I have known such things to be done. He said to the court: "In Keith *v.* Overdo; tender of bond and security; and motion to withdraw attached funds."

You perceive, my legal reader, this was to get out the money seized by our nonchalant friend the deputy sheriff, leaving in its place a promise of the broker and one of his friends to repay it in court if called upon — a usual motion in such cases.

"Notice to withdraw, I presume you mean," said the suave judiciary, with emphasis on the first word; thereby intimating that this was not to be done summarily or in the absence of counsel for the plaintiff, and as a matter of course.

"May it please the court," remonstrated Judge Groth, "is not that unusual? the plaintiff being secured by the bond, it cannot interest her to retain the money here, idle, and must we wait on her pleasure?"

"It is in the discretion of the court, and you must wait on that," said the judge, as formally civil as ever. "Shall the notice be entered?" It was entered, and argued soon after. Judge Groth presented his argument as above, and added that the retention of the fund in idleness could only be from malice, since the plaintiff could not use it.

Mr. Lorn referred to the uncertain condition of all business securities, and the evidence in the attachment. "If the defendant suffered through this extra caution, he could blame nothing but his own act and character."

The court said: "The case is docketed for the first of the next term; the funds will be retained till then. If at that time it is continued at the plaintiff's instigation, this motion may be renewed; but not otherwise."

This was a swift judge in getting through a docket, and he was provoked at the delays in this suit. He had found a way to squelch any more dilatory motions now. Judge Groth was very angry. This shyster recently called to the bar had beaten him in open court again, and the bar congratulated the young fellow on it. After the intimation of his honor, he would not renew the motion, to be beaten another time; but he resolved to talk to the judge, his old friend and former partner, about it — a not unusual way of attorneys in some instances. He did talk with him, and drew the inference that his case was lost. The judge as much as said the fund in court was rightfully Katy Keith's, and if the law could give it to her, she should have it. When the judge talks that way, it requires no great shrewdness to anticipate what the law is going to be. It mortified Groth, and he spoke of it at home.

"And then Catharine Keith will be

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rich after all!" said his wife, thinking of her mistake in trying to break her son's engagement.

"So far as this court can make it," said her husband irritably, "but the Federal court will decide very differently."

"Oh, judge!" said she, "it might not, you know, and you need n't advise it. Think of Earl; he likes her yet."

"They all like her," said he, as if he resented it. "I have had nothing but sour looks and words from my other boy Ben, about it. I believe he was at the bottom of that wretched blunder over the attachment;" and the judge looks like the elder Booth, as Richard III., when they tell him Stanley has deserted to the enemy. But a wife's influence is as wearing as water dropping, and the hard judge will find it so; Katy Keith will rise into family favor again. All this while Katy was going through her troubles; and now Mr. Lorn received a curious polyglot letter from Madame Konigratz. She wrote in great distress; she had inquired of her husband, and sent a vague description of the mysterious stranger in blue dress-coat, but her information was obscured by her own troubles. Konigratz had disappeared. She wanted Mr. Lorn to make inquiries, and she was going to send poor little Taddy in search of his father.

This information made an interview with his client necessary. Konigratz would hardly turn up as a witness in time. Should the proceedings go on to trial without him? or asking a postponement, should Lorn risk the hold on the attached funds? If Katy was willing, he would try the case. Konigratz's evidence would not touch the principle involved, but he must consult his client about so decided a step. At her mother's he learned that she was working at a book-bindery, and he went there in search of her. He arrived at the fourth floor where the bindery was, to receive Katy in his arms, flying from the tipsy foreman.

The man was civil and respectful when sober, but if drinking, the reverse. It was not the first time he had offended, but he had never offended so grossly before. Lorn knocked him down, and now led Katy out trembling and crying, almost carrying her down the steep staircases.

"My dear Miss Keith," said he, "why do you stay at such a place?"

"There!" she said, recovering herself and removing his arm. "What can I do? I must earn something for mamma and me; and what can a poor girl do? I have no place else." Poor little thing! after all her gentle breeding, to come to this; to have no way to earn her bread, but by submitting to the coarse insults of a brute. It was a terrible revelation of her hardships to the young man, and he wanted to be very tender with her, but could not. She was ashamed at the humiliation he had witnessed, and remembered only that she had seen him coming out of the drinking saloon. He had broken his promise, and could be nothing to her. If she had spoken of it, he might have explained or expiated his wrong; but she knew that that would not do. It would betray an interest in him she ought not to have. He found her changed and reserved, and could only talk business; but when he left her he asked if he might not call in the evening. She pleaded fatigue and excused herself.

"You will not go to that place again?" he asked.

"Mamma will see Mr. ——, the proprietor. I will not return unless I can do it without risk."

Then, very reluctantly, he left her. But the night was fine and clear, with a brilliant moon, and Lorn was now in love. Yes, the pity and sympathy, and the very repulse of that evening, made him confess it and be proud of it, and lover-like he strolled by the house. Katy was sitting on the front stoop with the Rev. Mr. Jargony, and the preacher was a bachelor. Dear reader, did you ever take a sharp jealous pang to bed with you and try to sleep on it?

But better times were coming for Katy. Earl Groth had returned. His mother had only waited for that to open

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plans for the rehabilitation and completion of the marriage contract.

The Groths descended upon Katy like an avalanche. She had a situation, at the time, in a dollar store, a new enterprise in those days, and the Groth girls came fluttering about the shy little shop-girl, to the shopman's delight. They took such an interest in her, too. "Why not have some one, some real good lawyer, to help that dear, clever Mr. Lorn? It was usual, and papa said it would be quite right, and make her case safer." If Katy had had any disposition to reject these advances, she could not have done it, for her mother's sake. The poor widow was starving for old association and friends; easy, careless gossip about things and people she knew. In fine, her influence and that of the others induced Katy to consent to the employment of additional counsel, if Mr. Lorn advised it. That was her condition. She would do nothing in the case without his advice. Earl Groth undertook to see the young lawyers, and was very busy and important about it. Let us see how he sped on his mission.

He found the partners drawn up before the cold grate, which served as a spittoon. Brown was making a fox and goose board; Lorn was reading the Electra of Euripides in the Greek — a language he resorted to in trouble, as other men take to drink. Perhaps he tried a little of both, as not altogether incompatible. Earl was elegant; perfumed like a milliner, if milliners are necessarily in odors. He tendered his card, which Brown gravely received and passed over to his partner.

"I am a friend of Miss Keith," said this gorgeous visitor.

"Did n't know she had any friends," said Lorn dryly; "sit down."

"I have called about her business," said Earl; "consulting with her friends, she is advised to procure assistant counsel. You don't object?"

"Not in the least," said Lorn.

"It is Feebil & Costs," continued Earl. "Will they do?"

"None better," said Lorn; "say to them we will be happy to give the papers and any information touching the case. Let it be asked at once. You will say to — to your friend, that Brown & Lorn have withdrawn from the case."

"Withdrawn from the case!" exclaimed Earl, discomfited at this sudden turn.

"Altogether, sir," said the imperturbable Lorn. "Have you any further business with us?"

"No, sir; but Miss Keith" — began Earl.

"Has our best wishes for her success," added Lorn. "We need say no more about the matter. There is nothing else, I believe?"

There was nothing else. Earl Groth had done quite enough for one morning. It is characteristic of the man, that he never told Katy of the withdrawal of Brown & Lorn from the case. She found that out later; to her own and Earl Groth's cost.

"Who the deuce is that?" asked Brown, after the visitor left.

"That," said his partner, "is Earl Groth, the son of Judge Groth, and engaged to our late client."

"The dickens you say!" retorted Brown, tapping the bars of the grate with the tongs, and twitching his hat forward, by a curious movement of the occipito-frontalis muscle. "Do you know I thought you were ahead there?"

"Perhaps two of us made that mistake," said Lorn grimly, "but I got the worst of it."

"You did n't know I was soft there myself, did you?" said his partner, looking curiously at his companion. "I never expected to be so — well, it don't matter. I used to be absolutely clammy about her. I was that soaked and limp in love, it oozed out of the pores like sweat. There was no more stand up in me than in a hot collar in July. I just wilted down to her, I did. I hated you, old pard, and your deuced lingo, to kill. That was the way it took me. I felt like she was mine by rights, and you ought to know it. Dad took to her, so did the old woman; and sis and all. The old folks said if I got her they would set us up in a too-ral-loo-ral (truly rural?) cot,

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and divide the pot like the governor in the Probable Son. I was glad, dem my stingy hide! that you had no dad to pony up. I beg pardon, old fellow: I don't believe I could do it, if you had won, and p'rhaps you would n't care a cuss then if I did n't — but I was a mean dog, that 's a fact. But how could I help it! such a gentle, loving, timid little thing like that!" and Brown looked very like relapsing into that clammy state again.

"God bless you, my Pylades," said Lorn, which the other did not at all understand. "It 's as you say, and timid too — in a way. But Brown, she has more real pluck — Let me tell you. It scares me to think of it now.

"You know last Saturday I took her out driving. We started over the new river bridge. I was driving a wild, hard-mouthed brute, and had no business there, but I wanted to — never mind, I did n't get it. The parapet or guard rail at the side is not all up, and it is against orders to cross. But they knew me, confound 'em, and let me by. There are open spaces where the railing is not up, and the cursed river boiled and seethed and howled on the falls, a hundred and fifty feet below, like a hungry devil. A beam or plank two inches thick and two feet wide had been set on edge along an open panel, as a sort of guard; but something had tipped it over, and one end was keyed out, a yard or more, on the bridge, while the other end projected diagonally a few inches over the hell of waters; just the end of it, like that," illustrating by laying his cane on the table in the described position. "I was bearing well over to the other side, you may believe, when a loose plank or something started the brute, and he shied desperately over to that side. The wheels struck along the outer edge of that beam, just as the flange of a car-wheel fits over a T rail. The beam was eighteen or twenty feet long, the brute at full plunging speed and fighting the bit like a born devil. We were scouring down that railway at lightning speed to assured destruction.

"Death was just certain. But, an inch or so from the end, the tires knocking the chips into the water, the wheels caught, bounced, and with a skip and a jump we were saved. It was done, and done in less than a second. I was cold all over; faint and sick; nauseated. I turned to look at Miss Keith. She had not blenched a whit; her eye was just as bright, and there was that little eddy or dimple you may have noticed at the corner of her mouth before her quiet smile. She said in a calm, usual voice, 'I am glad we escaped; I did not think you could do it.' Brown, she had not shrieked or spoken, nor even offered to touch my bridle hand, which not one mortal in a million could avoid, though it might be ruin; and yet she could have dropped her glove over the buggy sheer down into that boiling death."

"My God! what an escape!" exclaimed Brown. "What did she say?"

"Nothing you would care to hear; took it as easy as if she had a pair of wings under her shawl," said Lorn. "As I helped her out at home, she said, 'Please don't tell mamma; it might frighten her.' Frighten her! I should think it would. I cannot shut my eyes without seeing the bridge, with chips and blocks lying about; the scared face of an Irishman running to us; the sweet summer sky above, and that fierce storm of white, rock-gashed water below, sending its hungry bellow to my ears. Be still and listen, and you can hear it now, above the noises of the town, and at night plainer. Timid? Yes, she is, in a way; but braver too, my boy, than anything that wears breeches, and that I'll swear."

"And she is going to marry that box of perfumery," said Brown, returning to the subject.

"Of course; she is one of them that stays," said Lorn. "She will not break her word, if he does not, and, to do him justice, he stuck by her while the others fell off. As soon as he got home, he raised a row about things, and had her and her mother in comfortable quarters — a cottage of his father's. Aunt Cynthy told me all about it."

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"Aunt Cynthy?" queried Brown.

"Oh yes, — our client and washwoman," replied his partner carelessly. "She gossips about Miss Keith, or 'young missus,' whenever she comes. She told me of the engagement. Miss Keith has given up her place at the dollar store, and they are to marry in September, or as soon as the case is over. He, and his mother too, Cynthy says, pressed to have the marriage at once, but she would not hear to it, till she got back her money. I don't think Judge Groth will fight very hard. Of course he, this Earl, represents her in fact, if not in law. That 's what made me short about the matter."

"Oh!" said Brown.

"Yes, I thought it was due to us," continued his partner. "Come, I've saved a pot of money lately, and the faculty prescribes beer and billiards."

There had been more in that eventful interview than Lorn had told. Distrusting Aunt Cynthy somewhat, he had taken Katy driving with a purpose. He found some difficulty in getting at the subject, but presently he said, —

"So my little client is going to be married."

"I suppose so," said Katy, and then he concluded he would not say it at all. After their escape she said to him: "God has given us our lives again; let us try to make them worthy of his mercy."

Feebil & Costs, Katy's new counselors, were, as the name implies, at the top of the profession and the bottom of every case; crowded, jammed with work. They found Keith *v.* Overdo set for the next term, and postponed conference with Brown & Lorn. "We have all vacation to hear their views," said Costs, "if they amount to anything;" and the tone implied an opinion that they did not. Feebil & Costs infer that those young shysters have been found incompetent, and are not disposed to consult them in the matter. Let us see how that way of managing a law case works.

When Judge Groth refused to renew the motion to withdraw attached funds, his client took other counsel, and a less scrupulous attorney. Let us go into court and see what he does.

The last day of the term. Judge Groth in his office; Feebil in chancery court; Costs, who managed the common pleas, occupied half an hour when his name was called, in various motions, and then, when the last name on the roll was reached, went into the office to renew an old quarrel about taxing costs, with the clerk. Judge Precepit is at Crab Orchard refreshing the judicial mind, leaving the business of the court to be wound up by a sprightly fellow, chosen by the bar under the admirable American system of electioneering — admirable because its impartiality excludes even merit as a ground of preferment. There is nothing but petty appeals from magistrates' courts, and formal motions. It is late in the term and the day. Even Ben Groth has walked out, bored. A slender, half-bent attorney, with a lurking eye, hollow jaws, and wispy locks, and with a piping voice, suddenly rises: —

"Beg your honor's pardon; omitted a motion. Perhaps Judge Groth — however, by leave of court I will state it."

The court assents.

"In Keith *v.* Overdo; tender of bond and security, and motion to withdraw attached funds. Ample security and more if required," and he mentions the co-surety's name. It is a gentleman who, with Katy's grandfather, gave the agent his first start in business. Before the war, he was rich in lands and slaves, and the shell, but it is only a shell, remains. Had the regular judge been sitting, or had there been a contest over it, his bond would have been refused. As it is, the plaintiff has no representative in court and the case goes by default. His supposititious honor says, with an air of doing and saying something very fine, —

"Perfectly sufficient; a little malice in the persistent opposition on the part of the plaintiff, to this motion, which I feel it my duty, sitting in *foro juridice*, to rebuke. Have Colonel Hollobody and Mr. Overdo sworn, and execute the

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bond;" at which Colonel Hollobody, who is a fine-looking old gentleman with white hair, and knows nothing of what he is doing, comes forward. The agent has told him it is a mere form, and the kindly old aristocrat is fond of forms, and executes the bond with a flourish.

Lorn hears of it, and, in angry impulse at seeing his work spoiled, charges on Feebil & Costs, with cutting sarcasm. They are rather nervous at first, and feel that they have been outwitted; but recollecting a long series of well-paid blunders, and that Lorn was only called to the bar yesterday, they pooh-pooh him. "Really, this excitement is about a trifle; observe what the court said. We don't know that we would have resisted this motion. The money could do us no good, and is just as safe."

"Safe!" said Lorn, "do you call Overdo or Hollobody safe?"

They winced at that: "Well, in our extreme caution, possibly we would have explained to Colonel Hollobody that it would not do, and spared him the exposure of refusal in open court. In the way of business, Mr. Lorn, we have often to deal harshly with the reputation of good men, but we never — never if we can avoid it — subject them to the ignominy of publicity, and probably would have spared our friend the old colonel, rather than act in open court."

"Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet," quoted Lorn with a sneer, "but the play seems to be Iphigenia, with your client, Miss Keith, in the character of the sacrifice." Which fine piece of malicious sarcasm fell off Feebil & Costs like water from a duck's back, as they did not in the least understand it.

"Exactly so, exactly so; very neat," said old Feebil; "and classic. I cannot say that I 'class,' myself, if that is the expression, but I like it, sir; I like it; especially before a jury." And Will Lorn walked away, beaten at every point.

While Katy's new advisers were running her case into the mud after this fashion, she got on the track of her most important witness, the lost Konigratz, whose evidence might redeem even their blunders. Her informant was Signora Figli, a brisk little jointed doll of an Italian, with quick black eyes. A little Savoyard had been taken up as a vagrant, and falling sick was thrust into the pest-house. Visiting him, Signora Figli found the German and Taddy, and the boy asked for his old teacher. As they walked, the Italian rattled away about her *protégée*.

"Oh! ze American, hard as ax. Zey see ze littel Lucchese weez hes wagone an' ze monkay, an' cry, See ze vagabone! Ze small boy 'ave cross Mont Cenis weez hes pack. He make the foot evairywhere. He saind all hes monay home to hes fazair an' hes mozair. Bimeby go he home; buy littel vanyar' weez grape. You ask heem where he from, he say, 'Vi sono dei buoni e dei cattivi dappertutto — sono Lucchese per servirla;' zat ees, Bad peopel evairywhere, Lucchese to your sarevees; and zat ees de trute, and zare ees de paste house, an' ze dog's house eet ees." Katy found it so; foul and reeking with bad smells, with but one attendant, a woman with faded, shallow blue eyes, who addressed her companion: —

"That 'ere boy wouldn't eat the arry root, and I made it into blank mange" — she pronounced it professionally like a dog's disease — "'cos my innards was a-pinin' an' it did me a power o' good, thank ye. Likewise I am sorry for to say the dog have eat his monkey. It were a pesky critter 's ever I see. Mr. Konigratz? Yes 'm: he 's in a power o' sufferin'. He 's quieter now. 'Bout a hour by sun he made a fetch to jump out the winder an' he got hitched, an' can't get out nor in. I 'lowed I 'd h'ist him out bimeby. The little feller 's a-pokin' at him now, I guess."

This curious statement was true. In his delirium, for the man had the *mania a potu*, he had got his head fastened in the bars of the window, and the poor boy was working with his feeble strength to release his wretched father. They set him free, but it was only in time to

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see him die. He committed his boy to Katy, told the little he knew about the conversion of her money, and, with words of bitter penitence over a wasted life, turned his face to the wall and died. There seemed a fatality about it. Katy no sooner approached a satisfactory conclusion of her cause than adverse fortune destroyed her hope. Fortunately she did not know of the importance of this witness. But she took Taddy home and he remained with her, resuming his occupation of newsboy and evening pupil.

Then her cause came on to be heard. Costs was bungling through a forest of difficulty, and had missed the whole point of the case. He aimed to prove fraud in the omission from the schedule, for which he had not a jot of evidence, and rested his case on that. The judge had looked blacker and blacker as he went on. At length he turned shortly on Lorn.

"Are you not in this case?"

"No, sir," said Lorn, surprised; "we have withdrawn."

"Have you briefed it?" continued the judge.

"Well, your honor, I had prepared a brief, thinking" — began Lorn.

"Send it in," said the judge; "gentlemen, the evidence is in; the cause will be heard by brief. Mr. Costs, have in your brief by Friday, and yours, Mr. Lorn. The defense receives the same notice. Clerk, call the next case."

So Mr. Lorn's brief went in, but Feebil & Costs treated it as mere courtesy of the court, and Judge Groth ignored it.

Then Katy won her cause.

The Groths were congratulatory. "You must be very grateful to that dear, faithful fellow," said Earl's mother, "for securing the services of Feebil & Costs, and taking your case out of the hands of those impudent young profligates. Judge Groth is quite sure they would have lost it. But it is all safe now, and the dear boy will be expecting his reward."

Such speeches led to an explanation, and Katy learned, with unspeakable chagrin, that Earl had presumed to take her case out of the hands of Brown & Lorn.

"Why, mamma," she said, "it 's a shame! I never would have tried but for Mr. Lorn. All the others discouraged me, and Earl worst of all. They all slander him, and I don't believe one word they say."

When a young lady begins to talk vehemently after that fashion, the signs are pretty favorable; and at that unlucky moment, Earl, backed by his foolish mother, chose to press his suit. He was met by about as much fire as such a gentle little creature could get up, and the long, lingering engagement went off in a flash. Katy returned to her situation in the dollar store, and recalled Brown & Lorn into her case, where judgment waited on execution, and in society Mrs. Groth spoke her mind freely: —

"Earl was quite infatuated, and wasted I don't know how much money on her lawyers. That scheming girl encouraged him until her case was won, and then went back to her low associates. Of course my son's respect for his family would not allow that, and he broke off with her."

Society, in its young misses, had great commiseration for a fine young fellow who had made a fool of himself about a woman, and said, "What a creature she must be!" No doubt he found consolation.

Mr. Lorn wanted his consolation also, but Katy was afraid. How could she marry a man who differed with her on the vital point of Christian faith, or how set her love before him as a temptation to falsify himself? So when he pressed his suit the poor girl, struggling with herself, said very softly: —

"Do not, Mr. Lorn; it is not right. Let us be as we were; it is so sweet to be that way, and the future so uncertain. God help us both."

Was that refusal, encouragement, or what? Katy meant that he must first work out his own salvation with a heart humbled to his Maker; Mr. Lorn understood there was a difficulty, but men

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are made to overcome difficulties. Let us get to the next chapter and see the conclusion of all this law and loving.

V.

BROWN'S MORAL SUASION.

Now the blunder of Feebil & Costs in the attachment bore its evil fruit. To execution in Keith *v.* Overdo, the sheriff returned "no property found." A motion to go on the sureties was answered by a notice in bankruptcy by Colonel Hollobody's assignee. The court, aroused to the fact that it had been used pretty much as a gambler uses his tools to deceive the unwary, made the order on Overdo to return attached funds peremptory, and on failure to respond in cash, put him in jail for contempt. He supped in the jailer's room with a few choice spirits, and was released the next day on the trifling perjury of the insolvent debtor's oath, having defeated the law in a fair, stand-up fight, and now held on to Katy's money with doubled fists. That was the news her disappointed attorneys had to bring to her.

She was still at the dollar store, but the enterprise had lost its novelty, and trade fell off. One assistant was all Katy needed in her half section of the store. The stock had run down to a beggarly account of empty boxes. But at length the promised invoice of the new supply came. The crates lumbered up the sidewalk half a day, and it was quite late in the afternoon before the porter got them in and Katy stood ready with the shop-girls to open and arrange them on the shelves. Then Mr. Rosenberg, the proprietor, interfered: it was late; the young ladies were tired; let them begin fresh in the morning and make a day's work of it. The girls gladly accepted the suggestion, and fluttered off like pigeons from a stoop. Katy had waited to balance her cash account, when Mr. Rosenberg came up and began a declaration of love. Frightened at being alone with him, though the front door was ajar, she hastily closed her books and hurried out. He persisted in following her, though the street was full of men going home from business, until she took a street car to escape him.

It was early, and she remembered business that needed attention. They still occupied Judge Groth's cottage, and, for security, she had brought her pony to the city to be sold, in order to meet the rent. A young fellow, setting up as a coal merchant, who professed to have served in the army with her brother, offered to purchase. By Mr. Lorn's advice she had required security, as he had asked time, and it was readily given. The note was now due, and she stepped from the car at the little office to collect the money. Mr. Harrison had the usual story; a late winter had made a slack season in coal, but if she would allow him sixty days more he would pay, or return the horse. Innocent of business knowledge, it was not in her nature to be hard on a comrade of the dear, deceased brother. The last quarter had been settled, and for two months she would not need it. She consented, not knowing that in doing so she had released the surety. She stood a moment petting her pony which stood at the door in a coal cart, and then went home wondering over a girl who had had brothers, a father, mother, and home, and a pony to ride, unable to realize that it had ever been herself.

At breakfast she opened the paper Taddy had left them, to read to her mother, when a notice caught her eye.

FIRE. — The building known as the dollar store was totally consumed last night, with the stock. It is severe on Mr. Rosenberg, who had just replenished, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that his losses are mitigated by insurance in the Hartford and Home Insurance Companies.

Katy visited the place and found the girls flocked about it. Some said Rosenberg must provide for them; others

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questioned Katy closely, remembering that she had been left in the store. She told what she knew, omitting the proprietor's love-story, and the consciousness of withholding something betrayed itself in her manner. The worst inference was put upon it in connection with the burning of the store before the stock was opened and exhibited. It was believed the stock was sham, and that Rosenberg had fired the building to get the insurance.

She was out of employment; all hope from her suit was gone, and that poisonous rumor clung to her. She applied, but no one would accept of her services. Hints and innuendoes, cowardly suspicions, followed, associating her with fraud, and the unsuspecting girl never dreamed of it. She thought it was hard that those who ought to know her to be trustworthy and diligent did not help her with work; but she did not complain. She toiled on, pinching, starving, walking the snowy streets in worn, broken shoes, and putting up that piteous petition, "If you please, sir, have you any work in your store a young woman could do?" No, they had none; sometimes, after a whisper among them, one would rush out and follow her with his eyes and point the finger at her.

Her mother was sick. Broken with loss of friends, with loss of fortune, with loss of hope, what could the poor mother do but sink? And Katy pinched and starved herself to buy her mother delicacies. The little money she could get at making tatting, a kind of lace or edging, was her only earnings, and that was little enough. It was God's charity now that the kindness extended to the boy, Taddy Konigratz, was bread upon the waters. What he earned — and the boy gave it all to her — fed them, and for clothing she patched and sewed and looked neat and pretty in rags. The terrible want was coals; there must be fire in her mother's room, and every lump cost drops of the poor girl's blood. The worst was an apprehension that she might lose the help of Taddy. His uncle had made more than one effort to get possession of the boy and his earnings. Mr. Lorn had assured her that the man had no legal claim whatever, but Mr. Lorn did not fully understand the working of local charities. Mr. Overdo was "the father of the orphan," the patron of the House of Refuge. There had been a great dinner there, where the wounds of the poor little wretches were exhibited, and the jail mark stamped upon them. Katy read it, and thought it a singular way to treat crime or misfortune, to make a show of it — but where was Taddy?

Noon came, and no Taddy; afternoon, and still the boy, always regular, was away. Katy had depended on his earnings to go marketing. All the food in the house she had given to her mother, and still the boy did not come. Let us see where he was.

As the police judge read the fulsome eulogies of the House of Refuge, and disposed of cases of petty larceny, drunkenness, wife-beating, etc., a sharp little lad, very much frightened, was brought before him.

"I'm his uncle," said a German, though his English was slangy. "He has got with some woman or 'nother, and she puts him up to jobs and gobbles all his money. I can't do nothin' with him."

The judge pictures some female of doubtful reputation breeding the boy up in crime. He eulogizes the House of Refuge and commits the lad. His uncle goes through his pockets, and a policeman tucks him under his arm and carries him off to Mr. Overdo's "local charity." It is Taddy Konigratz.

Katy's anxiety becomes unendurable, and she seizes on a visit from Aunt Cynthy to dispatch the negress to her one remaining friend, Mr. Lorn. The old woman had made a shrewd guess about the destitution in the house, and perhaps betrayed it, for on her return she brings this polite note, and cans of oysters, a bottle of wine, and some other things.

DEAR MISS KEITH, — I may be detained after my dinner hour. Will you save me a walk to my boarding-house

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by preparing these things and permitting me to sup with you? I hope Mrs. Keith will accept the wine. I think she will find it very good.

Yours truly, W. A. Lorn.

Perhaps Katy saw through this, but like the simple, honest creature she was, she accepted it without hesitation, and went quietly to prepare the meal. Something prompted her to decline Aunt Cynthy's help, and she added a little to the meal. The carpenter's wife next door, who had a cow, readily furnished fresh cream and butter, and soon the little girl, as she worked the rolling-pin, was chanting under her breath, —

"'Twixt the gloaming and the mirk when the kye come hame,"

interjected with little spurts of compliment and remonstrance to her work, and accentuation where she bore stoutly on the rolling-pin. She was just brushing the marks of her neat toil from her when Mr. Lorn found her.

There was the very spread on the little square table that makes a cozy room look cozier, and a delicate flush on Katy's face, caused by bending over saucepans at the fire. Oysters simmered in a chafing-dish, distilling a savory fragrance, and forming with the coffee a bouquet of peculiarly appetizing flavor. Other bivalves on the brownest of buttered toast were broiled to the perfection of cookery. A jug of real cream contributed to the luxury. But sweeter than all this, and daintier than flaky loaf or fragrant coffee, was the little mistress in dark calico and cunning apron, with keys and scissors jingling at her girdle. The widow's room adjoined, with open door between them, and the lights of the two apartments mingled and wedded in very suggestive brightness.

They chatted merrily over the meal, Katy rising to go to the stove or to run to mamma, and coming back again with the brightest of eyes and blushes. Of course they talked of Taddy, but I don't think the young lawyer regretted his absence very much.

After the meal Katy ordered him, in a peremptory little way, to go out in the air and smoke his cigar while she cleared up, and the meek young man obeyed. When he returned, Katy said softly, closing the door not quite to,—

"Speak low, please; mamma is not quite well, and tell me all about Taddy."

"No, Katy," said he, "I must first speak about myself and you as I once thought never to speak again."

It was coming now, and she listened silently in gathering tears.

"You know what hope cheered me in that suit, and how the suit was lost. I thought you would blame me" —

"Oh no, no," interrupted Katy, "oh no, no. How could you?"

"I blamed myself," he continued. "I was very earnest about it, and selfish. I said, I will win it for her, and no one shall share. I was wrong. I know it now, as we know many things —too late, Katy."

She did not reply, but her hands went over her face, and she cried silently.

"Yes, I hoped to come bringing my sheaves with me, and tell you as I tell you now: I love you, Katy Keith, with all the prayer and desire there is in my heart."

He thought she would answer, would encourage or rebuke him, but she said nothing, and he went on.

"If I do not believe all things as you do, remember that I believe them as they appear to me — true in every essential sense. But will not he who is all love help me more if we are together, than if I am left to struggle in my unfaith alone?"

He held her hand now, and she did not resist. "How can you?" she whispered; "how can you, when I, I am such a poor little thing?"

"Poor!" he exclaimed.

"I don't mean that," she replied; "I don't mean poor in money, but just such a poor little thing. When mamma's money and mine was all gone, I did n't care. I was almost glad, I was so willing and I felt so strong; and I thought it would be so good and brave to earn our own living, mamma's and mine. I tried and tried, so hard! you

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don't know; and then, somehow, I failed and failed, and things went worse and worse. Now I don't even know where the food is to come from to-morrow."

She said it, questioning if in all that earnest endeavor and final failure, the fault had not been with her.

And so the gallant little heart was fairly starved into surrender; but, a traitor in itself, it had long since gone over to the enemy. The engagement lasted just twelve hours. Taddy was of course released, with a story to tell they were too busy to hear, and, after the ceremony, the bridal party set out to visit the Browns, and Katy's old neighborhood.

"It is very smart in you young folks," said the contented widow, "but I don't see what time you had for courting. You were both so busy."

"We did n't need it, mamma," said Katy. "Whenever I went to others in trouble, they put me off with advice; when I went to him, he put his hand to the work and helped me. There may be better men, but none so good to me."

"Pray God you may always say that, dear wife," said he; and the carriage rolled on.

The Browns and Katy's old neighbors were very kind. She said it seemed like getting back to her old happy life by her marriage; and so, measurably, it was.

But they were poor as ever, and had married like foolish young people at the very ebb of their fortunes. They must get back to town and to work. Then they heard Taddy's story of his singular experiences in the House of Refuge, and news of Katy's lost fortune.

John Overdo, Esq., found it cheaper to support his dependent relations in offices of the city charities than out of his own pocket. His sister was matron of the House of Refuge. The place was crowded, and Taddy, at night, found no resting-place prepared for him. The matron roughly pointed to a fireplace and bade him lie on the hearth. Making bed and covering of the drugget rug, Taddy tried it. But it was a bitter night, and by ten o'clock the fire had gone down. Then he saw the glow of light from an adjoining chamber, and stole in there. It was vacant, a sort of drawing-room near the matron's bed-chamber, and he crawled under the sofa, and, wrapping his drugget rug about his shoulders, fell asleep.

He thought or dreamed he heard his father's name; then he was awake. A woman sat on the sofa, a man stood by it.

"Plague take your board of old women!" said the matron's voice. "I'll charge it next month as coals or blankets; but, as I said, I'll not buy liquors to keep my body warm out of my own pocket. The city owes it to me for taking care of the vile set." She stopped a little, and there was the tinkle of a spoon in a glass; and then she went on. "Go snacks in the Keith girl's money, and I'll give up the place. I don't know as I ever tasted a better rum punch," and then there was a sucking noise and a snuffle in the voice; "you better try some."

"Filkerdis got the Keith money," said Overdo's voice. "You know that very well."

"Filky-diddle!" said the woman. "Your wife got it. You bought the Chestnut Street property in her name in 1863, with money borrowed of Filkerdis, and paid him back out of the Keith girl's money — he, he, he! Oh! you are a precious pair! I wish I had another punch. Look in the right-hand corner of that cupboard and hand me the bottle and lemons, and I'll make two. Yes, the Dutchman's dead; but I an't, and if you don't buy me off between you — Ah! that *is* good; only I wish the kettle was a little hotter."

"Pooh!" said he, "Filkerdis would laugh at you. The reprobated devil plays the high game; thought he was doing *me* a favor to help get Konigratz out of the way, confound him! and actually said I ought to be in the penitentiary for plundering the orphaned granddaughter of my benefactor."

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"He, he, he!" laughed the woman, very much tickled at the information. "He said that, did he? I always did like Harry Filkerdis; 'ought to be in the penitentiary'! I declare that 's good, most as good as the punch, — ha, ha, ho!"

This was an incredible piece of information — Katy's trusted friend, recommended to her by her dying father, in receipt of her money. "Possibly," said Mr. Lorn, "he did not know it was yours. Let us inquire first."

"Do," said she, "but don't tell me any more. The law is so confusing about right and wrong, it bewilders me."

It was easy, once on the track, to trace the draft at the bank from Overdo to Filkerdis. It raised a presumption, amounting to certainty, that the colonel knew whose money it was. But such was the respect of the young people, they would not act till they saw him and heard his explanation.

"It is very long ago," said Filkerdis, coolly, "but I think it likely I knew whose draft it was. I remember, I had my doubts of Overdo; I think it likely I knew it."

"But," said Lorn, "if you did, you must pay it back. The money was not Overdo's, and he could convey no title to it."

"It is a nice point," said Filkerdis. "Suppose you try it. If the law says I had no right to it, of course I will pay it back, with pleasure."

The coolness of this was stunning.

Lorn did try it, and, knowing the ability that would oppose him, accepted the volunteer aid of his brother, an eminent lawyer. They presented the case in the State courts, dwelling on the common law right to recover stolen property wherever it could be traced. The tracing was not even denied, and they got a verdict.

So Katy won her fortune again!

But wait; this involves Overdo's bankruptcy, and bankruptcy suits must be removed to the Federal courts. It was removed, and became "*In re* Overdo, Catharine Lorn *v.* Filkerdis." Again it was alleged that the money paid to Filkerdis belonged to the plaintiff, and again the defendant in his answer failed to deny that it was her money. The court said: —

"The principle that a failure to deny a material allegation leaves it confessed, is urged as involving the defendant in the confessed conversion of the plaintiff's property and destroys his title thereto. But that rule requires that the facts should come within the ordinary scope of the defendant's business knowledge. It does not presume that he should know whose money it was the bankrupt held as his own and treated as his own. But even with such general knowledge as might provoke inquiry, it will be hard to show why the defendant should refuse a tender of money in the payment of a just debt, made in the ordinary course of business. Money bears no ear-mark, and the draft having mixed with and become a part of the general assets of Mr. Overdo, there is no distinction between that and any other fund in his possession as a general broker. It is liable for his debts, and subject to that superior diligence the law protects. The moral proof of collusion in this case is very strong, and the court regrets it cannot be brought within the operation of the rule. *In foro conscientiæ*, the money should be repaid, but the enforcement of the decrees of that higher court must remain in the bosom of the defendant."

What is the decree worth? Katy's fortune is lost again.

After that the young people gave it up. Had not the highest court said the friends appointed to her confidence by her father and grandfather had a right to conspire and rob the orphan girl, because no "legal trust" had been established?

The expensive proceedings sapped their little funds. They had begun poor and got poorer. Lorn had gone through the humiliation of passing from one small grocery to another for necessaries, as the unpaid credits at each were exhausted. He had felt that this was not entirely honest, but what could

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he do? His character was suffering by it: he had made enemies by the suits, and now the rent was due Judge Groth for the cottage. He applied for the money for Katy's pony; the coal merchant had taken the benefit of the bankrupt law.

Judge Groth distrained and seized the bed on which the sick widow lay, and turned the family into the streets. Then was proved the friendship of the elder Brown. He came to the city to take the distressed people home. As he sat at the hotel, Judge Groth came by. Now there had been a scene between Lorn and his landlord in which the latter was denounced bitterly. The judge had already noticed or fancied a coolness among his former friends at the bar. He came out now to test it; to see if his character suffered by it. There was a stout country gentleman sitting in front of the hotel, that Judge Groth could not place, but he would begin with him. He had hardly heard the story. He came up and offered his hand, and the elder Brown arose and denounced him savagely in the strong, native vernacular. A hundred people heard it, and the old lawyer slunk away.

But the Browns had their own sorrows. Josh Brown had had another street difficulty. He had only beaten his adversary, a bully and desperado, but every one said that when the man recovered there would be a fight to the death.

There was a kittenish playfulness about young Brown; a love of children and sympathy with them, that made his strangely desperate character more contradictory. Unhappily, at the most impressible age he had gone into the army. He served with distinction; but he brought home an insensibility to bloodshed; — a man that would not wound your feelings, would shed tears over a story of distress, and would shoot you for a word.

When Katy heard of it, she asked her husband to use his influence over his friend for the mother's sake. Lorn did try, unavailingly.

"What's the use?" said Brown. "Suppose I do promise to let the fellow alone; he won't let me alone, and as for binding him over, you know what that is; and then, my word is out."

"But no law holds you to keep such a promise," said Lorn; "let it alone."

"Oh! that 's law, is it?" said Brown, indifferently. "I was looking at it in a moral point of view;" and with that curious defense of his resolution to shoot a fellow-creature, the conversation ended.

Lorn told his wife of his failure, and that evening the little woman, taking her husband's friend by the arm, led him to that little altar by the verbena-bed. What was said there, God and they alone know. Lorn saw his wife and friend walking to and fro in the twilight, and when they returned he knew by his wife's face that she had prevailed.

"Well, old woman," said young Brown, bending over his mother, "I am going to leave you for a little while."

"Oh, God bless you, my son, my son; oh, God bless you!" and she fell on her knees in prayer, for she, too, knew what that gentle peacemaker had done.

"Come away," said Katy to her husband. "He goes Tuesday to avoid that man until it is blown over. Oh, Will, how I pity him!"

"I know you do," said the proud husband, "and can I live with God's angel and still deny him?"

"Hush! you must n't talk that way." And so we leave man and wife together.

The gratitude of the old people had great results; the least of which is this story. Talking with Lorn and his wife, Mr. Brown found them both anxious to remove from that wretched community, but lacking the means. They wanted to come to a new country. "Choose what stock you like," said the old farmer; "but p'r'aps I better do that for you. You can take the spring wagon, and the farm wagon. I have two or three on 'em, you know.

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And the old woman 's got somethin' in the stockin'. I 'm a Jackson dimocrat, and don't deposit in no rotten banks." It was arranged that young Brown should go with them, and a few days' preparation were all that was necessary.

One evening, the last conversation occurred with which I shall weary the reader over Katy's law case. Nothing could better illustrate the simplicity of the younger Brown, about his own profession.

"Why don't you bone old Overdo for the cash?" asked Brown, after they had talked it over.

"Have n't we been doing it?" asked Lorn, good-humoredly. "What else was all this lawing about?"

"No you have n't," said Brown. "Spos'n I say you owe me five dollars. You say you don't. Well, we go to law, to see which is right. That 's what law 's for. If it says you do owe me, then I go to you, and say, 'Well, old fellow, you see I was right, after all; so just hand over the stamps,' and you do it of course; because the law said I was right."

"Suppose you try it," yawned Lorn.

"I think I would do it," said Brown, meditatively; not at all seeing the absurdity of the proposition. "Lots o' fellows would ante up, if you put it right strong about her grandfather's giving him such a lift, you know."

"Overdo is n't one of them," said Lorn.

As they started to town, young Brown showed the pistols he was delivering to his mother, to remind Katy that he kept his promise.

Lorn was busy that day, seeing and settling with small creditors. And that day Overdo had an interview with Judge Groth.

"That Brown was to see me to-day," said the agent.

"Did he threaten you?"

"Oh, no; he was quite friendly; talked about the case, and asked me to pay," said the broker. "Of course, I 'm not a-going to do that."

"I should think not," said the old lawyer, with a bitter laugh. "Have a policeman at hand if he comes again. I would like to get my hands on one of those miserable young scoundrels;" and he grinds his teeth savagely with the hope.

Mr. Lorn was in court in the afternoon, to say farewell to his friends of the bar. "Going away, eh?" said Costs. "Bad policy to change; stick at it, young fellow. Wife going?"

"Oh, yes," said Lorn. "We are going to try a new home and a new country."

"Eh, well, well; I hope you will succeed — hope you 'll succeed. When do you start?"

"Tuesday, sir, if we can be ready," said Lorn, "and I think we can. Good-by, sir."

"Good-by, sir; good-by. Hope I 'll see you again though," muttered Costs as the young fellow went off.

Tuesday came, and they were ready. At least Katy and her husband were. Brown had gone to the city with the farm wagon to get what was necessary in the way of provisions. There were tears and blessings and kisses, and they moved off to the junction of the roads where they were to meet their friend. How happy they were! The great burden of that hard city life rolled from them, and a future fair and sweet with youth's anticipations lay before them.

"What are those two men riding so hard for?" said Katy, who had been looking down the road. As she spoke they came in speaking distance.

"Hallo, Herndon," said Lorn, recognizing an officer. "What are you beating that poor brute for? He can't go any faster."

"Confound him; I don't want him to, now. I 'm one sore from the heel to the crupper, I think, a-chafin' and a-raspin' on him," said the cockney, leveling a blow at the horse's head.

"Well, don't beat the poor beast. Katy, we had as well drive on; Brown will overtake us."

"No you don't," said the man; "no you don't, not by a dern sight, after I gone through all this to nab you; and if

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that sneak was wuth a stamp, he 'd git down an' hole my hoss, till I sarved ye."

"What do you mean, you dog!" said Lorn angrily, as the man climbed into the wagon; "get out of this, or I'll brain you with the butt of the whip."

"None o' yer sass," said the man, showing his pistols. "I 'm the law, and that there 's p'leesman. You just turn this vehickel, and toddle back. The gal can go whar she dern pleases; I don't want her;" and he showed a warrant of arrest in Feebil & Costs *v.* Lorn for lawyers' fees in the case of Keith *v.* Overdo.

The reader will remember a certain statutory provision, under which Brown & Lorn seized the money of Overdo in Judge Groth's hands. Under the same clause, Feebil & Costs now seized the person of William Lorn for the fees of Katy's lawyers, employed by Earl Groth. There was no alternative. He must go to jail. He tried to persuade his wife to go back to Mr. Brown's, but "No!" she said; "they may rob and plunder us; they may imprison and kill us; but they shall not separate us. God willing, where you go I will go, and thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

It was a terrible situation. The funds Mr. Brown had advanced would not suffice to pay Feebil & Costs' exorbitant bill, and even if they were accepted in satisfaction, it destroyed that hope and plan of a home in a new country. They did not know what to do; the sulky jailer wished to separate them, but the wife cried and clung so to her husband that even his hard heart was moved. Send for Brown — if they could find him; send for Feebil & Costs, and try to arrange it. Feebil & Costs sent back word to pay and go; they had no other conditions.

Doubting, despairing, praying for release from the life that had proved too hard for them, the poor, foolish young people were beginning to try to cheer one another, when the door opened and in walked Josh Brown.

"How the devil did this happen?" he exclaimed, throwing something into Katy's lap.

Lorn had begun to explain, when a shriek from Katy called him to her. Fluttering in her fingers was her lost fortune, her $5500!

"Oh, yes," said Brown with a blush, "I got that. I thought I told you."

"How — in — the — How did you do it?" gasped Lorn.

"Do it?" said Brown. "Why, just as I told you. I went to Overdo and put it right strong about her grandfather, you know, and he ante'd up, like a little man."

"Is that all?" asked Lorn, still incredulous.

"Well, yes; you see I called twice," said Brown. "First time he did n't have it. Of course I expected that. A man don't have $5500 in his breeches pockets every day. But I put it right strong to him that you were going away to-day, and must have it, and said I 'd call again. Well, I did; I put it right strong again, you know, and while we were talking one o' them fellows came in and handed in the chips, and so Overdo passed 'em over and I took 'em down; and then — and then I told him he was a brick, and we went over and took a drink; two drinks, I believe, and that 's about all."

That was all Brown knew, and that story he believes to this day. The reader's better knowledge of the agent may lead to an acuter judgment. When Brown called the first day, the agent was in terror. He went to his lawyer, and there learned the uselessness of any attempt to put Brown under bonds. "If you had a cause for it," said Groth, "it would only provoke him; and you know the governor would remit the fine as soon as he was acquitted for the shooting, — and he certainly would be acquitted." The agent knew it; but he had the policeman ready. There was a row in the adjoining drinking saloon, and while the officer went to quell it, Brown walked in. While there, one of the clerks accidentally returned six thousand dollars to be put in the safe, and the money lay on the desk between

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them. After Brown had "put it right strong," as he said, that the agent *must* pay — meaning he was morally bound — he slipped from the tall stool, throwing his hand behind him as he did so. The whole terrible antecedent scene, with its remembered threat, witnessed in that very spot, was before the agent's eyes, and with white lips and shaking nerves he pushed the uncounted roll to Brown and begged him to "let him alone." The young man did not observe or regard his agitation, but counting the money pushed back the difference, saying "there was no interest," and then pressed his hospitality on the agent. There had been no threat, no incivility. It was in an open office, in business hours, and, though a very unbusiness-like transaction, occurred in a business way. It is questionable if a by-stander, without the key to the matter, would have judged otherwise than Brown, or thought the agent was otherwise moved than by consideration for the orphan daughter of his earliest patron; and to crown all, Brown now had possession of the money. The law would be as ineffectual in getting it out of his grasp, as it had been in unclasping the agent's knuckles.

The agent was a shrewd rascal, and saw all this. Before Brown left him, leaning over the bar of the drinking saloon, he thanked that gentleman for calling his attention to it; he had been misled by his lawyer, to whom he intrusted the affair, and he hoped Mr. Brown would represent him so to the ladies and the public. Brown did; all the odium fell on Judge Groth. Already that gentleman was suffering in reputation. The terrible punishment administered to him by Lorn exhibited the fact that this lion was all mane and roar; and now any shyster may run over him with impunity. His son gets all the practice, and is the rising member of that family. Not that Earl does not prosper. He has married a very pretty little girl who believes all his marvelous lies and rehearses them.

With five thousand dollars in his pockets, Lorn had no hesitation in asking Brown senior to become security for any debt to Feebil & Costs; but when the cause came for trial, they could prove no authority from Miss Keith, and the judge chose to regard it as volunteer assistance.

Katy and her husband prosecuted their resolution to come to a new home; and so I came into possession of her story. She is so good to all of us, we cannot regret the misfortunes that brought her among us. We had no church, but in some way her little log-house has become our chapel. If anybody is sick or sorrowing or in trouble, it is her soft hand and voice that cheer them, and she is known to all the country side for her gentle ways and loving charities. No doubt she is happy with her husband, yet she has little willful ways with him when he goes wrong, and will not hesitate to correct him. If she thinks she has given pain in doing this, she will be very penitent, but still adds: "But I will not promise to do better next time, for if I see you going wrong I *must* speak!" Marriage is not a stopping-place for natures like hers, — though my story stops here, — but rather the beginning of a newer growth. Happy indeed her husband if she is spared to him in its fruition.

I think sometimes of her case before the mirror, and then I fancy that law courts are not a level reflecting surface, but a bright sphere that distorts the features brought nearer to it; and I prefer my own poor bits of glass.

And now the fiction of incident falls away like the player's dress, and I know better the character in these strange circumstances in which I have placed it; and I know that memory, not imagination, has been the creator of her virtues. But the reality like the shadow has passed away, and in my little mirror I see only the dusky shadows and the still stars of heaven shining down upon me.

Will Wallace Harney.

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NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

Low burns the summer afternoon;
A mellow lustre lights the scene;
And from its smiling beauty soon
The purpling shade will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze;
The cedars long, black pictures show;
And broadly slopes one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out — the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat —
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle dart
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork, and plow cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-doors
Shows his round shape; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks:
In mottled gloss the straw is spread;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn;
A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star — and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night:
A gauzy mist slow settles round;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight;
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,
Come grazing through the pasture-gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits:
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing;

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One rears and fans, then, settling, sits;
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,
The ragged patriarch at the head;
Then, screaming, flutter off awhile,
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticleer shows haughtiest air;
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend;
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where
His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his head-drooping frame around
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plow,
Rest by the pear-tree's crooked trunk;
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank
Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar;
One smooths, with lapping tongue, her flank;
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark
Glimmers across the pillared scene,
With the grouped geese — a pallid mark —
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams and dies;
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark o'erflows
The deepening air and darkening ground;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars;
The tree-toad purrs in whirring tone;
And now the heavens are set with stars,
And night and quiet reign alone.

Alfred B. Street.

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AN EASY LESSON IN MONEY AND BANKING.

A WELL-TRAINED accountant cannot fail to be often much amused at the inability of many persons, whom he knows to possess much greater intellectual power than he has himself, to comprehend what they are pleased to call the mysteries of book-keeping. A little observation at once indicates the reason: it is that they seek a mystery where none exists, and that they could not fail to understand the art of keeping accounts if they would but divest themselves of the idea that there is anything in it beyond the comprehension of an average pupil of a common grammar school.

So it is also in regard to money and banks: vast and arbitrary powers of oppression and wrong are imputed to money and to banks as necessary attributes, by a considerable portion of the community, especially to the banks; while on the other hand the possession of money in large amount and the mere establishment and existence of banks are regarded by another portion of the community as being the only things needed to secure abundance, comfort, and general wealth or welfare. Hence we have the strange anomaly of a great people, not ill-educated, not unintelligent, not unable or unwilling to work, capable and desirous of saving, eager to use none but the best tools and implements in their various callings, yet utterly confused as to the nature and function of two of the most necessary tools, and therefore placed at a great disadvantage and suffering a heavy waste and loss of labor. These two tools are money and banks.

Hence also we have the ignoble picture of a house divided against itself, — State against State, — jealousy and suspicion engendered, and the opportunity created for the venal and treacherous demagogue.

May it not therefore be well to give a little attention to the simplest problems of production and distribution, — to present anew the uses of money and of banks? In assuming this service the writer is moved by the belief that a tradesman or manufacturer who happens to have the faculty of making a tolerably clear statement may more easily remove the causes of confusion from the minds of his fellows than a more scientific writer, because being possessed of but a limited vocabulary he will use only the words that are common among his associates, while the scholar or the professional writer may use terms which to him are simple expressions of thought, but are yet Greek to the multitude.

When habits and customs become fixed, the process of thought by which they were evolved is lost or obscured. There was doubtless a time when the simplest problems in arithmetic, even that two and two make four, required an effort even of adult understanding; there was also a time when the exchange of one thing for another was not a habit and could only be accomplished with grave difficulty. The true idea that every such exchange of things is made because both parties gain by it, or because both parties expect to gain, and will not continue to make exchanges unless both do gain, is not yet accepted as an axiom by one person in a hundred, although this is as simple a proposition as that two and two make four.

There is an immense confusion of ideas growing out of the common misuse of words. It is said that A. B. is making money or that B. C. is worth a great deal of money, and that C. D. is very short of money; and this use of the word money, while it conveys the meaning of the speaker well enough, yet in a strict sense has no foundation in fact, and from such misuse of the word comes a vast deal of confusion of thought and of bad legislation.

The successful A. B. makes no money, but only with the use of money con-

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structs railroads, works, warehouses, or dwellings, which he could not construct except by such use of money, to anything like the extent of his actual accomplishment. Money is to him merely a useful tool; he keeps the least possible quantity of it, and may himself never set eyes on it.

B. C., who is said to be worth a great deal of money, may have none at all; all that he is worth is simply measured in money, and except for the existence of money as such a measure his wealth could only be stated in a more complex form; he might be said to be worth so many flocks and herds, as in patriarchal days. But the very misuse of the word money as the measure of possession marks at least one step in the progress from barbarism to civilization, from tents to dwellings, from pastures to towns and cities, from nomadic life to fixed habitations, — from *pecunia*, the symbol of a flock, to *money*, the coin stamped in the temple of Juno *Moneta*, whence its name.

C. D., who is said to be short of money, wants it only to spend, and would not keep it an instant beyond the time needed to spend it in settlement of his debts; he really needs the means wherewith to obtain money, not the money itself.

These seem to be very simple propositions when stated, yet it is because they are not understood that only the recent veto of President Grant has saved the nation from the danger of bankruptcy and ultimate repudiation. It is because these apparently obvious axioms have not become habits of thought which none but a fool can gainsay, that men otherwise of more than average ability have, with an honest purpose, voted for an inflation of our vicious currency in the recent session of Congress. If these same men would but apply common-sense to a few elementary ideas, they will be struck with dismay at the danger to which their ignorance has exposed the country; and they would then gibbet the representatives of "Butlerism" who have misled them for base and sinister motives.

They will find themselves in the position in which a large slave-holder told me he had found himself soon after the war ended. He said to me, "Neither my family nor myself ever sold a slave; ours were kindly treated and many of them are with me yet, but slavery is ended and I thank God for it. I look back now in utter amazement and horror at the things that were tolerated under it simply because habit and custom prevented our realizing the wrong that is now so obvious."

The whole function of money is comprised in the simplest transaction.

The farmer who has raised some bushels of wheat wants a pair of boots, and the shoe-maker who has made the boots wants a barrel of flour. The farmer loads his wagon and carries his wheat to town. Suppose he takes it directly to the shoe-maker and asks him to exchange wheat for boots. The shoe-maker says, I want flour; take your wheat to the miller and get money, then come for the boots; the price is six dollars. The farmer takes the wheat to the miller and sells it for six dollars. Does he want the dollars? Only to spend for the boots. What quality does he want in the dollars? Only uniformity in their value or estimation. He only wishes to be certain that *dollar* means the same thing to the shoe-maker that it does to the miller and to himself. He wishes the dollars to be sure tokens that he shall have the boots. What is a dollar? A certain quantity of gold which has a uniform value or estimation the world over. What gives it this uniform value or estimation? Nothing but the effort or labor incurred in the production of the gold; in other words, its cost.

If the cost of the gold, that is to say, if the effort required to procure it from the mines, were reduced one half, while the cost or labor required to produce the wheat and the boots remained unchanged, of course the relation of gold to the other commodities would change in proportion; then the farmer would get twelve dollars for his wheat and the boot-maker would ask twelve dollars for

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the boots. Neither would be any better off after the adjustment had been reached.

Again. If a substitute for gold be forced into use as money, and prices become established upon the basis of a given quantity of legal tender notes or greenbacks, so that the price of six bushels of wheat is seven dollars, in broken promises miscalled dollars, and of the boots the same in this kind of currency, then any addition or inflation of the quantity will simply raise the prices of both, and do no good to either the farmer or the shoe-maker. The mischief comes in the process of adjustment; the price of the manufactured article is very sure to rise before that of the farm product; hence the farmer gets cheated every time there is such an expansion or inflation of the currency.

In the case cited the effort of the farmer has been an effort to procure a pair of boots by raising say six bushels of wheat, and the money or dollars have been tools used by him in procuring boots; tools precisely of the same kind as the seed-planter, the reaper, and the winnowing machine which were used in producing wheat. He has measured his wheat both by bushels and by dollars, and through the use of the two measures, the dollars and his two-bushel bags, he has moved his wheat to market and has procured the boots. But the boot-maker has not satisfied his want; true, he has procured six dollars from the farmer, but his need is not for dollars, it is for a barrel of flour. The miller has the wheat in possession and will take dollars, therefore the same six dollars which he first possessed come back to him from the shoe-maker, and he keeps in addition his toll of grain taken from the farmer's wheat. Having added his labor to the wheat by grinding it, he keeps a part of the product and does not give the boot-maker the full product of the six bushels; but he gives him far more and better flour than the shoe-maker could have obtained from the whole six bushels if he had attempted to grind it himself; therefore what he retains, while it is not at the shoe-maker's loss, is yet his gain, earned by saving the shoe-maker from the difficulty of grinding wheat for himself. If we analyze this transaction it is plain that each one of the three has gained what he wanted, and each one has saved the other from a useless waste of labor; in other words, each has gained at the other's *profit*, — not at the other's *loss*.

The money has been thus far only a tool, not a possession, and its necessary quality has been that it should be held at the same estimation or value by the three persons. In this example we have all commerce, and the only use and function of money. There is and can be no more in each or all the vast transactions of the world. The farmer, the shoe-maker, and the miller are but representatives of persons, towns, states, or nations.

We have traced the dollars from the miller to the farmer, then to the shoe-maker and back to the miller; this is the circulation of money, and the miller is the capitalist who has moved the farmer's crop to market, that is, to the shoe-maker, who constitutes the farmer's market in this case. At the same time the miller's money capital has moved the boots to their market, that is, to the farmer. The miller's capital, which he had saved in the form of dollars before the farmer came to him to sell his crop, has been as necessary to the movement of the wheat and the boots as the farmer's wagon. How could the transaction have taken place without the money? The answer will be, perhaps, By credit. Credit, to be sure, but how measured? Only in dollars; still the dollars must be even, just, and true, else the credit cannot be granted except with a large margin for the risk of the change in the value of false dollars, mock dollars, paper dollars, — in other words, of the greenbacks.

But we are now seeking the function of good money, not bad, and will not therefore treat this branch of the question. Let us return to our true dollars, which we left in the hands of the miller. We have supposed them to be gold or

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specie dollars; how did the miller get them? We have observed that he took toll from the farmer's wheat; before this he had put his own labor into the construction of his mill; by the use of the mill he had earned other tolls of wheat; these he had ground into flour, and with it had fed the miner whose product of gold came by exchange into his possession. The miller sold flour, and bought dollars; the miner sold dollars and bought flour: each gained what he wanted. A part of the cost of the very gold itself was the consumption of the miller's tolls of wheat taken little by little from many farmers before. Therefore the gold itself was in part the product of the same farmer's labor whose crops it afterwards served to move to the shoemaker and others. We are members one of another, and each works for all, with hand or brain; the money was as needful to each and all as the miner's pick and pan, the farmer's plow and wagon, or the miller's stone, — and it works as much harm to each and all if the money be bad, a dishonored paper promise not fit for its purpose, as if the boots had been made of paper, the pick of cast-iron, or the mill-stone of hardened putty.

Money being the standard by which the variations in the value of all other things are gauged or measured, the one quality needed in it is that it shall be of uniform value itself. This constant, uniform estimation, the world over, is found only in the precious metals; therefore they have been chosen. Let it be considered that the value or relation of wheat to boots, of corn to clothing, of meat to iron, is constantly changing as the supply of each changes, year by year, and the only way by which the producer of each can test the variations and get value for what he gives is by having a uniform or common standard. If, then, not only the relation of these things to each other changes, but the standard itself also varies, will not luck and chance take the place of judgment? will not commerce change to gambling? Gambling is a treacherous game in which the few make gains at the loss of the many. Commerce is an honest exchange for mutual profit. All transactions in our vicious currency, even those of the most honest men, must partake in some sort of the nature of gambling. So it has ever been, is now, and ever will be, when false substitutes for money — lying promises that are not kept — are forced into use in place of true money, by the perversion of the powers of government.

But we must now return to the miller, whom we left in possession of six dollars. These with many other dollars he must have if he is to be ready to buy all the wheat that comes to market; even when there are no shoe-makers or miners ready at the moment to consume it. Then he must have worked long and saved much to become possessed not only of his mill, but of all the dollars needed wherewith to purchase grain; he must, like the merchants of olden time, have his strong box safely guarded, and in it must keep his gains idle through a large part of each year.

It was only when the care of gold became troublesome and even dangerous that merchants first began to deposit their gold with goldsmiths, who, on account of their trade in precious wares, had places of safe deposit; and presently the goldsmiths became *bankers*. What then happened? They learned that the miller only needed his gold in the autumn, when the crops were harvested, but that the land owner or farmer needed money (that is, gold, for in those days no other money was known than gold and silver) in the spring, when he was planting his crop and paying for his labor; therefore, said the bankers, we will lend the miller's money on interest to the farmer who is to grow the grain to supply the grist. Next it appeared useless to employ the gold itself; it was safer in the strong box, under lock and key, and well guarded, and the symbol or promise of it would serve the same purpose then; the banker issued notes, or paper money convertible into gold on demand. The farmer no longer borrowed the gold itself, but he borrowed the banker's note. For what? To pay

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his laborers; that is to say, by means of the banker's note he borrowed labor to plant and raise his crops. He pays interest on the loan of the labor, not on the note or the money. No one is so foolish as to pay interest on money; interest is paid only for its use, and the thing bought is really the thing borrowed, be it labor or tools or a house or what not. The laborer needing flour next pays the banker's note to the miller, and the miller, now needing his money to buy the wheat, which the farmer has raised by his borrowed labor, takes the note to the banker and asks for gold. No, says the banker, leave the gold here; the farmer whose wheat you mean to buy owes me money; give him the note again for his wheat. The farmer then, selling his wheat, pays his debt to the banker with the banker's own notes. The gold itself has remained in the banker's safe the whole time, and has served its purpose as a *standard of value*, while its symbol, the convertible note, has performed the work. Now the miller finds that the banker has lent his notes to the farmer, depending not only on his own gold but on the miller's gold to pay them with; therefore he says to the banker, Share with me the interest which you obtain, not on the gold, but upon the power which my gold gives you to issue notes on which you get interest. The banker consents, and allows the miller interest on his deposit at a somewhat lower rate than he can get for it, making his profit on the difference.

Presently the banker finds out that what is needed is the sure standard of gold value, not the gold itself, and that he can safely issue more notes than he has gold on hand at one time, and that he will not be called upon to pay them all at once, because the people must always have some money in circulation. Therefore he issues more notes than he has gold; for which farmers, tradesmen, and manufacturers pay interest, because by means of them they can borrow labor or goods on which to work. The banker's gold then becomes his reserve.

Presently even the note disappears in part; the miller, having made his deposit of gold, leaves it in the bank but takes no notes for it; it is placed at his credit on the banker's ledger, and against it he draws a check. The farmer takes the miller's check for his wheat, and carrying it to the bank, instead of drawing bills or gold for it, pays with it the loan borrowed of the banker wherewith he paid the laborers who planted the very crop for which the miller gave him the check. In this case the check performed the work that had been done by the banker's note.

This is *banking*. It matters not who does the work, a bank or a banker, — that is a matter of detail. The transaction between the miller, the banker, the farmer, and the laborer constitutes the whole mystery of banking.

Where the millers or merchants are who have first saved the product of their labor and have become capitalists, there banks will first be established. Where farmers or tradesmen possess industry, integrity, and honor, they will borrow of the banks the miller's or capitalist's money. Where intelligence is, banks and credit will abound; where they are wanting, none will exist: in the latter place money will be scarce and each jealous and discontented man will be ready to affirm that his neighbor prospers at his expense, ignoring the fact that prosperity is only the result of economy and character, and that banks and banking imply honesty, intelligence, and ability, for which no substitutes can be found either in national statutes for the establishment and regulation of banks, or in the issue of government promises of dollars without any provision for the redemption of the promise.

The rate of interest, which, as I have said, is never paid upon the money itself, but for the use of the thing bought with it, can only be made or kept low, first, by abundant savings of the things which men wish to buy with the money borrowed, and second, by the fact that the borrower is fit to be trusted. Citizens of States that are governed or represented by those who make no provision for the payment of the national

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promise, will not be very likely to secure a low rate of interest on what they themselves wish to borrow, because public dishonor and private integrity are not consistent with each other. The same voter who would vote to substitute one broken promise for another, under pretense of payment, cannot be expected to be governed by any higher rule in his own doings; hence money will be scarce in such States, because its citizens are not fit to be trusted; the scarcity exists for the want of character, industry, and intelligence, and for no other reason.

Even a sterile and barren country like Scotland can be made to become prosperous and productive, and the best and most useful system of banking can be there established and made to foster and promote abundance, if that country is inhabited by a thrifty, honest, and well-educated race like the Scotch.

In our example we have supposed that the bank or banker lends his own money, or that of his depositor, directly to the farmer to enable him to plant his crop. This is the practice to a considerable extent in Scotland, and in some other countries, but with us the loan is usually made to the tradesmen, who supply the farmers upon credit; and the farmers are thus indirectly aided by the capital of the same miller who will buy their crop, although the miller's money may not be lent directly to them. Let us repeat the circuit and try to find out where the wrong and oppression come in.

The miller is our representative capitalist; he has saved dollars by economy and thrift; these dollars represent services that he has rendered to the farmers by saving them the excessive labor of grinding their own wheat. If he has been honest and true, the more dollars he has, the more service he must have rendered. His dollars are the tokens of his well-doing, not of his oppression.

The miller deposits his dollars with the banker, knowing that he will lend them more prudently and safely than he can for himself. This trust imposed upon the banker implies character, capacity, prudence, and integrity.

The banker issues his notes because by such means he can lend more power to his customers, — the tradesmen and the shop-keepers, or perhaps the farmers. Are they obliged to borrow them or to take the notes? Not at all; they borrow for their own gain, not his, and they can have the gold on demand if they wish it.

For what do they borrow? To buy the tools and the goods needed by the farmer in order that he may plant his crop. What entitles them to borrow? Again it is probity and business capacity. We have found no wrong or oppression yet.

At length we reach the farmer, whose power is in his land and in his own labor; restrict him to this and his crop will be small, but let him also be possessed of character, capacity, and industry, and he may borrow tools, goods, wares, and groceries; he may hire those who are not possessed of land, and thus make two blades of grass or two bushels of grain grow where one grew before.

Thus each aids and serves the other, and the end is abundance and general welfare. All take part in production, and good money and sound banking are needful to the completion of the work.

Men who are jealous of those whom they call non-producers forget that they have come into existence because they were needed. Bankers existed before there were any statutes for their regulation or for the incorporation of banking companies, and the condition of their doing the most service is that they shall be as free as possible from meddlesome restrictions. The true factors in production and distribution — which is but another term for production or for the leading forth of the fruits of the earth to the use of man — are character, intelligence, and liberty.

Statute laws may prevent fraud to some extent by providing for the strict enforcement of contracts, but they cannot take the place of character and intelligence; and where they are seriously restrictive they tend to promote scarcity rather than abundance.

The National Bank system is based

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upon the same principles as those which I have attempted to illustrate, but it also attempts to regulate by statute many of the methods and details of the management of banks, most of which it would be far wiser to leave untrammeled and at the discretion of the bank officers. In regard to the national bank notes it needs to be said that the requisition for the deposit of United States bonds to secure their ultimate payment is a mere safeguard to the people. It simply compels the banker to possess a very much larger capital than he would otherwise require, a portion of which he lends to the government, whose bonds become security for the bank notes that he may issue; but this requisition does not alter the method by which the notes themselves are used or put into circulation. In one way this requisition limits the extension of banking by requiring a much larger capital; in another way it may possibly give the banks a somewhat larger circulation for their notes even when they are on a specie basis, as it will make the people less eager to present them or to test their solvency by requiring redemption.

It is a question yet undetermined, whether there is in the end any real gain by such legal provision for the ultimate security of the note-holder; whether it does not serve as a substitute for the high character, capacity, and integrity which would otherwise be more imperatively demanded of the managers of banks, as the condition of any circulation of their notes whatever. It can hardly be questioned, however, that it is a wise provision in all sparsely settled communities, where there are but few men able or competent to establish banks, and where the note circulation is therefore likely to be furnished from distant places, and by banks in regard to whose management the remote farmer or mechanic can have but little knowledge.

A grave error is implied in the statement often made that the government guarantees the national bank note, and might therefore as well secure to itself the profit of the circulation by substituting its own notes in place of the bank notes thus guaranteed, in the use of which the banks are alleged to earn a large profit.

As this statement is usually made, it would seem as if the government received no benefit. The fact is, the government practically forces the banks to lend it capital, for which it issues bonds, and these bonds it then holds as security to the note-holder. So far as the government is concerned, the benefit is in the capital borrowed; as a war measure the bank act practically worked a forced loan of the capital of the banks, and the government then derived great benefit from it.

It is a matter surely of some question, whether the capital thus loaned to the government and expended by it in the war, now represented by its bonds or evidences of debt, constitutes any better, if as good security as the actual capital itself would if left in the hands of prudent bank managers. On this capital they would issue notes secured only by their own good management, and by the commodities upon which they lent such notes.

Under a strict rule a bank deposit and a bank note ought each to be the symbol or representative of capital, — either of specie or of a *substance* on its way from the producer to the consumer. Let us take our example once more of the miller, the farmer, and the laborer; but we will vary it a little by supposing the farmer to have produced one hundred bushels of wheat. The farmer takes his wheat to the miller and sells it for one hundred dollars on three months' credit; the miller's note is then the symbol, or, we might say, the shadow of one hundred bushels of wheat on its way to consumption; the farmer takes the note to the bank and it is discounted, the proceeds becoming a *deposit* in bank, which deposit again is the shadow of the wheat; the farmer draws out bank notes for the deposit, and the bank notes then represent the wheat and are secured by it. The miller has in the mean time converted the wheat into flour, and has it for sale; the farmer

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pays out the notes in wages, or for articles needed by him, and those to whom he pays them, needing flour for consumption, buy it of the miller, and with the bank notes the miller pays his own note at the bank that issued them. The bank thus redeems them. The production and sale of the wheat led to the creation of the miller's note, the discount, the deposit, the issue of the bank note, its circulation, and finally its disappearance by redemption because of the final purchase for consumption of the flour made from the wheat. Each and all the notes issued and the credits granted have been the shadow or symbol of the wheat. No gold appeared in the whole transaction, yet the standard throughout was gold, and the bank stood ready with its reserve in its coffers to pay any note-holder in coin who might happen to want gold rather than flour. This reserve of gold was the test, throughout, by which each person, banker, miller, farmer, and laborer, was assured that the word dollar bore the same meaning or value to each and all; for whereas the value of the wheat varies from season to season in accordance with the law of supply and demand, the gold on the other hand is so restricted in supply, and in such universal demand, as to vary but slightly in estimation in the course of centuries.

Those who seek to displace it and to substitute paper tokens or other devices, simply invoke the force of law to make something else, or some shadow or promise of something else, a legal tender in place of the money of the world which mankind has freely chosen. The function of statute law in regard to money is to establish the weight and fineness of the coin, and guarantee it with its mint mark; next, to name it. In this country the name chosen for our coin is dollar. A true legal tender act is one which simply defines the method by which a contract to pay dollars may be enforced. Our false legal tender act compelled the acceptance of the shadow, not the substance. In other words, it was a statute for the breaking, not for the enforcement of contracts, justifiable, if at all, only under and during the stress of war.

Having thus attempted to define the necessary quality of true and just money and the beneficent function of banks and banking, it remains to be considered how far we have availed ourselves in this country of benefits which only require a reasonable amount of intelligence. In order to determine this point we must compare ourselves with a country whose banking system is the best and most useful in the world.

Scotland has eleven banks and over eight hundred branches, or a banking office for each four thousand of her 3,400,000 people; the capital of her banks is $45,500,000, and the average amount of deposits, all of which are upon interest, is $325,000,000 or nearly one hundred dollars for every man, woman, and child.

We had on the 1st of May, 1874, 1978 banks and no branches, or a bank for each twenty thousand of our forty million people, but our banks are much more concentrated in a few cities. The capital of our banks is $490,077,101, and the average deposit for the previous six months was $642,164,282, or only sixteen dollars per head. If our average deposit was in proportion to that of Scotland it would amount to $4,000,000,000, all of which would be employed in productive work.

If New England possessed as widely diffused a banking system as that of Scotland, it is not to be doubted that her hardy sons would be far more likely to remain at home and maintain the New England character upon her own hills and in her own valleys, rather than to emigrate to the fat but homesick prairies of the West.

The area of New England that might be used for cultivation and grazing, leaving out the forests and mountain country of Maine and New Hampshire, would not be very different from that of Scotland, 31,000 square miles; and the population of this habitable area is now about the same, or 3,400,000 people. It is doubtless true that the savings of the people of New England on deposit

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in banks are greater than those of the Scotch; the difference is in method. The deposits of the working people of New England are in savings-banks, those of the Scotch chiefly in commercial banks of deposit and discount.

The savings of New England are to a large extent represented by investments in fixed property, such as mortgages on real estate, or notes secured by bonds and stocks, which bonds and stocks represent fixed investments; the rest are in bank stocks or in loans of large amount to corporations, guarded from loss by every precaution that can be imposed by statute provision. As a rule the funds are very safely invested, and no exception can be taken to the method adopted as a measure of security. Hence, however, the benefit of the loans of savings-banks is much narrowed, and confined to the few instead of being diffused among the many; while the deposits of the Scotch, being in commercial banks, are used for business purposes and are lent far and near to farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and merchants. The security of the depositor in New England rests entirely upon the investment; it is a question, however, yet to be solved, whether the enormous sums now on deposit in savings-banks can be safely continued under the charge of unpaid trustees, who are not personally holden for losses or perversions of trust on the part of the officers. There are already signs that the business has outgrown methods which were adopted quite as much for a charitable purpose as for a business trust, and the time may not be far off when some radical changes in the administration of savings-banks will be demanded.

On the other hand, the security of the Scotch depositor lies first in the capital of the banks, all of which must be lost before the depositor is harmed, and second, in the banking skill of the managers, enforced as it is by the personal liability of all the partners or stockholders.

It cannot be doubted that if a widely diffused commercial bank system were adopted in New England, so that the habit of depositing became fixed in every small town, and the use of commercial banks of deposit as universal as in Scotland, a very large additional saving would be induced that would be of the utmost benefit, and yet would not impair the deposits of the savings-banks in any manner.

Let us consider the probable effect in New England of a system similar to that of Scotland, to wit, that there should be over eight hundred banking offices scattered about the land, or one to each four thousand people, where deposits could be made and discounts obtained. The first effect would be that no one would keep money in the house or shop, but would daily deposit every dollar for the sake even of a small rate of interest on the deposit. That a large aggregate deposit could be thus gathered cannot be doubted.

Few persons are aware of the very large amount of railway bonds and other securities that are scattered in small sums throughout New England. Very many bonds have been placed in the rural districts that are never quoted or rather never sold in the general market; it is to be feared that many of them ought not to have been taken, and that the returns from them will be very uncertain.

A well-established system of banking on the Scotch method would not only have saved many losses on these poor investments, but would have been fruitful in great increase of production, and in preventing the decrease in farming industry. It is folly to talk of farming having ceased to be profitable in New England. The changes that have come call for more capital, and this the banks would have supplied; and more skill and intelligence, and these the habit of banking and the ensuing thrift would have called out.

The chief point gained would be that the farmer of good character, owning a moderate-sized farm, would have no difficulty in obtaining the means to plant his crop. Now, he must with great difficulty obtain money on mort-

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gage and pay interest year in and year out, though he may only need the loan for half of each year. If the Scotch system existed, even if he had borrowed on mortgage, he would have a safe place of deposit on interest for the proceeds of his crop during the winter months, when his borrowed money might otherwise be idle, and the same money would then be lent to the store-keeper to buy and move the farmer's crop.

It is true that we have five hundred and six banks in New England, with an aggregate capital of $159,559,132, and an average net deposit of $100,000,000, or about thirty dollars per head, but our banks are very much concentrated in large cities and towns, and under the bank act they are not permitted to establish branches. Hence the use of a bank is very much more limited than it need to be. A less number of banks with many branches would be cheaper and far more useful.

The New England farmer, owning his own land, would have a great advantage over the Scotch tenant farmer. The latter must find sureties if he asks a credit at bank; the former could pledge his farm as security for a bank credit to be used only when needed, thus saving the loss of interest during the winter months. He would be ready to pay his bank loan from the proceeds of his crop, leaving his mortgage on record for use again when needed, and at that very time the same capital would be called for by the country store-keeper, to enable him to buy the farmer's produce and send it to the central market or to the shipping port. Thus the transfer of produce and the settlement of debts would all be accomplished by the use of banking offices near the people throughout the land. Banking would become well understood; business habits and thrift would be engendered; diversity of crops and of manufactures would ensue; and the capital which through our savings-bank system becomes concentrated, and fosters the tendency to large corporate enterprises and to a centralized population, would be diffused, and would benefit a far greater number.

The danger to New England now consists in the desertion of her hills and farms by the native population, and the concentration of an untrained operative class in a few cities. The great need of our day is to promote the smaller workshop under the personal control of the owner, rather than the larger corporate manufactory owned by absentee stock-holders, to whom the operative is only a well-cared-for machine.

It is not my intention to decry the factory system of New England. It has its place and is necessary; and it is also as well regulated as any in the world. It is sometimes said that corporations have no souls, yet it is probably true that the attention to the material welfare of the operative is better under the corporations than it is in most of the large factories under personal management. Yet the relation of stock-holders to operatives is not a very human relation, neither can there be the same harmony even between the individual owner and masses of operatives numbered by hundreds, that there is between the owner or manager of the smaller workshop and the workmen whom he supervises himself.

The tendency of many of the methods now in use is to concentrate workmen and take away their individuality. Let any one enter any large establishment, like a gun shop, a sewing machine factory, or the like, and while he will find that each workman will make his special portion of the machine as perfectly as possible, there is not one in fifty who could make a gun or a sewing machine.

It is not held that the diffusion of banking would change these conditions in many branches of occupation, yet there are very many employments and manufactures that can be as profitably conducted in small establishments as in large ones, and the diffusion of banking, and consequently of loans, would surely tend to promote the construction of such works.

The money of our savings-banks can seldom be obtained by the owners of the small works, because the safety of the depositor, and the law also, demands one

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strong name as principal, and at least two good sureties; therefore this fund is concentrated and helps build up the large establishments. But there are hundreds of men of intelligence and capacity, fit and safe borrowers from commercial banks, whose productive force is hampered and lessened for want of the facilities which such banks might give, or who must establish themselves in some large town or city in order to obtain them at all.

The centralization of power and of capital in these late days is a marked evil, and paradoxical as it may appear to some persons, nothing would be more apt to check this tendency than a more widely extended system of banking, and the multiplication of banking offices if not of banks themselves. That such a system would pay those who established it is proved by the simple fact that the dividends of the Scotch banks range from eight to fourteen per cent. per annum, and the market value of the shares, which represent a paid-up capital of forty-five and a half millions, is ninety million dollars, or one hundred per cent. premium. These dividends are earned mainly by the lending of the deposits, which average, as I have stated, three hundred and twenty-five million dollars, at a rate of interest from one to two per cent. higher than the rate allowed the depositors; the general rate of interest being considerably lower than with us.

We have thus considered banks and money as tools; what purpose do they serve with us, limited as our banks are? The answer to this question can only be given approximately, and will require the use of figures that may be very confusing to persons not accustomed to think of large sums.

The most competent railway authority of the country estimates the net annual tonnage of the railways of the United States at one hundred million tons, averaging in value not less than one hundred dollars per ton, or ten thousand million dollars. Of course this enormous mass of merchandise is in the process of exchange at wholesale; this exchange constitutes commerce; those who have charge of it are sometimes called middle-men, and classed as non-producers and therefore unworthy of their hire; the grangers and other reformers propose to get rid of them, and hope to save something by so doing; it is probable that they have entered on a hopeless task. This mass of exchanges is measured in money and settled in banks. Money and banks must exist, or it could not take place. Yet it is nothing but a farmer seeking boots, a miller seeking corn, and a shoe-maker seeking flour, or their counterparts, that set all these wheels in motion. When the millions of tons of merchandise they exchanged at wholesale reach their destination, the shop-keepers must break the packages and sell at retail, and here once more the money comes in as the tool whereby the work is done. Is it not patent that if the money used be gauged by no fixed standard, — if it fluctuates and changes, — every dealer must place an additional charge on every price he asks from the beginning to the end, and the consumer must pay the extra charge? The fluctuations in our bad money, the use of which is still enforced by law, have been very great for many years, and even in the very last, in 1873, the legal tender notes varied from 106⅛ gold to 119⅛. In other words, the false standard of value forced into use by statute varied thirteen per cent. in this single year; for the sole reason that we are using a dishonored promise instead of true money.

All prices and all transactions must be affected by these changes. They work fraud and cheating — they pick the pockets of the poor and steal their earnings, transferring to the rich what they have not earned. They give to the shrewdness or the cunning of the few, great gains which must be at the loss of the many.

Until the government repeals the legal tender act which now prevents the restoration of the specie standard, it lends itself to every wrong that happens from a debased currency, and becomes the chief promoter of oppression and fraud.

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These changes in the value of greenbacks have affected all the transactions, those represented in the year 1873 by the movement over railroads only being ten thousand million dollars in value if values are measured in paper dollars, or nine thousand million dollars in gold. We will not attempt to compute the rest of the exchanges by water, by carriage, and by hand.

Consumers have paid since 1861 the monstrous tax involved in the fluctuations of our vicious currency, in the additional price above the mere premium on gold which the risk of these changes has made imperative; and the enormous fortunes of a few men which on an honest specie basis no single life-time could ever have sufficed to accumulate, the extravagant and wasteful expenditures that mark our time, the gradual sorting into classes of very rich and very poor, the greater and greater difficulty for honest labor to secure a fit and abundant support, are the results and consequences of this subtle, dishonest, infamous tax.

Let us be thankful that the end can be seen, and that we have escaped the worst disasters which ensued from the issue of Continental money. Yet though we shall have avoided repudiation and its dire consequences, it may still be truly written of our legal tender note, as Pelatiah Webster wrote of the legal tender paper money of the Revolution:

"If it saved the state, it has also polluted the equity of our laws; turned them into engines of oppression and wrong; corrupted the justice of our administration; destroyed the fortunes of thousands who had the most confidence in it; enervated the trade, husbandry, and manufactures of our country, and gone far to destroy the morality of our people."

Edward Atkinson.

ROSENLIED.

I SAID to the rose, "O rose!
What was it the nightingale sang?
For all night beneath my lattice
In the dusk his clear notes rang."

Then the hue of the crimson rose
Was dyed a lovelier red,
And she trembled with passionate longing,
And drooped her gentle head.

"Last night beside the lattice,
Before the white moon set,
Two stood within the shadow —
O heart! dost thou forget?

"A kiss; and two hands close clinging
In a silent, long troth-plight, —
O heart, O heart, thou knowest
What the nightingale sang all night!"

Alice Williams.

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JULIAN SCHMIDT: A GERMAN CRITIC.

ALONG with the enormous and steady increase in the number of new books, there has been felt very keenly of late years the need of such convenient abstracts as shall enable readers and students to determine which of the latest works on the subjects that interest them it is best to read, and this want criticism undertakes to supply by condensing the information and by giving a trustworthy opinion. Since, however, a conscientious critic has as keen an eye for the inferences which the author may draw from the facts he has collected as for the accuracy of the facts themselves, there is always a possibility of a very serious difference of opinion between an author and his critic. A faultless critic will probably not be found until the time when he is not needed, when there are only faultless books written. Meanwhile, his position is a most useful one from the opportunity it gives him of pointing out errors of taste and fact, as well as of helping the author by bringing another practiced mind to the discussion of the same problem. To the reader he can suggest tempering the praise to the level it would naturally fall to in the space of a fortnight or so, he can show that the egg which has just been laid is not a roc's egg, or he can call attention to those merits which might have otherwise escaped notice. He can be useful, or by his errors he can be most mischievous.

In reading criticisms as well as the books discussed, so far at least as they concern general literature, what we especially care for is that the writer should give us a great deal of himself; that is, that we should be able to see the working of his mind, the reasoning he follows, and, as far as possible, the grounds of the impressions he receives and defends. His mere word is not sufficient; before we can trust him we must know his method. At times he will be able to explain to us the causes of our like or dislike; by showing us the application of a general principle to which we assent, he may give us the means of comprehending what has embarrassed us; but if we swallow his judgments without conviction, his influence is bad, although the blame is ours.

No critic has held so high a place as Sainte-Beuve. His wonderful insight, the result of his great sympathy, strengthened by wide experience; his extreme accuracy in matters of fact; his rare candor and readiness to be convinced that he was wrong in matters of opinion; and his charming manner, which enabled him to reprove as if he were paying a compliment, made a rare combination of the qualities most needed by a critic. He shows, too, how important is study for the proper discharge of the duties he undertook. He is well known to us in this country. Another critic, a German, Julian Schmidt, is less well known, and this is probably due in great measure to the fact that although a respectable knowledge of German is by no means rare here, there are yet comparatively few who do not content themselves with having read so many of Schiller's plays and so much of Goethe and Lessing, but who are deterred by the difficulty of the language from reading German except as so much task-work; as they read Paradise Regained, for instance. Time will alter this, and although many besides these *dilettanti* read German books in the course of professional study, the general literature is too meagre to tempt the multitude. It is not, however, that we would call attention to Mr. Schmidt on the ground of his being a popular writer, although, as we shall try to show, he has many of the qualities which may attract almost any reader, but it is as a deep thinker and a wise critic that he demands consideration.

His principal writings are the Geschichte des geistigen Lebens in Deutsch-

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land von Leibnitz bis auf Lessing's Tod, 1681–1781, in two large volumes; the Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur seit Lessing's Tod, in three volumes; and the Geschichte der Französischen Literatur seit Ludwig XVI., 1774, in two volumes.

The history of a literature is by no means easy to write; and most of those which have been written it is even harder to read. Until within a few years, those of us who were interested in English literature found for our only guides those meagre collections of extracts, with dates and certain biographical facts, which were styled histories of English literature, but were of no use except as convenient books of reference when we were in doubt about the year of some author's birth, or some such matter. As for criticism, there was none, or if there was any, it was of the wildest kind; as, for example, in one used as a text-book a few years ago, in a notice of Mrs. Browning, she was said to have married "Robert Browning, himself no mean poet;" and that was all the notice he received: and as for any comprehensive view of literature, the influences that affected writers, their effect on their times, a complete account of their work, there was nothing of the sort. Nowhere, in such histories, is there any other opinion apparent than that literature is the publication of books. Taine's History of English Literature has done our own work for us in a way that is a great improvement on even the best that preceded him. In the first place, his book is exceedingly interesting, and although there are radical objections to the theory which the history is written to confirm, his broad views can do service at least by arousing the student's independent thought. Then there is in his judgments less echoing of the universal opinion than we English-speaking people would be likely to show, and yet he avoids many of the errors into which, as a Frenchman, he would be most likely to fall. The great fault of the book is that it explains everything except the great writers, and it is just the great writers who have made English literature what it is. Sainte-Beuve put his finger on the weak spot when he said: [1] "In general, there is only one mind, one particular form of intelligence to create this or that masterpiece. As for historical witnesses, there may be others of equal value, but I cannot conceive of any in matters of taste. Imagine one great talent less, imagine the mold or, better, the magic mirror of a single real poet broken in the cradle at his birth, there will never be another which will hold exactly the same place. Of every true poet there is but a single copy.

"I will take another example of this unique quality of talent. Paul and Virginia certainly bears the traces of its epoch; but if Paul and Virginia had never been written, it might have been maintained by all sorts of special and plausible reasoning that it was impossible for so innocent a book to appear amid the corruption of the eighteenth century; Bernardin de Saint Pierre was the only man who could write it. There is nothing, I say again, so unexpected as talent, and it would not be talent if it were not unexpected, if it were not alone among many, alone among all.

"I may not explain myself clearly; but that is just the point which M. Taine's method and process does not explain. There is always something left over, eluding all the meshes of his net, however fine it may be, and that is what is called the individuality of talent, of genius. The wise critic attacks and surrounds it like an engineer; he incloses it, and goes all around it under the pretext of establishing all the indispensable conditions; these conditions, it is true, have their influence on the personal individuality and originality; they excite it, and call it out, enable it to act or react, but they do not create it. That particle which Horace calls divine (*divinæ particulam auræ*), and which is indeed so, at least in the primitive and natural meaning of the word, has so far baffled science, and still remains unexplained."

In Germany there has been no lack of

[1] Nouveaux Lundis. Tome huitième, pp. 86, 87.

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literary histories, from the compendium of dates, names, and titles of books, to the philosophical, thorough treatises of Gervinus and others. On the whole, we can, without decrying his rivals, give the palm to Julian Schmidt. His first merit is one which is peculiar to his nation, and that is the power of patient attention even to what might seem like petty details. In Taine we find great omissions; there is hardly a word, for instance, said about Keats; but no such charge can be brought against Schmidt. In many German writers there is the same trait, which, like every other virtue, if it is not controlled is apt to run into excess; mole-hills and mountains assume equal value, and the result is a landscape without perspective. While this fault is conspicuous in almost everything the Germans write, and in another light is the groundwork of their excellence, it is nowhere more noticeable than in their writings about their literature. For this there are several secondary reasons, in addition to the universal tendency of the German when he takes his pen in his hand; among these is the small compass of their literature, which leads to a disproportionate estimation of every line that has been written by the great authors, and to the undue prominence which has been enjoyed by the writings of inferior men, who, if they had written in English, would have been completely forgotten, and their books left to the dusty obscurity of large libraries. Especially is this true of the period between Leibnitz and Lessing's death, when the German mind was in leading-strings. None but the most thorough students, if thoroughness is the right term for those who are tempted to do their work by a wish for pedantic accuracy rather than for the good they are to derive from it, will be able to give much time and attention to that dreary waste. So much, it should be understood, may be said of foreigners, we should be unwilling to direct the course of any one studying his own literature; but no English or French speaking man is likely to be tempted by the dull beginnings of German literature. Their work reads like the enforced school exercises of boys, which even the most enthusiastic biographers generally omit, and which have but little merit in comparison with what they write later, when they really have something to say. There was none of the lightness of an independent school, none of the naïve charm of beginners, but, when we glance at the rest of Europe, rather the clumsiness of raw recruits in comparison with the ease of practiced soldiers. If there is anything iconoclastic in this denunciation, there is also superstition in praising books no one can read.

Those writers who brought Germany into line with the rest of the world stand out higher above the general low level, and, of course, derived the impetus in great measure from foreign sources. It is important, however, to know their relation to their predecessors, and this task Schmidt performs most admirably. He is like an entertaining guide who makes one forget the monotony of the dusty highway. For us all the interest of the first-named history, that covering the time from Leibnitz to Lessing's death, centres about Lessing. About most of the book-makers who preceded him we can feel no more curiosity than about the sign-painters of the time; they are like our often-mentioned epic-writers of the last century, who serve as examples of tiresomeness, but whom we are careful never to read. With Lessing the history of what may fairly be called German literature begins, and it is at this point that most readers will care to open Schmidt's volumes. Whether it is an interesting period, however, or one of dull monotony, that he is discussing, he is equally imperturbable, never impatient, and never indiscreet. The effect of training could not be better exemplified. He has undertaken to write the history of a literature, and he does his work conscientiously; it is not merely a presentation of the agreeable places, it is a fair, impartial record, which also avoids the other fault, that of pedantry. If there were dull expanses in the literature, it is not his fault; he does not waste too much time

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over them, but he does not pass over them with a word, in order to make his books more readable.

Since the history of literature is closely connected with that of the politics, the religion, and the general development of the country, all these matters are brought in, so far as they are of importance to the especial subject the author is treating. The chronological order is adopted, and although this has the bad effect of diverting the reader's attention from the consideration of one man to the examining of the influences which helped produce another's book, which appeared at the same time, it keeps us from the danger of making up our minds too hastily about the verdict, which we are apt to give in a very brief form when it is our ancestors whom we are studying. These qualities, themselves the result of great patience on the part of the author, require the exercise of the same virtue on the part of the reader. This distraction is a noticeable hindrance to forming speedy opinions; we prefer to have our way made easier, to find all the important adjectives underlined. If, however, we are willing to take the trouble, it is in our power to form a fairer judgment in this way; the difficulty is due to the constant necessity of revising our opinion, but it is only by such revision, by constant correction and addition, that we can hope to get at the truth. Schmidt avoids accumulating unnecessary details, but he also is careful not to leave out anything of importance. We are all familiar with the fault, so common among the Germans, of giving the reader all the information that the most careful industry can accumulate, and leaving to him the task of arranging it and drawing the lesson to be learned. It is as if a carpenter were to heap up planks and beams and mortar and bricks, and call it building a house. For the collecting of facts nothing can equal the energy of the Germans, but we cannot help feeling how well it would have been if some judicious selection had been made, and a great deal of the material rejected. With the French, on the other hand, there is often the tendency to sacrifice inconvenient facts to the symmetry of the result. Mr. Schmidt cannot be said to be wholly free from the fault of his race; we are conscious at times of unnecessary thoroughness; when a word would do, he utters a whole sentence. He has the faults of his virtues, like all the rest of us. Mr. Schmidt lacks the lightness of touch so conspicuous in Sainte-Beuve; he does not flatter the reader by letting him make the discoveries; in other words, he is not a Frenchman: he is, however, one of the most readable of the Germans. While he has this deficiency which indeed is so common that the reverse may be considered a luxury, we find he has many other excellent qualities besides those we have mentioned. He keeps more nearly at the same level than almost any critic; nothing deprives him of his presence of mind. The same phlegm which keeps him patient when he is plowing his way through some dreary morass, helps him to be cool when he comes to anything he admires. We do not remember a single case where he loses his head with the intoxication of lavish praise, which has to be withdrawn a month or two later when the object of it has taken its proper position of unimportance in the scale of things. It is not mere timidity, hiding behind a mask of cynical severity, which is the cause of this accuracy, but rather the hard-won determination to submit everything to those tests which time and experience have established. This is the only way to be proof against error; and the cautious man will hold his peace until he has fairly considered the matter in this light. As for Sainte-Beuve, it was by no means rare for him to sound a note of praise one day which was wholly disproportionate to the worth of the object. Such a mistake was very human; what was rarer was his willingness to acknowledge his error. His exaggerated recommendation of Feydeau's Fanny is an example of this.

What has been said in the comparison between Schmidt and his great French

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contemporary, with regard to delicacy of touch, is not to be taken as indicating that the German has not the power of compressing what he has to say into a moderate compass. Far from it; very often he crowds a great deal of meaning into a few lines, which cover the whole ground in a very satisfactory way. They lack Sainte-Beuve's easy grace, but they have their own solid merit. Such, for example, may be seen in the following accurate and thorough characterization of Ranke, which we translate from the third volume of the Geschichte der Deutschen Literatur seit Lessing's Tod. He says, speaking of his History of the Popes: —

"There was perhaps a hidden charm for him in the fact that the renaissance of the church, unlike its first struggle for recognition, was not due to efforts of great men, but to a universal tendency which carried every one along with it, whether willing or unwilling. For drawing a Gregory VII., an Innocent III., an Alexander III., a broad stroke is needed; they require to be painted in bold colors; there are few delicate, subtle qualities to be found in them. But to paint the transition from a Leo X. to a Pius V., a Sixtus V., to catch the delicate shades in which the imperceptible but ever active ecclesiastical mind is expressed on these insignificant but attractive physiognomies, is a pleasant task for a diplomat who hides gentle irony beneath courteous reverence, where apparent simplicity is the best protection. What a rich gallery, and yet what artistic moderation! The Popes appear in a threefold relation: as rulers with an enormous power stretching over the whole world; as local magnates interested in petty questions of government and local politics; last of all, as belonging to the most refined nation in respect to science and art, as protectors of the great city which has not yet forgotten that it was once the head-quarters of culture. We are made at home in the narrow chambers of the conclave, we are introduced to every interesting face; we go about in the city, we see new Rome arise, its palaces, its streets, its citizens; we learn the origin of every family, of every class; the pictures and statues are brought before our eyes, we see the obelisk set up, St. Peter's built. Then we follow those sent by the nepotism of the Popes to their estates as they go forth to take possession of their grants; then we become acquainted with their neighbors, with the country-people; we take a personal interest in the political complications. Imperceptibly the stage widens. We travel to different courts in company with well-known legates. The religious and political relations of nations are set before us one after another; we take an interest in the learned and cultivated men of the neighborhood; we examine the paintings and antiquities; we even, like true men of the world, pay some attention to what is doing in philosophy, but without too intricate a study of single points; and at the same time through the Propaganda, which embraces the whole world, we receive the fullest information from distant parts. Being made thus personally familiar with the great circle of the activity of the Popes, we can, when weary, return to the capitol without losing a single side of the great picture. . . .

"In general cultivation Ranke has a great advantage over active politicians; he is at home everywhere, in literature and art, in the by-ways of religious development and philosophy. For individuals he has the sharp eye which generally only intelligent women have. We miss, however, the manly seriousness which neither æsthetical satisfaction nor personal sympathy can divert when it is necessary to be impartial. In the criticism of facts he is severe; in his judgment of moral questions, however, he shows a certain timidity in his effort to treat them impersonally. . . . Ranke has a delicate appreciation of what is agreeable and important, but this sensitiveness is somewhat that of a dilettante; he knows neither wrath nor hate, and he has to bring himself artificially to enthusiasm and belief. The moral feeling, the historic power which calls forth great deeds, is with him only an object,

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it is not within him. He stands outside of events like a diplomat, his sympathy does not come from the heart. This sort of sympathy limits his power of observation, by confining it to single points and to externals. A cultivated man will not confine himself to the rough outline; he will take great pleasure in following up hidden motives, he will examine with impartial benevolence every appearance of intelligence; but this benevolence is not the living, animating sympathy, the pure enthusiasm, without which we can have no really comprehensive treatment, and which alone makes possible a true appreciation of the subject."

This is not describing a man with a single word, but those men who can be described with one word are not the most interesting in the world; and this extract, to our thinking, contains a very well-balanced estimate of an important writer. It shows the author's deliberateness and care; at other times he is less majestic, and he sweeps away cobwebs without reading the riot-act.

Throughout the whole of his criticism of German authors Schmidt retains his coolness. As is natural, he does not see them or judge them as a foreigner would. He accepts them, as it were, with more readiness than might seem desirable to those who forget that he is not giving us a list of his likes and dislikes, but a history of what has occurred. To all but the most zealous students of German literature, and its most ardent admirers, his books will seem disproportionate to the subject. When one compares German literature with that of the French, or, more especially, of the English, it is easy to see that what in our language we have almost forgotten outweighs all save a very few masterpieces of the Germans. There is a certain pride of conquest which renders us very lenient critics of what we acquire in a foreign tongue. There are certain peculiarities of the German nature, which at one time or another of their lives almost all human beings share; many of them are observable in early youth, and the reader of course rejoices at finding them in resounding verse, especially when he has worked his way to translating them fluently by many hours' hard work with grammar and dictionary. Then the unfailing respect with which German critics treat every man, who claims to have filled a want in their literature, imposes on the rest of mankind. Not that we would brand the Germans as outside barbarians, nor yet deny them the gratitude they deserve for those few masterpieces which stand out alone, or for those poems of theirs which so well and easily express a love of nature and at the same time sympathy with man; but we would merely ask if it is not possible that their literature has been, on the whole, overrated.

It certainly affords the student a wonderful example of sudden and great success; it flashed with unexpected brilliancy from a land where old-fashioned rules and hindrances would have seemed to lay the heaviest weights on intellectual movement, and no one can fairly refuse his admiration. But, it may be asked, does not the position of the Germans towards it in some ways remind the observer of that of a self-made man towards those conventional laws which carefully educated people are taught from the cradle to respect? The graceless manner of German writers is doubtless due partly to their cumbersome language, which, as Mr. Lowell says in his essay on Lessing, in Among my Books, "has a fatal genius for going stern foremost, for yawing, and for not minding the helm without some ten minutes' notice in advance;" their education, too, renders them fonder of thoroughness than of elegance: but besides all these influences there seems to be on their part a sort of willful clinging to uncouthness out of mistaken patriotism, the same feeling, by the way, that is successfully appealed to by those lovers of their country among the Germans who are averse to the abandonment of their sight-destroying text. The awkwardness with which even Goethe used German prose has probably had some effect in making his successors indifferent to the qualities of grace and ease,

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which other nations consider of great importance. His example has always been of great weight, and could easily turn the balance against those softer charms which delighted foreigners. This peculiarity of his fellow-countrymen does not strike Mr. Schmidt so strongly as many others. It is not, to be sure, the most important point in the examination of a literature, but it has almost certainly the mischievous effect of making what is dull impose on the reader by its airs of wisdom. Ease suggests falseness, and clumsiness profundity; just as in social life the man who is negligent of his attire is commonly held to have a deeper character than his well-dressed neighbor.

With regard to the weightier matters of the law, Mr. Schmidt is a most observant critic. Through all the vagaries of the German writers as they have been affected by the different waves of thought and feeling during the last hundred years, he maintains the same tone of impartiality. He is always cool, but it is against pretense, and the efforts of would-be great men to let their genius apologize for offenses against good taste, that he is more especially severe. Everything he brings to the test of common-sense, by which we mean the fair average opinion of educated people.

This quality of his intelligence is perhaps even more clearly marked in his history of French literature during the last hundred years. It is curious to observe the different ways in which we outsiders approach French literature. Some, descended in a straight line from those who always spoke of that people as eaters of frogs, have no patience with their ways, and while they may be induced against their will to allow that sometimes they possess not wholly unamusing qualities, the general tone of their minds is one of contempt for them. On the other hand, there are those who are ready and anxious to forget all those prejudices and deeply settled opinions which are pretty sure to grow about a man who is a father of a family and in active business, on the subjects of morality, the respect due one's neighbor's wife, the spotlessness of the professionally vicious, and such matters, on which the verdict of society is brief but impressive. The laws of right-doing seem to affect their judgments as much as do the shifting rules of fashion about the buttons on their coat-sleeves. Propriety seems like a thin web spun in the empty air. Any attempt to apply those tests which we bring to bear in real life is denounced as prudery. Such are two extremes as we all see them among our friends. Doubtless the intolerance of each side has had its effect in deafening the ears of the other, thereby complicating a question which it is by no means easy to settle. Mr. Schmidt writes with no malevolent desire of showing any inferiority of the French, nor yet does he start with the condition that in their favor the world is to be looked at upside down.

He interweaves the history of the time with that of the literature from the year 1774 down to the accession of the late emperor. This includes the premonitions of the Revolution as they are to be seen in Beaumarchais, and in the lives of those young Frenchmen who fought in this country; it begins with the time when their literature was in an artificial state, and follows it through its various forms down very nearly to the present time. This period, which includes such interesting names, to mention some of the most prominent, as Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Beranger, H. Beyle, Guizot, St. Simon, Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, Balzac, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, Dumas, and Lamartine, he discusses with his usual candor, clear-sightedness, and thoroughness. With regard to the externals, he sets the history and the politics before us, and the author's relations to his surroundings; to aid us in comprehending his writings, he describes his method, and furnishes us with plenty of examples of the points he is desirous of making clear. He makes his way through all the winding paths French literature has followed, without undue admiration, as well as without the contempt which is often the nearest approach one makes

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to impartiality. It is this quality of observing dispassionately which makes Mr. Schmidt so valuable a guide. If in treating of German books his patience is mainly shown by the enormous mass of dullness through which he has gone, it is otherwise here; there is the same equanimity, but we see it in his treatment of those manifestations of modern literature which are clearly enough described by their proper title, French. Not that we are ever left in doubt as to the opinions he holds of any writer, — far from it, — but he utters them with deliberation and with a fair statement of the other side. For example, speaking of George Sand's earlier novels, those which have given her her notoriety: —

"George Sand had the art of a real poet, that of touching the most powerful chords of the heart and setting them in motion. Her warm feeling for nature lent a rich color to her figures. Her enthusiasm was not artificial; in the more passionate moments it lent life and fire to the characters, which for a time gave them an air of reality. Besides, she was not overpowered by her fancy; she had a cool eye and was able to distinguish between dream and reality. Hence those surprising touches of truth to nature, which make us imagine for a time that she has a power of analysis which does not belong to her; when she fails to see anything immediately, no reflection will give it to her. There is a certain monotony in her thoughts, and this often tempts her to affectations, intended to dazzle and surprise us. Her knowledge of the world is limited; her main types of character often reappear in a different dress.

"There is a radical unsoundness in all she writes; it is flattering to weakness, it idealizes common yearnings, and persuades weak natures that they on that very account are noble. Almost invariably a false notion of greatness is inculcated."

Speaking of the coldness of some of the characters: —

"They never are wholly under the influence of a feeling, they gaze at themselves in a mirror and worship their image. Some fanciful, romantic notion has given them their *rôle*, and their pride sustains them in it. In their coldness they show nothing of the innocence of a maidenly heart, nor in their passion any of the forgetfulness of self which atones for the sin."

For an accurate and interesting account of the French literature of the last hundred years we know no book to compare with this. It is one to be studied carefully, and then taken up and read at odd moments; it is so full of wisdom and intelligence that no student of literature can afford to neglect it.[1]

His three volumes of essays, Bilder aus dem geistigen Leben unserer Zeit, admirably supplement his longer works. The subjects treated are various, some referring to German literary history, others to different foreign authors, Turgénieff, Bulwer, George Eliot, etc. They have already been discussed in the pages of this magazine.

In conclusion, we would renew our praise of this writer, and call the attention of the public to his works. His books, and Taine's History of English Literature, form good memorials of the more serious criticism of the present day. They instruct while they entertain.

T. S. Perry.

1 For a fuller discussion of this book, see the North American Review for July, 1874.

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TWO VEILS.

From the nun's wan life a buried passion
Blossomed like a grave-rose in her face;
"Sweet, my child," she said, "in what fair fashion
Do you mean to wear this lovely lace?

"Thus?" — and, with a feverish hand and shaken,
Round her head the precious veil she wound.
"Faith in man," she said, "I have forsaken;
Faith in God most surely I have found.

"Yet, with music in the dewy distance
And the whole land flowering at my feet,
Through this convent-garment's dark resistance
Backward I can hear my fierce heart beat.

"Tropic eyes too full of light and languor,
Northern soul too gray with Northern frost:
Ashes — ashes after fires of anger —
Love and beauty — what a world I lost!"

"Sister," laughed the girl with girlish laughter,
"Sister, do you envy me my veil?"
"You may come to ask for mine hereafter,"
Answered very piteous lips and pale.

"No; for your black cross is heavy bearing;
Tedious counting these stone beads must be.
Oh, but there are jewels worth the wearing
Waiting in the sunny world for me!

"Sister, have a care — you are forgetting.
Do not broider thorns among my flowers,
Only buds and leaves: your tears are wetting
All my bridal lace." They fell in showers.

After years and years, beside the grating,
(Oh, that saddest sight, young hair grown gray!)
With dry boughs and empty winds awaiting
At the cloister door, came one to pray.

"Sister, see my bride-veil! there were never
Thorns so sharp as those within its lace.
Sister, give me yours to wear forever;
Give me yours, and let me hide my face."

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

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MADAME.

MADAME was born in Baltimore, and at the age of eighteen she became acquainted with Baron R——, who accompanied the French minister to this country. She was younger than the handsome foreigner by three years, and such was her beauty and wealth that he loved her devotedly at once. Amid much stir and golden bustle they were married with Protestant rites, and the happy girl departed for France with a train of her worshiping school-mates. The day on which they bade their adieux was one of the rarest of the year. The air had a Sicilian softness, the sky was unblemished by a single cloud, the glowing expanse of the sea invited, and a whole city came to bid them godspeed. Her name was upon every lip, and they who beheld her upon the deck of the ship always remembered her radiant face. It was a picture which filled their eyes and their hearts. The young republican was full of serene ecstasy, and her warm glance fell now upon her brave husband, now upon her thronging friends, and now upon her beloved land. People brought their children to be kissed by the "baroness;" the gardeners adorned her surroundings with flowers; the mothers and grandmothers prayed for her in secret.

In the interval between her departure and her return there occurred the *coup-d'état* of Napoleon III. The husband, the Baron R——, was an Imperialist; therefore his star was in the ascendant. People in America rejoiced at the splendid fortunes of the wife, and the glory of those marvelous days was transmitted across the ocean. It was gallant news to hear; that of *fêtes*, journeys, and royal excursions, and of splendid preferments. The name of the beautiful American was always prominent; it was constantly coupled with that of the empress, and it seemed that they were good friends. Travelers who returned from abroad brought accounts of the exile, and it appeared that her career was what might be called a luminous one, so filled was it with the delights of a happy and prosperous court.

The interval I have referred to was one of twenty-five years. At the end of that time the baroness returned to this country, arriving in New York. She was bent, she hobbled with a cane, and she brought two trunks.

A policeman procured a carriage and she begged him to purchase a newspaper for her. She examined its crowded columns, and she thrust a pin into a notice of lodgings to let in a private hotel. She bade the driver hasten thither and draw up opposite the house so that she might examine it.

Then she sank back into the farthest corner of the carriage, and drew her shawls about her. The day was stormy, the street was sombre, and the pavement was covered with mud. Now and then the horses came to a stop in the midst of a mob of drays, and the shouts and oaths of the drivers filled the air. The feeble and unresisting lady was tossed here and there by the rude collisions, and she was stunned by the noise. The terrible clangor of wheels, bells, and voices benumbed her ears, the hurry of everything confused her eyes, and her thoughts, distracted and fragmentary, overwhelmed her brain and made a child of her.

Her destination was three miles off, and on the western side of the city. When she arrived she lowered the window-sash and contemplated the house. It had several excellent qualities. It was retired; that is, it was in a quiet street. It had a low basement, which would obviate the necessity of climbing a long flight of steps — an important advantage. Several of the blinds were closed, which indicated that the house was not thronged. Two neat maids were cleansing the windows; a proof that the landlord was particular: two men were just

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finishing the storing of a load of coke instead of coal under the sidewalk; an indication that he was economical and that his prices were not great.

The lady installed herself under this roof. She occupied a parlor on the first floor; she would have gone higher, had she been younger and had she been richer. She at once established herself.

She sent out and purchased two or three prints and two or three vases and a handful of flowers. She also purchased one of those bedsteads which may be folded up in the day-time. She secreted her *somneau* and her trunks behind a screen of figured baize, and thus she eked a chamber out of her drawing-room.

She procured the services of a maid; engaged her meals from a neighboring hotel; arranged that a carriage should come at eleven o'clock on each warm day, and made a list of the best physicians upon a bit of paper which she kept in the fly-leaves of her book of Common Prayer. She contracted this routine. She arose at nine, listened while her maid read the lessons of the day, ate a breakfast of rice and toast and marmalade, was dressed for out-of-doors, and after her return from a ride she rested and dozed before a fire until dinner-time at six, when she ate frugally, and then retired to bed again.

Now and then a splendid equipage would arrive with aged visitors for her, and it was always noticed that they wept as they went away, and that they never came again. It was also noticed that after these calls Madame walked for a while without a cane, and that she walked a great deal. They seemed to arouse her and quicken her spirit.

One day she received a letter from France. It was in a blue envelope.

Presently the wife of the landlord was sent for. She had never entered the room before.

She beheld her lodger seated in a deep chair which almost touched the ground, laughing heartily. Tears ran down her wrinkled cheeks, and the lace upon her cap trembled as if agitated by a breeze. She cried out suddenly with a harsh and penetrating voice, —

"He is coming! He is coming!"

She shook the letter. The maid stood behind her, nervously knotting the fringe of the chair. The woman, who was shrewd and experienced, diverted her attention to something else.

"I don't think your seat can be a comfortable one, Madame. It is too low. I think it would be easier if you were to raise it with a cushion."

"Yes — yes, that is true. Give me your hands and I will get up."

She was assisted to her feet and her cane was given to her. She fixed it on the floor and endeavored to steady herself, but her arms and limbs trembled. This was something new. A deep gravity overspread her face while she was thus struggling with herself. She looked down and attentively regarded the involuntary agitation of the skirts of her dress. The steel point of the cane which touched the hearth beat a tattoo. Presently she looked up with a significant smile and said to the landlady, —

"You see that I want another cane. One is not enough; I must have two."

Thereafter she walked at a snail's pace and like a quadruped. The landlady heard no more of the letter from France, neither did the maid; it disappeared, and the old lady kept her own counsel.

Shortly after this she declared on one beautiful morning, when the air was warm and the sun was bright, that she was tired, and she refused to ride. The maid, whose eyes were wide open, regarded this infringement upon old habits with solicitude. She remarked that her mistress now fell asleep more easily than before, and that it was harder to arouse her.

There were two amusements which occupied the invalid's time in her wakeful hours, one being a pretty game of solitaire, and the other the sorting and rearranging of numerous pieces of lace of delicate and intricate fabrication. In the early part of the afternoons she would dissolve some lumps of sugar in a glass of water, place it ready to her

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hand, and then trifle with her cards, gathering them and distributing them, until she fell asleep. After her sleep she would have her boxes brought, and would tenderly separate, smooth out, and quietly admire her few yards of treasure.

One day she asked her maid, —

"Is not this the thirtieth of September?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Then it is high time I should be prepared. Take these — there is a cap, a collar, and a pair of sleeves — and place them where you can reach them at a moment's notice; to-morrow, when I am not so tired, I will select a dress, and you will put that with the lace. Be ready to dress me in them at any time."

Pretty soon the old lady deemed it wasteful to require that a carriage should be brought to the door only to be sent away again empty, and so she stopped it. She compensated for this pleasure by sending for a physician every day.

Now and then, while moving her thinning hands, a ring would drop off and roll away upon the carpet. "Ah!" she would say, half aloud, "the vanity of gold and vanity of flesh begin to desert the skeleton at the same time."

It did not appear that her present abode was a resting-place only. She never hinted of going away; she never spoke of unfulfilled desires, or projected designs. She seemed tranquil and fixed.

Seated, hour in and hour out, in her deeply hollowed chair, she pursued a melancholy pastime. When her cards and her laces palled upon her, she searched for evidences of her failure, for flaws in her health. She examined with unrelenting persistence the little trifles which went to show that her death was approaching.

When she fancied she perceived a whiter pallor in her cheeks, she spent the day with a hand-glass. If she imagined that the cords in her neck were stiffening a little, she would endeavor to catch the old studied poses that she had used in the days of her coquetry. If she dreamed that her memory was something less active, she would chant and hum the most ancient of her songs, the most difficult of the foreign airs and roundelays, and perhaps in the midst of them would begin to nod and would fall asleep.

She forbore to interest herself about the other inmates of the house until one day when she was at a loss. She was seized with a desire to ride, but it was stormy and therefore impossible. She began to gossip with the landlady, who had come in to inquire after her health.

"There is a lady up-stairs who interests me," said the visitor, "she seems to be very poor, but I cannot bring myself to treat her harshly."

"Tell me," said Madame in a pleasant voice.

"She is a Cuban," continued the landlady, "and her name is Aldama. She has a husband in France, and he is coming to see her pretty soon. She has been here nearly three months, and she has reached the top of the house. She commenced by living in the parlors over this one, but as her stock of money decreased she ascended, and she is now just under the roof. She has a pretty child, five years of age, and she is very beautiful herself."

"And what does she do all these long hours?"

"Oh," responded the other, "she tries her fate upon a little table with a pack of cards. It takes up her time, and it amuses her to decide something either one way or the other."

"Do you think she would like to come and visit me here?"

"Yes," replied the other, "I think she would."

"Then arrange it for us."

When the invited lady entered Madame's apartment, she found her in good spirits. She arose with great effort from her chair, and after poising herself she put out one of her small hands and smiled more warmly than she had upon any one. The lady pleased her.

She was small and pale, and she was dressed in black. Her rich hair adorned her head, not burdened it. Her coun-

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tenance betrayed a profound sadness of heart and at the same time a divine sweetness of spirit. The carriage of her head, the attitude of her body, and her very step, which was tardy and gentle, was that of one who had suffered deeply.

She advanced toward her aged hostess with the indescribable manner of one who flies to repose, or who hastens to a shelter.

The timid hand-clasp became a kiss; the kiss became an embrace; it was the confluence of two hearts; that of a mother, and that of a daughter.

There was a fire upon the hearth, and they sat down before it with their chairs close together. They entered at once upon that sudden intimacy which is obtainable only by perfect accordance. Nothing can equal the love generated by first glances.

On one hand the questions were, Why do you suffer so much? Why did you leave your home to come to this barren land? How much longer must you wait for relief? On the other: Why are *you* here? you who have been so great, so admired, so honored. What terrible disaster has befallen *you*, the divine baroness? tell me, so that I may take heart again.

By degrees the answers came from either side, and they were not given as answers, but as complete and voluntary expositions.

One said: "I am here because my husband has got tired of me. He has thrown away my fortune and has not loved me in return. The title of 'baroness,' I found, did not fill the heart. In all the glory of a life at court my spirit failed because I was alone. At home they believed I was happy, but it was a mistake, a great mistake. I followed my husband hither and thither, except when he bade me stay in my hotel, and I supplied him with money; that was enough for him. Now I learn that he is coming here in search of me; his letter says that he comes repentant, but I know that he comes poor. I am not desirous of meeting him again, even though I have possessed his name for a quarter of a century. Woman's constancy is famous, but man's villainy is more famous still. I am going to die here."

Madame indicated the bare room with a motion of her hand.

The Cuban told this much: "My husband is a Frenchman too."

"What, with the name of Aldama?"

"Yes," persisted the other, but with a blush. Madame noticed the blush and quietly reflected upon it. The story proceeded. "He came to Havana on a mission from his government. I met him at Puerto Principe. He was over forty years of age, and he was handsome, and his breast was covered with decorations. That delighted me. I married him; I left my home to do so, but we were married for all that. In one year he went away to France. He said the government wanted him, and I could not help thinking he was a great deal of a slave. But he wrote to me every month. Pretty soon there was a revolution in our country. Then I became poor, as the Spaniards seized our estates. I remained in Havana until I was warned away. Then I came here."

This was the substance of a long story delivered with a broken voice and in a broken tongue. Madame's eyes rested upon her with tenderness but with great persistence. Now and then she shed a few tears, and frequently a soft convulsion would stir her wrinkled face.

One day the poor girl placed her hand in that of her friend, and cried despairingly, —

"I weet for heem and he doos not coom. I grow tired, I tink he cheat mee, den I pray for deeth. My moder has gone away, my fader has gone away, and de cruel Spaniards, dey have shot my good broder — O mye! — O mye! — O mye! I loove my hoosband and my leetle babe, but dere is no one to loove me."

The young wife and the old wife mourned together. It became the daily custom for the Cuban to descend from her dismal garret to the warm parlors, with her child, and there to sit until night returned.

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Within Madame's bosom there had been generated an overwhelming suspicion. If it troubled her, she did not show it; if it occupied most of her thoughts, she concealed it beneath the surface.

She augmented her misery by a certain exchange of whispers with her visitor. On one occasion, after a long account of her disappointments, the recital of which had wrought her companion into a paroxysm of tears, and herself into a paroxysm of anger, she suddenly pressed her lips to the ear of her hearer and said,—

"They tell me, too, that he has married a countrywoman of yours: that, since my hair has grown white with the anguish I have endured, he has profaned his oaths. Can the spirit of affliction deal me another blow?"

"Dey make de same whisper to me," returned the other; "dey say dat I, too, have a rival, some greet leedy; but I try hard to sheck my heed."

This answered for verification. Madame held her breath for a moment, but she was a good soldier under a fire of surprises; she encountered shocks imperturbably. The face of her friend had grown terribly pale, an effect of her own words.

Madame now wished for proof positive. She waited for three days, until all was calm again. Then with great tact she induced the Cuban to describe her husband.

The Baron R—— was presented.

For the rest of the day Madame withdrew, and in the secrecy of her screened apartment she communed and debated with her inmost heart. First she considered her friend and her child; then she considered herself. She was grave, rigid, and motionless. She forgot her cards, her sugared water, her dinner; she omitted her prayers.

At dusk she called her servant; she had made up her mind.

On the next day she seemed to have grown younger by ten years; that is, during the first hours of her friend's presence. Her eyes were bright, her smile delightful, and her language quick and full of vivacious sentiment. She related many reminiscences of her life at the French court; of the well-known gay journey to Algiers, for instance, when the empress was most beautiful and the emperor was most an emperor. She detailed the fêtes and the banquets. She told what great personages sat on her right hand and who on her left hand. She laughed as she recalled the disputes concerning precedence. It amused her to remember the dresses that were worn and the dishes that were eaten. She gossiped with an odd intermingling of French and English, her light tongue catching at the titles and names of the *élégants* with curious pleasure.

Then again she would become graphic and vivid when she spoke, for example, of the march of a corps of the Grand Army before Napoleon and Changarnier just previous to the coup d'état. It seemed to her that that was a sublime moment; at first the cheers were timid and the eagles were barely drooped. It was a question whether the soldiers were for the old general or the politician. Napoleon on his horse was at one point; Changarnier was on his horse at another. Every new platoon was braver than its predecessor. The tumult swelled. It roared for the Imperialist. The great ladies who were there fluttered like birds; the uproar of drums and voices filled the air, and a *fanfare* of trumpets arose from all the field. It was on the night following that day that all the ministers were taken from their beds and thrown into prison.

Madame was pleased to see the rapt look which rested upon the listener's face at these recitals. She was bent upon making a sweet intimacy, a cheery confidence, a warm and keen sympathy between them. She wished to draw this young and tender heart close to her old one. She tried hard to smile and to be kind. She made curious little confessions of petty sins and weaknesses, she related her minute sorrows, she described her utmost pleasures, and at rare times she descanted by contrasts upon her deep afflictions.

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For example: one day when she seemed to be in good heart and when she looked her best in a black robe, she described an incident of her earlier life in France. She possessed a face of matchless dignity and delicacy of outline. Time had sharpened the profile, hollowed the cheek, lengthened the nostril, empurpled the region of the eye, but there remained the ashes of the incomparable flower; a visage already shaded by the coming repose, yet retaining the cast of the old perfection.

She took her friend's hand into her own with a smile. "My husband," said she, "was appointed the commandant of Fontainebleau, when the distribution of rewards was made to those who had espoused the cause of the emperor. The palace and gardens then needed a great deal of repair and alteration, and as soon as the place was made habitable we took up our quarters there. The palace received its name from a fountain of water which in former times had been celebrated for its sweetness and beauty, but which had been overgrown and lost during the many changes of ownership which the palace had experienced. It had been an ambition of the later occupants to rediscover this spring, which now was half fabulous, but all attempts had failed, and finally very few persons could be found who believed that it had ever existed.

"One bright afternoon nearly all of our little world was strolling in the gardens. There were a few gentlemen but a great many ladies, and we were all dressed for a little *fête champêtre* which was about to be given in honor of a Russian princess. I was a great favorite at that time; they admired the young *Americaine* and they made a pet of me. I was walking down a grassy mound with the Duchesse de B—— on one side and the Marchioness L—— on the other; we had our arms interlocked, and we were trying to skip together, laughing and shrieking all the while. I remember how full of birds the trees were, and how many millions of butterflies there seemed to be in the air. The atmosphere was filled with the perfume of the wide flower-beds, and the shadows of the great trees were so dark and cool that they seemed to be huge caverns opening into the ground. I think there must have been fifty of us, all half mad with our freedom, and all running here and there like school-girls. Suddenly we heard some gardeners who were digging in a spot where there had been a broad drive-way, crying out to the chamberlain who was riding by. They seemed very much excited. We stopped to listen, all the gay groups became silent, and all the bright colors which had been flying over the lawns stood still. From a long distance we thought we heard them shout: —

"'Oh la fontaine! La fontaine! La fontaine, c'est trouvée!'

"We looked at one another. The sounds were repeated. We clapped our hands, and I think I jumped up and down; then somebody began to run towards the spot. Somebody pulled upon my arm. It was the marchioness. Then the duchess began to dash off, then so did I. Then we all ran, princesses, countesses, ladies in waiting, dukes, and all. Oh what a mad race that was! You should have seen me, I ran the fastest. It was so much like a flock of silk geese of all colors. They screamed and laughed like children, and bent their heads down and flourished their skirts in the air as if they were just out of school. There was an old abbé with a gold cane, and two generals of our army; and they ran too. You should have seen the birds fly out of the shrubs in clouds as we rushed by. The grasshoppers jumped up into our faces and alighted on our dresses, and the locusts made a terrible hum. When we came to the end all red and panting, we found that it was true enough. The fountain had been discovered, and that was a great glory. There was a great stone basin, and an iron dipper still fastened with a rusty chain. Then we had splendid ceremonies; we had our little banquet served in the excavation they had made, and each of us dug a spade-full of earth from off the long-hidden treasure. And now," said

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Madame, bending her eyes upon her hearer's face, "and now tell me, should I not have been happy on such a day as that?"

"Yes, you should be happee!" replied the other, fervently.

Madame raised her hands to her mouth for an instant, and then swept one of them over her head. She transformed herself into a withered and haggard centenarian. She had robbed her mouth of its mock glories and her temples of the silvered rolls of hair. Her lips retreated, the lines of her cheeks became deep, the protuberances of her head became prominent, and in place of the cap, that graceful screen of deformity which always excites veneration, there was a skull which was red (as if it blushed) and which was thinly covered with a few white hairs, which fell on either side and which were gathered into a ball as small as a nut, behind.

The lady turned her eyes tranquilly upon the distressed and astonished countenance of her friend.

"Oh, whye deed you show mee!" exclaimed the other, burying her face in her hands.

"Look at me again," responded Madame in the sharp and unmelodious voice which was compelled by her condition. The other obeyed, and then sadly shaking her head she burst into tears. Madame called her maid, and in a moment or two she was restored to her usual appearance.

"I did that to show you what had been begun when I was the happy baroness who lived at Fontainebleau," said she, whispering in the ear of the weeping girl. "And I did it also to warn you. You may be attacked with a fierce heart-burn which may wither you as it has withered me, and I chose to show what such a heart-burn can do."

"What do you mean? do you speak to mee?" asked the other, in an agitated voice.

"Yes," was the response.

Madame caressed her with her hands, and with the undefinable manner of one who is about to administer a blow. "Do you love me?" she asked.

"Weeth mye whole heeart!" passionately replied the Cuban, pressing her cheek against that of her companion.

Madame produced a letter from her bosom and unfolded it carefully.

"This," said she before exhibiting it, "comes from the Baron R——, who is my husband. It announces to me that he has recently fought a duel with a political enemy, and that he will require twenty thousand francs to procure immunity from imprisonment. I have sent it to him and he will escape. He wrote this letter after our separation. After he has made me an alien, after he has robbed me of my peace and filled me with sorrow, he becomes an extortioner. After he has starved my spirit he begins to starve my body. Look at this letter; remember, it is from my husband."

Madame exhibited the paper, and at the same time she placed her arm about the Cuban's neck and pressed her lips to her hair. She encircled her in an attitude of sympathy and protection.

No sooner had the Cuban's eyes fairly rested upon the closely written page than she uttered a piercing scream and fell forward into Madame's lap, trembling in every limb. The other bent over her as if she were mourning for her.

There passed a moment of supreme silence; one of those calm periods which follow every blow, and which seem to be occupied by the entering of the new grief into the various chambers of the heart.

Presently the sufferer withdrew from beneath the hands of her friend and rose to her feet. She was pallid. She walked with an erect head towards the door. Gradually her pace increased. Then she hurried; she passed out into the hall and then she ran. Madame heard her fly up the stairs crying the name of her boy with increased wildness, until both the steps and the voice were lost in the distance.

For five hours Madame sat rigidly upright in her chair, gazing towards her

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little fire, but with eyes that saw nothing. Her hands were clasped upon her lap, her lips were immovably closed, and there had settled upon her features a placidity which, in the eccentric and varying light of the flames, seemed dreadful.

Her maid, impelled by increasing fear, finally disturbed her.

She aroused herself and said, —

"To-morrow you may dress me in the clothing you have laid aside; I have been told that the ship will arrive to-night. If it does, he will come to see me at once."

There came an interval of twenty hours. The two women conversed in whispers, as people do in cases where it is imagined that even a voice may disturb the poise of matters. The sweet-voiced bell of the clock transfixed them when it struck, and they gazed upon the tell-tale with startled eyes. They paused an hundred times at innocent noises from the street. The rumble of the hucksters' carts made them tremble; the steps of children filled them with terror.

At night-fall the baron arrived. He was announced. The maid lighted several candles, closed the broad shutters of the windows, and placed a seat beside the door; not a chair for a friend, but a chair for a stranger.

The Cuban uttered a long-drawn sigh and approached Madame, who was seated before the fire, calmly surveying the motions of the girl; she seated herself at Madame's feet and fixed her eyes upon the door.

Madame adjusted the nearest candles with her own hand, carefully arranged the pillows which supported her, and drew the folds of her dress so that it embellished her figure to its best degree. During these preparations it seemed as if the fire of youth had again descended upon her; her head arose, her eyes burned, and a new energy was imparted to all her motions.

The light fell upon the persons of the two ladies and also the chair beside the door. All the rest of the apartment was in partial obscurity. Madame bade the girl admit the visitor and then to withdraw.

There then ensued one of those moments whose intensity provokes the blood, oppresses the brain, and sharpens the ear and eye; one in which the walls seem to live, the timber-worms to crunch, and particles of dust to murmur as they float in the air.

A step approached. Madame's body was seized by a convulsion in spite of herself, and she closed her fingers upon the freezing hand of the Cuban.

There entered a slight man of medium height, whose hair was somewhat gray and whose bearing was that of a soldier. He wore a long gray coat, and he carried his hat and his cane in his hand. He had a quick eye, a small moustache, and a face of faultless outline.

He was easy but not careless. His glance rested for an instant upon the white and clear-cut visage of his aged wife, who regarded him steadfastly, and then he bowed deeply.

After an instant of quiet he again raised his eyes, and encountered those of the Cuban.

He retreated a step, parted his lips as if about to make an exclamation, raised his hand and his hat a few inches but here he caught himself. The man subsided again, and the courtier came to the surface. He bowed for the second time and remained in that position. He seemed to expect an outburst.

None came.

The two women in close embrace contemplated him as if he were an apparition. Their faces were outwardly illuminated by the candles, but their keen vitality emanated from within. Their features radiated upon the baron all the heats of sublime scorn; their eyes gave out flames of bitterness; their placid, waxen, and immovable visages emitted the very spirit of reproach, even though the smallest muscles lay undisturbed.

The profound silence was occupied by that subtle graduating of tempers which finally leads to speech; that un-

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conscious descent to a level where the heart may declare itself.

But Madame restrained the growing impulse; it seemed as if she were resisting a flood. She permitted only a few words to pass her lips. She addressed the baron:—

"You see that we two have encountered each other."

"Yes," replied the baron, in good English, and with an undisturbed voice, "I see that you are there."

"Then I presume that what appears to be true, is true?" inquired the wife.

"Perfectly," responded the other.

The hands of the two women clasped more tightly, and another significant pause ensued. The guest retained his position; he still kept his face secreted, and still presented the top of his head to the light. He did not move a hair's breadth; he seemed to take refuge behind himself.

Madame produced from beneath a napkin on the table a small decorated porcelain box, ornamented with elaborate edges of gilded metal. She placed it on the side of the table which was nearest the baron, saying at the same time in a soft and equable voice:—

"Here, Lucien, is something I desire to present to you. The box contains some jewels, and perhaps you, who are to remain in the world some time longer, may find them useful. They are the last I have, and I think they are valuable. Come and take them now, for I wish our connection to be severed by this final surrender of the remnant of the pillage. I cannot rise and give them to you. Come and take them."

The man, after an instant, advanced slowly with an easy tread. He laid his hand upon the box. He raised it an inch, but it slipped. His fingers trembled, though his face was immovable. His perturbation appeared, as it were, through a crevice.

He seized the casket a second time, and then he retired backwards to his first position. He smiled, and he now regarded the two women with a steady scrutiny. He rose superior to them; he had achieved his best object without a conflict, and he had encountered the worst that could possibly befall him; the door and his carriage were close at hand; France and Paris lay beyond. He had but to turn his back to rid himself forever of two disagreeables, therefore he looked leniently upon their final attacks.

The Cuban was prostrated; her sobs and sighs filled the air, and the convulsions of her face and hands afforded the only stir in the quiet apartment.

Madame's little flush of strength began to fade even after this short trial, and what suffering had done reappeared above what she had assumed. The scars which she had hidden came to the view again. Her back grew bowed, the hollow in her neck grew deep, her head nodded, and her hands shook from side to side in her lap.

She kept her eyes fixed upon her husband.

"We have come to the end, at last, Lucien," said she in a low and uncertain under-tone, "and for me nothing more remains. I have lived; I have performed my task; I have borne my burden; there are no more blows or joys to be given to me. But I am still alive; I have my senses and my reason. Let me see if I cannot do something more." (She looked down for an instant at the girl at her feet, and tenderly placed a hand upon her head.) "Yes," she continued, "I can prevent people from saying of this poor child, 'She and another are the wives of an adventurer.' How they may regard me does not matter now; I do not care; it is all one if they discover that I have no proof of my marriage. It pleases me to imagine I can vanish, and by so doing add to the reality of her position towards you. If they should say to her child, 'You come from a wrongful marriage,' he will be enabled to say, 'That is false.' I have not been a wife of yours for twenty years. The child you took and bore away and robbed of her fair life, and who now speaks, an old and haggard woman, declares that the obligations and spirit of her marriage were annulled long before you met this other unhappy

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one. She alone is your wife. The church records are nothing beside the convictions impressed by so much neglect and cruelty. What the ministers performed for us was the falsehood; to-day the truth becomes known to every one. I am about to perform a little act which is insignificant beside what I have declared, but which proves me to be sincere. I throw my marriage certificate into the fire."

This little touch of the drama was inspired by what was left of her old love of the surprising and the picturesque. She had married and unmarried with the baron with the same impulses.

She had thrown a folded paper upon the coals in spite of the Cuban's shriek and leap, and it had burned to ashes. Madame turned to her visitor again. There was an indescribable feebleness in the action. It seemed as if her eyes almost failed to penetrate to the corner where the baron stood.

"Remember always that you have but one wife. Forget me; I am nothing; I am going. The beautiful girl, the baroness, the old and garrulous complainer, are all passing away with me. I leave nothing behind, no child, no grief, no identity. I am lost from nowhere. The Lord has led me hither so that I might do one more service, and that being completed I must depart. You are going back to France; you are going among your old friends, and you will enjoy yourself. You will leave behind you a wife who will be a teacher of languages and a child whom you have never seen. Be careful that you do not act now so that your memory shall be a curse to you; be careful of" —

A sound was heard beside the door. Madame raised her hand to her forehead in order to shield off the light. The baron was going away.

He was slipping out. He was departing like a robber, careful of his steps and circumspect in his course. He was creeping away from difficulties and perplexities. The atmosphere of reproaches and obligations did not please him. He wanted to get into the sunshine again.

Madame suddenly struggled to rise. She grasped the arms of the chair with great haste. It was a contest with her infirmities. The Cuban assisted her.

She cried after the baron, who had gained the door, —

"But your wife here! You have not spoken to her! She" —

The baron looked back and shook his head with a smile: —

"Oh no, she wishes me away, and I am going."

Madame took a step forward with her head raised, uttering at the same time a sound which might have been taken equally well for a laugh or an outburst of grief.

"Then ask about your boy. Say something; leave some message! He is very beautiful; I am sure you would like to see him. His eyes are like his mother's, but his mouth — You would admire him; I do. What! will you not mention him? I will tell him faithfully. You will not? No?"

He disappeared in the dark hall.

Presently they heard him rattling at the bolts of the outer door.

Madame rushed forward with gathered strength. She cried in a terrible voice,

"Lucien! Lucien!"

As she reached the door of the apartment, her vigor spent itself. She seized the glistening bolt with both hands and listened with protruding eyes and parted lips. The noise of the closing of the outer door resounded like thunder.

Madame whispered to the Cuban with such intensity that the chamber was filled with the voice, —

"He has gone! he has gone!"

The Cuban caught her as she was about to fall, and laid her in her lounging-chair.

Madame's death occurred twelve hours after the departure of her husband. In an interval of reason she arranged that the small income of a certain unconvertible property that she possessed should be devoted to the support and education of her husband's child. She was unable to do more than this. As she was finally sinking back

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into the arms of her beloved companion, she was partially aroused by a rapid jarring of her frail bed. This was caused by the porters, who were piling trunks in the hall.

The Cuban rained tears upon the shrunken face, and clasped the stiffened hands to her bosom. One wreck vanished; another began its crippled journey.

The grave of Madame is at Greenwood. It is designated by a square tablet which has been thrown on one side by the frosts. Upon it is her maiden name. It obliges the beholder to think that she died unmarried. Beside it is an enormous pile of white marble reared to the memory of a politician. People gather every day to inspect the monstrous construction, for it cost an immense sum, and to see it in all its aspects they are compelled to trample the earth over the adjacent grave; therefore when the weather is bad there is a little bog in front of the stone, and when the day is hot there is a surface of powdered dust. The violets placed there never live the day out; they are pulverized with the earth, though they are as often renewed.

Albert Webster, Jr.

COUNTERPARTS.

If one in some far future should discover
The secret of the counterparts of things,
How bodiless, yet visible, they hover
On the dim verge where Form to Essence clings;
If one should find the hill-side and the river,
The viny ledges and the orchards fair,
The girdling wood, and over all aquiver
The voiceful blue and glory of the air
Just as we found them on those May-morns rare, —

Would all be phantoms? Would a breath undo them?
Would the dove sing, or we but dream he sang?
Would grasses hint where April rains dript through them?
Would blossoms fall, or tranced in mid-air hang?
What if *that* were the base of *this* our dreaming?
The True, foreshadowed here on eye and heart,
The lovelier substance of this lovely seeming,
The golden Real, which, by some subtle art,
Builds its sweet semblance here, in counterpart?

Helen Barron Bostwick.

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RECENT LITERATURE.[1]

NOTHING could be *handier* to say than that Mr. Aldrich's strength is in writing short stories: that follows with such fascinating obviousness from the fact that he has written them successfully! But this convenient criticism is not the whole truth, for in Prudence Palfrey he has shown the same skill in maneuvering his figures on the ample field of a novel that entertained us in such miniature romances as Marjorie Daw and Mademoiselle Zabriski. Indeed, if the public, — which does not like to have an author do two things well, and is fond of saying that one had better stick to his verse or his prose, or his essays or his sketches, or his short stories or his long stories, when he tries to please in a new way, — if the public would reflect (it is asking a good deal), we think it must own that Mr. Aldrich has fairly earned the right hereafter to please it as he pleases. Perhaps the public has read his new romance with too great expectation of being duped, at the end, and has done him the injustice of looking for a lighter effect than he intended; something of the sort was inevitable from its past experience of him; but we believe he would rather value himself upon the success with which he consistently works out the character of Dillingham, than on surprising the reader finally with the fact that Dillingham and Nevins are the same. Call that rogue by either name, he is the finest and firmest figure in the story; and we think he is better as Nevins than as Dillingham. The glimpses we get of him in the mining camp suggest a personage that we should like to know better in his proper quality of rascal; and those scenes in the far West seem fresher than the passages of life at Rivermouth: it may be that in the atmosphere of clerical delinquency we do not get quite away from the stories of Dr. Holmes, which deal with like sinners. Mr. Aldrich is apt, if anything, to be over-literary, to see life through a well-selected library window; but he has broken a whole sash

[1] *Prudence Palfrey.* A Novel. By T. B. ALDRICH. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

The Wetherel Affair. By J. W. DEFOREST. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1874.

Mose Evans. A Plain Statement of the Remarkable Facts in his Case. By WILLIAM M. BAKER. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

Some Women's Hearts. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1874.

Ivan Turgénieff's Spring Floods. Translated from the Russian by Mrs. SOPHIE MICHELL BUTTS. *A Lear of the Steppe.* Translated from the French by WILLIAM HAND BROWNE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and other Stories. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Company. 1874.

Desperate Remedies. A Novel. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

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in getting a look into the western mountains, and has made so strong a sketch of the place and people that we wish in his next story he would step quite out of doors.

Very likely it is because New England village-life has been so often and so minutely painted that we find the people of Rivermouth somewhat conventional. At any rate they give us little surprise, in the way they are many of them presented, casually, slightly, more for the purpose of moving the story forward and of working the machinery, so to speak, than that of interesting us in them severally. This stricture will not apply to the more deliberately studied persons. Of Parson Hawkins, though he is slightly caricatured, like most of the village people, is an excellent portrait in the first and second chapters; and the scene of the two deacons remorsefully coming to tell him of his dismissal is affectingly and humorously done. There are also flashes of witty observation that light up a whole condition of things in the good-naturedly, impudently curious village world, as when Mr. Stebbins says, "I see Capen Chris Bell at Seth Wiggins's this mornin'; he bought that great turkey of Seth's, and six pounds of steak right off the tender-loin. Guess he expects his brother-in-law's family down from Boston." Another condition of things, as amusing, is as wittily suggested in the comments of Sam Knubley on the village aristocrats who are "eternally shinning up the family tree. There 's old Blydenburgh, who 's always perching himself on the upper branches, and hurling down the cocoa-nuts of his ancestors at common folks."

We hardly know whether the pretty Miss Prue herself shares the defect which we have perhaps only imagined in some other Rivermouth people. After a certain time of life the reader feels towards the heroine of a romance as calmly as the upright man feels towards his neighbor's handsome wife; he is willing the hero should have her; and it is the rarest thing for him to be moved to impassioned covetousness about her. Miss Prudence has traits of a veritable girlhood; it is but too sadly natural that her heart should waver in its true allegiance, when she finds Dillingham at first indifferent and then devoted, and, above all, wanted by all the other girls! She gives you the sense of a pretty, sufficiently willful, sufficiently obedient, natural, good-hearted girl, and that is as much as one ought to ask of any heroine. John Dent is not always perfectly accounted for in his movements and delays and long silences; but he escapes conventionality of character; he has a substance and being of his own; and he comes out freshly in the last scenes. His uncle, however, is too much like the unreally actuated uncle of comedy. Here, indeed, in the absence of due motive on the part of the elder Dent, is the weak point of the plot, and not in the imposture of Dillingham. The newspapers and the records of the law are too full of histories of successful imposture for us to say that a wolf in shepherd's clothing might not occupy the pulpit of a New England country town half a year without being found out. Besides, certain premises must be granted the story-teller; and after all, the reader will do well to remember that a novel is not a true narrative. It is testimony in favor of the general life-like character of Mr. Aldrich's fiction that there have been bitter complaints against him on this point. "Dear friends," he might make answer, "no such thing happened, but it was necessary to my scheme for your amusement that we should suppose it did. The ghost really did not walk, in Hamlet; there are no such things in nature as the three weird sisters; the two Dromios were not so like but you could tell them apart; but fiction is full of these suppositions; and if you want to pin me down to facts, I must own that no part of my story happened: it is all make-believe from beginning to end." And for our part we contend that in this matter he has preserved the internal harmony and proportion of his own invention: the only sort of consistency that can be fairly exacted of a romancer.

We say romancer, because in spite of the title-page, and of many aspects of a novel in setting and local circumstance, Prudence Palfrey is hardly a novel. It is told in that semi-idyllic key, into which people writing stories of New England life fall so inevitably that we sometimes think a New England *novel* is not possible; that our sectional civilization is too narrow, too shy, too lacking in high and strong contrasts, to afford material for the dramatic realism of that kind of fiction. Hawthorne renounced and denounced the idea of such a thing; we all know how Mr. Hale in his bright sketches immaterializes his good, honest, every-day facts; Dr. Holmes's fictions are rather psychological studies than

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novels: in fact, the New England novel does not exist. Mr. Aldrich is nearer giving it in Prudence Palfrey than anybody else, but he does not give it.

In execution his methods are still largely those of an essayist, if we may distinguish execution from construction. This was true always of Thackeray; it may be said to be true of the whole English school of fiction, in which the author of the scene permits himself to come forward and comment on the action and on things in general, and subordinate the drama to himself. Whether this is the best art or not, we must confess that its results are delightful when the author happens to be a man of singular wittiness, as Mr. Aldrich is. He is always the most charming personality in the book; we would rather hear him speak than anybody else. "The Bannock tribe had an ugly fashion of waylaying the mail, and decorating their persons with canceled postage-stamps. . . . If Dillingham had been a centipede he could not have worn out the slippers (bestowed by the young ladies of his church); if he had been a hydra, he could not have made head against the study caps. . . . Miss Veronica Blydenburgh, who had flirted in a high-spirited way with various religious professions. . . . I have encountered two or three young gentlemen in the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts who seemed to have the idea that *they* were killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. . . . A No kept on ice for a twelvemonth could not have been colder. . . . Exit Larkin, lined with profanity," — the book abounds in strokes of a humorous and witty fancy. Indeed, we think nothing wittier, using the word in a strict sense, has been written in this country, if we except three books of Dr. Holmes's.

— Mr. Aldrich is an essayist of the finest New England type in his regard for literary form; he means that every point of his work shall shine; he is a poet, writing prose with the minute carefulness of verse, and often producing the true lyrical effects in his romance. Mr. DeForest, who has recently given us The Wetherel Affair, is more in earnest about making a novel, and so far he is really the only American novelist. We have before this discussed his merits, and we shall not enlarge upon them now. His field is wide, and it is not preferably New England, though great part of the action of The Wetherel Affair takes place in the New Yorkized section of New England, and one of the characters — the rich old Wetherel whom the young adventurer, the Polish count, murders for his money — is a true Puritan type. This old man is the finest conception of all; he is imagined with the seriousness that gave us Colonel Kershaw in Kate Beaumont, and that goes far to neutralize a certain harsh, rank flavor to be tasted in the DeForest novels. His coldness, his sort of stony stillness of surface with the attenuated tenderness underneath, his bleak religiosity and his fine, solemn, scripturalized phraseology; his uncouth ways, — skipping the bits of chicken off his fork on to the plates of his guests, — his unlovely excellence of character, are extremely well caught, and the portrait is full of artistic repose and mellowness. The missionary's daughter, Nestoria, whom old Wetherel's spendthrift, disinherited nephew falls in love with, is sweetly indicated, but she is not sufficiently *motivée* in her career after her lover is suspected of the murder she sees done by the count. Alice and her mother are vastly better: in fact we find them altogether admirable and true. The mother is that reserve of sense and heart still preserving American society, and the daughter is the dashing, bright, reckless, New Yorky girl whom serious-minded Americans deplore — and marry, when they can. She is a fool by her social education, but a person of the hardest common-sense by nature; and she is charming. She will have the count, though all her friends unite in proving him a swindler; when his bills come to her mother by mistake before the marriage, she raves, she storms in a good, honest, vulgar fashion, but she has character enough to tear the love out of her heart at one wrench — and she wants the count thrashed. The count is well drawn and not overdrawn; so is young Wetherel, who comes to the honest Puritan stuff in himself when he falls in love on his last dollar; — the dandification of himself and Wolverton is one of the casual bits of painting that please us in the book. Some minor persons are so good that we are sorry to have them slightly treated — Lehming, Bowder, and Miss Jones, who is quite inexcusably caricatured. In fact The Wetherel Affair, as compared with Miss Ravenel's Conversion, and Kate Beaumont, is nothing but a superb sketch. It reads easily, however, and the interest mounts to intensity before the end, which one foresees, and it is full enough of strong, manly

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talent to make the fortunes of a dozen ordinary story-writers.

— Mose Evans has many of the traits which stand out in such strong relief in Mr. Baker's former books, A Chronicle of Secession, and The New Timothy. There is the same intense localization, — the thing is southern-southwestern; it could not possibly be mistaken for anything else, — and the life, whether humorously or tragically treated, is viewed with the same religious feeling. There is no austerity in Mr. Baker's mood, but great earnestness and elevation. It is surprising what a grip he gets of his rugged characters; and he turns their good points to the light, and reveals their hidden tenderness with a delicate skill that none can surpass. Odd Archer, in this story, is an instance of the humane and liberal spirit of Mr. Baker's art; the gifted and reprobate blackguard is painted in all his amusing odiousness, and yet it is never forgotten that he has a heart and a conscience, and these finally save him. A complete contrast is the other type of Southerner, General Throop. He is seen less from the outside than Mr. DeForest's Colonel Kershaw; but he is almost as reverend and impressive; the limitations of his breeding and venerableness are as subtly indicated as those of Archer's depravity; he seems to us the ideal "high-toned Southern gentleman" of the old school. Mose Evans must have been vastly more difficult to manage, because he is an individual and not a type. But he is well managed, and is presented in a simple strength that is very striking. Like the rest of Mr. Baker's people he is seen as well as felt, and he stands in the story, a stately presence of manhood, naturally good and wise and noble. It is fine how his love for Agnes Throop became part, not of his religious emotion — that is always nauseating — but of his religious conviction: if Christ died for him she can love him, and he goes about to make himself worthy. We would willingly have seen less of him in his intellectually regenerate state. He does not lose grandeur, but it is not good art in Mr. Baker to task his reader so heavily as he does with the realization of Mose Evans in his new estate. A glimpse of him, some characteristic hint of what he became, we think would have been better than the elaborate picture that is given, though this, too, is interesting. So, also, we think the effect of the story would have gained if those long letters of Agnes Throop's at the end could have been condensed and presented in some brief, strong, direct expression of the author's. In fact, it appears to us that the conception of the narration is always a burden to the story. Mr. Baker sacrifices his reader's comfort altogether too much to the verisimilitude of the land agent's style. If that character must tell the story, his style could have been indicated and then quietly dropped after a chapter or two; it is very tiresome to have him backing and filling, and coming in and going out, and weaving a sometimes impenetrable mesh of parentheses throughout the whole book. The worst of it is that all the people of the story catch the trick of his style — even Miss Throop writes like him.

The women are less surprisingly good than the men in Mose Evans. Mrs. Throop and Mrs. Evans are the best of them; but the others, though not so tangible, are thoroughly imaginable. Agnes Throop is at least a new and high type of heroine; and the story is an entirely new love-story. In being a love-story it differs from Mr. Baker's former books, and it greatly advances his place amongst American authors.

— Mrs. Moulton's stories, though brief tales for the most part, are united in a common purpose of exemplifying the vicissitudes of women left, by accident of one kind or another, to shift for themselves. The heroines represent various classes, and various temperaments; and there is a good deal of suggestiveness in the different problems with which they find themselves obliged to deal; in none more so than in that of the tale called Twelve Years of My Life. A young woman, compelled to earn her living as a shop-girl (the daughter of a literary man who had died very poor), makes acquaintance with a man of high character, who has separated from a capricious wife, and who comes to love our heroine, to whom he confesses both his passion and his antecedents, with the prayer that at least she will let him aid her in her poverty, out of the abundance of his own means. Having already become attached to him, before this announcement, she now hastens away, to avoid a proximity which has thus become intolerable to her; falls in with his wife, who, she finds, has recognized and repented her past follies; becomes her friend, and instructress to her children; and eventually reunites husband and wife, consigning herself to the life-long drudgery of a teach-

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er, remote from both, notwithstanding their entreaties for her to remain with them. Little Gibraltar, too, portrays the pathos of a young girl's situation, who finds a widower — the father of a school-mate — in love with her, herself returning the sentiment; yet feels the barrier of the former wife's invisible presence between them, and will not break through it, though the refusal results in the widower's speedy decline and death. There is a fantastic and supernatural strain in this, distinct from anything else in the book. We place it above the other tales, for artistic handling. The longest of the set, Fleeing from Fate, has the disadvantage of being too short for a novel and a little too long for its present purpose, but is concisely treated. Household Gods we like for its greater brightness and cheeriness, and because it contains less of painfulness than some of the others. The book is not wanting in pretty and ingenious incident, although sometimes death, sickness, financial disaster, and meetings of particular persons at the right times and places, run rather in the track of conventional expedient. Mrs. Moulton's style is clear, careful, quiet, and her method of story-telling is wholesome in its simplicity and reserve. The book is distinguished by superior fibre; all the stories are earnest; and there is a fine confidence shown in the interest and satisfactoriness of love-episodes as subjects for artistic treatment. Everything is told with a straightforwardness often imparting a singular sense of verisimilitude; and this quality of her art, with her underlying moral clearness and love of principle, makes Mrs. Moulton a welcome addition to the list of our story-tellers.

— Although Spring Floods has been mentioned in our notices of French and German literature, we must recur to it, *apropos* of the English version now published, and express again our feeling of its great power. Nowhere else do we believe the terribleness of a guilty passion has been so nakedly and unsparingly portrayed, and rarely can the beauty of the lawful love it ruins have been so sweetly touched. It is an awful tragedy, far beyond the power of any comment to impart; the reader must go to the book itself for a full sense of the fatal spell that binds the weak-willed but well-purposed hero, and the intolerable shame and despair to which it leaves his wasted life. Maria Nikolaevna is a creation before which such capricious wantons as Irene and Varvara Pavlovna seem pale and thin: she has no caprices, she is the incarnation of wicked force, of infernal freedom, of unpitying lust of power; she does not for an instant falter, or repent, or regret; yet monstrous as she is, you do not feel that she is a monstrosity, but something quite within the range of human nature. She is so great and impressive a figure, that one almost forgets that there is any one else in the book: the pure and true Gemma whom Sanin abandons for her, the operatically heroic, true-hearted Pantaleone, the simple, adoring boy Emilio, who pins his faith to Sanin, and who is perhaps the most pathetic victim of Sanin's helpless treachery. It seems to us the greatest book yet written by Turgénieff, whose name the literary history of our century must inscribe, with that of Hawthorne, high above all others who have dealt with the problem of evil.

— Mr. Cooke's Pretty Mrs. Gaston is an innocent little story of about the consistency of what, not altogether in compliment, is called a magazine-story. The scene is laid in Virginia, and although the fox in that region is hunted in a formal fashion and not shot at from behind a stone wall, as in less favored climes, the familiar passions of love and jealousy, and their accompaniments, pique and bantering, have as much to do with the story as with others of the same calibre. The simpleness of the tale will not allow the slight plot to be told; we can only darkly say that villainy is baffled, and that there are three happy marriages at the end of the book. To reach this conclusion we have thirty-nine chapters, and but two hundred and twenty-three by no means closely printed pages, so that the reader is tolerably sure of having his first impression of the child-like innocence of the novel confirmed by its outward appearance. The little tales at the end are very slight matters.

— It is right to say to such readers of ours as formed hopes of all Mr. Hardy's work from A Pair of Blue Eyes, that Desperate Remedies is hardly worth their reading. The heroine has the charm of girlish naturalness that he contrives to impart to all his women, and there are strong expressions of character in other persons of the story. But they are not mastered by his imagination; they feebly change into something else, at times; and the plot is a wearisome confusion of motives and purposes, in which there is little color or definiteness or probability.

— Under the somewhat general title of Philosophers and Fools, Miss Duhring has

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collected nine essays on various subjects, such as Who are Wicked? Antagonistic People, Finding our Level, Romance versus Criticism, Man and Woman, etc., which, it will be observed, cover quite as much ground as is implied in the name of the book. With so wide a field one cannot expect to find a great deal of novelty that shall be interesting. There is a not unfamiliar ring about the following apostrophe: "Inexplicable art thou, O Amor! We cannot trust thee wholly, and yet are forced to acknowledge thee all-potent in moving hearts hither and thither at thy lawless will and roving fancy! So arbitrarily are thy delights and torments dispensed, that those who at one period most eagerly seek thy grace, at another strive most earnestly to elude thy presence. How utterly incapacitated for the ordinary work of life are thy votaries! . . . Mischievous god! Well symbolized by an innocent little child whose blindness makes him the more harmless, he first attracts and then tyrannizes, so deftly, that even the proudest is finally compelled to submit to his yoke."

There are numerous quotations from various authors: Goethe, Schiller, Ruskin, Shelley, De Quincey, Dr. Furness, Victor Hugo, Emerson, Héloïse and Abelard, Rousseau, Carlyle, Bulwer, Sainte-Beuve, G. H. Lewes, Hawthorne, Voltaire, Sir James Mackintosh, Locke, Landor, Mirabeau, Lord Jeffrey, Spielhagen, Dr. Johnson, De Tocqueville, Michelet, Dryden, Horace Walpole, Alfieri, Leigh Hunt, Madame de Staël, Thoreau, Balzac, Fichte, Helps, Pope, Charles Lamb, Grote, Montaigne, Herbert Spencer, and Burns, a list which serves to corroborate the opinion, formed from the general tone of the book, that the author was a wide reader. The art of writing about so vague a subject as human nature consists, in a great measure, in putting well-worn thoughts in a new setting; this approach to merit is hardly to be found in this book, and there is not enough newly-discovered truth to lighten up the somewhat verbose statement of what has been thought out and uttered already time out of mind. It is hardly more than a dilution of not very startling remarks: that genius has its duties; that love is powerful; that fiction, if not taken to excess, is salutary; that wisdom is better than folly, etc., etc. Three hundred and fifty pages are devoted to the expression of these truths, but the quotations are often pat and readable.

— Since we announced in The Atlantic the appearance of Mrs. Ellis's Life and Works of Mrs. Barbauld, another Life and Works of the authoress has appeared in England. It is written by Mrs. LeBreton, a niece of Mrs. Barbauld, and if we may judge by the notices of it in the English newspapers, it is not a performance which will make Mrs. Ellis regret the time so diligently employed on her own book. The Athenæum, in an article supplementing a review of Mrs. LeBreton's biography, speaks of Mrs. Ellis's book, which had not reached England when that review was written, as a careful and conscientious study, and declares that no allusion to Mrs. Barbauld in the literature of her time seems to have escaped the industrious research of her American biographer, adding that it is to be regretted Mrs. LeBreton could not have made as good use of her more abundant material as Mrs. Ellis has made of what she has been able to collect. Certainly it seems a thing to be regretted that the two ladies could not have joined forces, and, instead of two books, given us one complete biography. In its review of Mrs. LeBreton's book the writer in The Athenæum charged that lady with concealing certain facts relative to Mr. Barbauld — his insanity, the misery it brought to his wife, and his melancholy end by suicide. The writer spoke with such assurance as to these facts that it was difficult not to believe he had some private means of information; later, in noticing Mrs. Ellis's book, he blamed her for a similar reticence, and it certainly seemed on his showing as if biographical truth had been sacrificed by both writers to an unwillingness to make public what might hurt some private feelings. But we think it may be shown that whatever explanation Mrs. LeBreton may have to offer for her sins of omission, Mrs. Ellis had a better reason than a merely sentimental one for not dwelling upon the mental peculiarities of Mr. Barbauld. She no doubt felt that in her distinct mentions of his insanity (see pp. 240, 249, 261, and 264) all had been said that was necessary, and though she could have told perhaps as many disagreeable and even painful anecdotes to prove the peculiarities of his disposition as would have fully satisfied her critic, yet we must conclude it was after due consideration that she came to the decision it could add nothing to the real value of her book as a sketch of Mrs. Barbauld, to relate minutely all the phases of her husband's insanity.

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The Athenæum speaks with great contempt of Mr. Barbauld, and among other charges calls him a Frenchman. This would, of course, be damaging if it were true, but the fact is that he was born in England, of a family settled many years in England, his grandfather having been brought to that country when a boy. (See Mrs. Ellis's Life, p. 54.) His insanity did not develop until late in life, and even then took the harmless enough turn of a passion for scrubbing his body, in which purification he would spend entire days. It can never be known whether his death by drowning in the New River — a brick-walled canal made out of the little river of that name by Sir Hugh Middleton to supply water to London — was accidental or suicidal. And there being no proof of suicide, Mrs. Ellis, who, when in England, took great pains to investigate every part of her subject, wisely, as we think, abstained from expressing a decided opinion.

When she was in England, Mrs. Ellis had much conversation with Mr. James Martineau, the Carpenters, Mr. Crabb Robinson, and Mrs. LeBreton on the subject of Mr. Barbauld, and the result of her inquiries left her in no doubt as to the greater wisdom of what we may call a conservative treatment of the subject. Mr. Barbauld was an eccentric man all his life, but when we consider his great success as a teacher, his pleasant relationship with the Aikens, — who gave up to Mrs. Barbauld and him one of their children for absolute adoption, — and his long and blameless ministry in the Christian church, we cannot think of him as a man properly to be called insane, and if he did finally become so it was not worth while saying more about it than Mrs. Ellis has said. Perhaps it is not being uncharitable to trace the animus of the writer in The Athenæum to that old jealousy of Mrs. Barbauld, or rather of her success and influence, which, according to the testimony of more than one of the distinguished people who knew her well, and were till lately living to tell us about her, was excited in the Aikens, and which is believed to have colored Miss Lucy Aiken's Life of her aunt. There seems little reason to doubt that she could have written a better Life if she had wished. Unfortunately, Miss Lucy Aiken bears a not very pleasant character; she seems to have had an uncomfortable temper, she was jealous of her aunt, and she did not like Mr. Barbauld. It would seem, then, as if the spurt of angry flame in The Athenæum might be nothing more than the result of a breath blown upon forgotten embers, that would have died a natural death if they could have been left to themselves.

— Beaten Paths run through such well-traveled lands as England, France, and Switzerland, and it is much to the author's credit that she has written so entertaining a book about them. As we make out, she is one of seven unprotected American females who spend their summer vacation in Europe together, and have what they would call, out of print, — and on small provocation, in it, — a real good time. Their experiences are as courageously recorded as they were encountered, and part of the amusingness of the book is the innocent wit with which the fair travelers confront the social prejudices of continental Europe. It is indeed very brightly written, and if brightness is not wisdom always, why neither is dullness, of which we never have to complain in our author. Still, if a friendly pen could have been drawn through some of the wittiest passages of the book, it would have been better for her: things in the cold black and white of literature are different from the same things airily laughed at in company that one knows familiarly. By and by the ladies will learn this, — or their critics will learn to judge them more generously. We believe that Americans in Europe are generally more than ready to sympathize with "the fair, the old," in that venerable museum, and Mrs. Thompson does so very brightly and intelligently, and always originally.

— Many of our readers will recall the interesting article of Mr. Sumner's in an early number of this magazine, which forms the groundwork of his monograph, Prophetic Voices concerning America. In this later form it contains many additional extracts, and, as it stands, it was intended by the late senator to be his contribution to the rapidly approaching celebration of the hundredth birthday of our nation. Many of the quotations to be found in the book are of undeniable interest, but many too, it is to be said, share the obscurity which for a long time has belonged to more formal prophetic utterances, and require to be read with the eye of faith. As a whole, however, they form an interesting collection of detached sentences, showing sometimes actual political acuteness, as was the case with Turgot, John Adams, and others. On the other hand, when in Sir William Jones's Ode on the Nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorp and

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Miss Lavinia Brigham, eldest daughter of Charles Lord Lucon, March 6, 1781, we read, —

"There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel;
And when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging steel!
Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And arts that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every Grace and Muse,
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams diffuse,"

one is less struck by the political foresight of the writer, than by the somewhat singular mention of our own country. There is the same vagueness to be noticed in some other of the prophetic voices; a few, too, yet require time for their fulfillment, as well as that about the youth of Delaware kneeling to the throne of Virtue. It is an interesting volume because it contains so many different verdicts from different points of view, and not one is dull, although they are of varying importance.

— The Board of Health continues its exemplary literary activity, and gives us this year a volume of 550 pages full of useful matter. There is not much original scientific work represented, Professor Nichols's thorough and admirable paper on the condition of some Massachusetts rivers being the only one of this kind, unless we include the report by Dr. Upham on cerebro-spinal meningitis, in which a very painstaking and full collection of facts has been made, without, however, any important conclusions flowing from them. In the other papers knowledge already in existence is collected and put into a diffusible form, for the enlightenment of the public mind — surely one of the most important duties of a Board of Health. The articles on the health of our farmers, and on school hygiene, with those on the hygienic prevention of consumption, and the "political economy of health," will be most widely read. The first one is full of information and sound suggestion. It would appear that the farmers are unusually healthy and long-lived as a class, but that their wives and children are less so — and that to a great extent, as regards the wives, the causes of this are preventible by intelligence. The most important suggestion, it seems to us, in the paper on school hygiene by Dr. Winsor, is that relative to "half-time," the name given in England "to a system of schooling provided by law for children employed in factories and workshops. By means of it the children have secured to them for daily instruction one half the number of hours spent in the government schools by children not at manual work. It has been in operation about thirty years, and full reports of its working, made by competent and faithful official inspectors, are to be found in parliamentary documents. . . . A most unexpected result of it has been to prove that these half-time scholars learn quite as much as the children who are in the same schools twice as many hours a day." An English correspondent says: "The study is a pleasing diversion from the workshop. The teacher, instead of losing a large part of his time in more or less unsatisfactory attempts to get his class into working order, finds boys already brought to order by the discipline of the shop. Each department helps the other and yet is a relaxation to the other. Probably a half-timer will learn as much in a fifteen minutes' lesson as a common scholar would in thirty minutes." This from the greater vivacity of attention, of course. The paradox tends to vanish if we reflect that all new learning, if it is to remain in the mind, must have a chance to *settle* there and be digested. Every man knows that if he is reduced from any cause, say, bad eyesight, to one hour of daily study instead of six, he nevertheless learns much more than one-sixth of his former allowance. Six months with one hour are far more than an equivalent of one month with six hours daily, from the fact that what is taken in during the one hour settles distinctly and thoroughly into the mind during the following twenty-three hours; whereas if five other hours of study succeeded it, it would be jostled and shaken in confusion and dimness. What is true of men is almost as true of the minds of children. Too much in a day breeds confusion and is worse than too little. It is true that but little new matter might be given daily, and the extra hours devoted to iteration — and between this and "half-time" a theoretical comparison is rather difficult to make. Half-time, to be successful, no doubt calls for higher qualities in the teacher. It should be tried by parents and teachers in this country on a larger scale than heretofore. Any reader who desires more information on the subject will find it in Dr. Winsor's paper, beginning with page 419.

Dr. Jarvis's paper on the political economy of health is full of interesting statistical and other information, chopped up after the execrable newspaper fashion into little paragraphs with semi-exclamatory headings, as if the reader needed an artificial spur every

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few lines to make him go on. He gives a table of the proportions of the sustaining to the dependent classes in different countries. The sustainers are those between the ages of twenty and seventy; all others are classed as dependents. We learn from this table what, in view of a rather wide-spread doubt as to the physical future of the *homo americanus*, is cheerful news to us, that of all the countries given, Vermont has the largest percentage (4.50) of inhabitants over seventy years old, Norway and France coming next. Massachusetts, with 2.80, stands above England, but below Scotland. Prussia has 2.03. The whole United States but 1.80, below which however are still Ireland and Spain. Dr. Jarvis goes through the usual exhibit of the waste involved in all sickness and in premature death, and accounts a dead child as having been a consumer pure and simple — who has never paid his debt. Abstraction made of the moral side, the child is of course nothing but a consumer. But there are forces that no political economist can measure; and while the child lived, were it but three years, he was a producer of prudence, industry, and energy in his father. The hours his mother spent in caring for him when ill and dying are certainly a pure loss economically, but, as Professor Lazarus of Berne says, what statistician can count the mother's gain of moral depth and force during those very hours, as they raised her from the cheating play of life up to the gates of eternity? And so of invalidism and old age: they do not only consume, but call forth what but for them would hardly exist, unenvying devotion, grateful piety. And, as the same author says: "The sentiment of filial piety, kept alive in a nation, is a moral power worth many economic values."

— Amid the long intellectual silence induced at the South by the exhaustion of the war, it is with pleasure that we welcome the publication of the lectures on religion and science recently delivered at Oakland, California, by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, formerly of the University of South Carolina, and one of the most accomplished of American naturalists. These lectures were not written for publication, but were delivered extemporaneously and taken down *verbatim*, by a reporter provided for the purpose by some gentlemen who had first heard them in a small Bible-class, and who wished to have them repeated to a larger audience and afterward published.

In the preface to the work, the author says: "I fear I may not entirely please either the mere scientist on the one hand, or the mere theologian on the other;" and as regards the former, his fear is not without foundation, for the term scientist or *savant* does and can mean nothing else, *per se*, than skeptic — he, that is, who approaches all subjects with doubt, and with the disposition to accept nothing that cannot be indisputably proved. Professor Le Conte, on the contrary, assumes his premises to begin with, and addresses his hearers always as his "Christian friends." He says, "Theism, or a belief in God, or in gods, or in a supernatural agency of some kind controlling the phenomena around us, is the fundamental base and condition of all religion, and is therefore universal, necessary, and intuitive. I will not, then, attempt to bring forward any proof of that which lies back of all proof, and is already more certain than anything can be made by any process of reasoning. . . . The region of second causes, and this only, is the domain of science. . . . But the recognition of second causes cannot preclude the idea of the existence of God. If in tracing the chain of causes upward, we stop at any cause, or force, or principle, that force or principle becomes for us God, since it is an efficient agent controlling the universe. Thus we cannot get rid of Theism if we would. Turn it out, as we may do, in its nobler forms as revealed in Scripture, and it comes in again upon us from another quarter in its ignoble forms, it may be magnetism, electricity, or gravity, or some other supposed efficient agent controlling nature. In some form, noble or ignoble, it will become a guest in the human heart. I therefore repeat, *Theism neither requires nor admits of proof.*" The modern scientific man, however, keeps his mind suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, neither believing nor disbelieving, but simply looking upon religion as a problem without sufficient data to invite scientific investigation. Professor Le Conte lays it down as a "law of our nature to pass from effects and secondary causes up to the first cause," or "from the objects of *sense* to the object of *faith*;" but many scientific men ask calmly, "Why must there be a *first?*" But the burden of disproof rests with the skeptics, not the burden of proof with the believers.

As one of the latter, Professor Le Conte does not hesitate to avow himself. Indeed, he says on p. 233, "I believe it is the duty of every scientific man who is also a lover of his fellow-men, to attempt to restore again the faith which he himself, perhaps,

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has helped to destroy, and to build again its foundations upon a more solid, enduring, and rational basis;" and the object of his lectures was to show that there is "a general accordance between the teachings of Scripture and the teachings of nature," that "the truths revealed in the one are also revealed in the other," and therefore, that both revelations come to us from the same divine source. A profound spirit of reverence, joined with intellectual breadth and a manly courage, pervades the entire work, and it is not often that so many beautiful and illuminating thoughts on the common subjects of religious contemplation are presented by a layman to lay readers. A less dogmatic tone, however, in some instances, would have been more effective, and the many italicized sentences weaken the style, and show how much later the Southerners are in changing the old fashions of diction than any other part of the English-speaking world. The chapter on Holiness we found to be the most original in the book, and to strike a deeper chord than any exposition we remember on the subject.

— Signal services have been in operation to a greater or less extent for the past fifteen years in the principal European countries. The Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade was early organized in London and placed under the supervision of Admiral Fitzroy. The government of Great Britain has since aided this private enterprise by the establishment of a number of signal-stations similar to those now in operation in our own country. Russia was the first to follow the example of England, and adopted an admirable system of observations by stations directed and controlled by a central physical observatory. In addition to these branches of the public service in England and Russia, observations have been taken by eighty-six meteorological stations under the control of Helvetic societies, and the principal observatories of France have extended their meteorological work and have spread widely their results for the benefit of commerce. We learn from the report of General Myers, embodied in this volume, that much has been done in putting this comparatively new department of the war office on an efficient scientific footing. There are now seventy-eight signal stations in the United States, an increase of thirteen during the last year. The department, recognizing the value of systematic instruction for its assistants, has established a school of instruction and practice at Fort Whipple, Virginia. We are glad to see that General Myers perceives the need of preliminary training in this branch of the public service, and accepts the maxims of the civil service reform. The permanent employment of skilled men is also insisted upon. There are thirty cautionary signal stations in the United States, at which the display of signals is ordered for the benefit of commerce. During the year orders have been issued for the display of the cautionary signals, in anticipation of eighty-eight probable storms. In seventy cases the storms anticipated manifested their effects at one or more of the stations at which the signals were ordered. We do not learn, however, whether the force and direction of the gales so announced answered to the forecasts. It was found that the forecasts of the signal service in Great Britain were true in the case of storms, but failed in foretelling the force and direction of the winds.

For the exact study of the phenomena of the upper regions of the atmosphere, temporary stations have been established at elevated points: one on the summit of Mount Washington, one on Mount Mitchell in North Carolina, and one on Pike's Peak, Colorado. The report contains the monthly records of the stations, specimens of the weather charts, diagrams of the fluctuations of the flow of the Mississippi River, of the Red, of the Ohio, and of the Cumberland, and descriptions of the methods of taking observations, with diagrams of the instruments used, which consist of barometers, anemometers, thermometers, anemoscopes, hygrometers, and rain-gauges. It is to be hoped that simultaneous observations will be taken in future on the electrical condition of the air. The quadrant electrometers of Sir William Thomson could be readily employed for this purpose. We learn that the condition of the instruments at each station is inspected regularly by competent officers detailed for the purpose. The signal service is in communication with the meteorological office at St. Petersburg, London, and Constantinople; and propose to exchange by mail one daily simultaneous report taken over the entire extent of the Russian and Turkish empires, the British kingdom, and the United States. The action of the government in founding this branch of the public service is gratifying. Although influenced largely by practical considerations for the good of commerce and agriculture, it is to be hoped

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that it had a desire to advance the subject of meteorology, which has been sadly in want of systematic observations.

— The Annual Record of Science and Industry contains the monthly record of science published in Harper's Monthly Magazine. Mr. Baird succeeds in making a readable book. The editor's notes are full, and draw attention in an agreeable manner to the new discoveries of the year. The importance of certain investigations is perhaps dwelt upon too much. We do not see the touch of eminent men of science in this volume; can the accusation of the free use of scissors lie at their door? For the library of a scientific man the book is not an acquisition; and it would have been amply sufficient for the non-scientific reader to have published the editor's notes alone in a thin volume, instead of in the duodecimo *before us. The eyes and time and* pocket of the purchaser would thus have been economized, — not a mean consideration in this age of many books. It is a pity that the many excellent Handbuchs and Jahrbuchs of Germany have not been taken as a type for the eye of the specialist. With the exception of the editor's notes, the volume has too much the appearance of book-making.

— Too much history is dead to the imagination, by reason of the chronicler having abstracted it from its local and homely garb, in order to dress it up in classic drapery. Even the familiar facts of Concord fight and the battle of Bunker Hill have come to be unreal and mythical to many of us, for want of some graphic recital which should have fixed the deeds of those days in their places, giving us a panoramic picture that Time's changes could not easily efface. And it is with a view to meet this want, that Mr. Drake has compiled his volume of rambles among the Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex. It must be confessed that he has not succeeded in giving a lively presentment of any one of the historical phases which he takes up; but he has made a patient and detailed endeavor to collect what visible fragments remain of the past of Middlesex, in the way of old houses and other landmarks; and in this he has rendered a very valuable service. Unfortunately, he is prolix: the volume should have been reduced by one third. A habit of association in heterogeneous groups leads the writer to tack on to one statement an indefinite number of others, often irrelevant enough; as when, in the chapter called An Hour in the Government Dockyard, he launches into a digression on the Woolwich Arsenal.

Mr. Drake does not claim to do more than "rearrange the scenes" of historic action. These scenes are elusive enough, for not only are almost all the old houses of Revolutionary times lacking, but the very face of the country adjoining Boston is undergoing a change, and hills which gave the American artillery its position are being bodily carried away. It is excusable, therefore, that Mr. Drake should seek to attach to the somewhat scanty material that presents itself every item that can be in any way connected with it, even by the slenderest threads. He is, however, less fortunate in these side-disquisitions than in the simple enumeration of historical or genealogical facts, as when, for example, he attempts a *comparison between Hawthorne and Burns*, on the ground that "*both* were given to convivial indulgence"! To the traveler and the antiquarian beginner the book cannot fail to be of use, and its value is not a little enhanced by the heliotype illustrations of old mansions, and a reproduction in the same kind of a map of Boston and vicinity at the time of the siege.

— In his little volume Dr. Winchell has gone briefly but carefully over the ground which many of the adherents of Darwinism take with one leap, making up their minds very much as we may imagine docile youth in Pennsylvania deciding on the relative merits of free trade and protection. His aim was a most useful one, namely, to represent the arguments in favor of the doctrine of evolution, and along with them the objections made to it; to these are added a few pages on the theistic bearings of the hypothesis. This includes a short history of the growth of the doctrine, and of the different forms it has taken in the minds of different adherents. Such a book has, of course, its main value from the statistics it contains; its space forbids such discussion of the mooted points as shall carry definite information or satisfactory conviction to the reader, anxious to make up his own mind on the matter; for these he must go to the fountain-head, the copious literature of the subject. Dr. Winchell has done his work with fair-mindedness, and many of the objections he adduces seem unanswerable; those, however, to whom they are presented refuse to be crushed by them, and await the possibility of explanation, if none can be found now. His own point of view

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is by no means that of an ardent defender of the cause he discusses. Some of his arguments hardly carry conviction; as, for instance, that in which it is stated that different vehicles, landaus, rockaways, farm-wagons, ox-carts, drays, and wheelbarrows "represent one archetypal idea in the various stages of its development; they sustain homological relations to each other, co-existent with obvious special 'design' in the adaptations of each product. But who would think it necessary to regard the wheelbarrow the progenitor of the ox-cart and the landau?" No one, we are quite sure, not even the most fervent disciple of Darwin, nor probably Mr. Darwin himself. But the argument is extended to the point of throwing the same doubt on variations of the equidæ. It is as if Paley's lost watch had been found once more. It is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance.

—It cannot be truly said that Professor Sumner has written a History of American Currency. Rather, he has prepared a book of illustrations drawn from American experience showing the evil effects of trying to establish a paper currency. Judged as a history, it is a mass of fragments having no unity or coherence; considered as illustrations of certain principles, the work is a most valuable collection of facts, thoroughly digested and properly arranged. Regarded in the latter point of view, the work is of great merit; and its immediate and practical use is proved by its rapid sale. Whoever turns to it with the expectation of finding a complete history of American currency will surely be disappointed; but whoever looks within to find new arguments against the expediency of inflating the present currency will not scan its pages in vain. It is preëminently a book for the times; a light set up to warn inflationists of the inevitable perils that will follow the adoption of their financial creed.

Professor Sumner's task was not an easy one. The financial experience of our country is short, but prolific with experiments in almost every department of economic science. During the two hundred and fifty years of our colonial and national existence we have tried almost every conceivable currency scheme. Nevertheless, the facts relating to many of these schemes are not easily accessible, they are overlaid with rubbish, and it requires an infinite amount of patience and toil to gather all the facts necessary to weave a history of American currency. No complete collection of materials exists for such an undertaking. Fragmentary as the work of Professor Sumner's is, he evinces a rare knowledge of his subject; and in the preface, he inspires the reader with the hope that a more complete history of American finance is to issue from his pen.

One of the most interesting passages in the book relates to the history of the numerous experiments tried by the original States, while they were yet colonies, to provide themselves with a paper currency. Those who think that such a currency is an improvement upon gold and silver, the outcome of a more recent and higher civilization, will find in this volume ample evidence that paper currency is an old invention, and that in the colonial days, when a higher degree of honesty pervaded the land than pervades it now, and when, therefore, it was more favorably situated for trying paper money experiments, all sorts of money schemes were faithfully tried. For one hundred and fifty years, such experiments were continued with but little cessation.

In 1720, when trade was stagnant in Massachusetts, "there was a great cry for more bills. Let it be observed how this complaint is heard again every four or five years, although the amount of paper was continually increasing. It is the best instance in history of the way in which a country 'grows up' to any amount of currency. Here was a sparse population, in a new country with untouched resources, and it seemed to them necessary to have recourse to artificial issues of currency to make business brisk; to get up enterprises for the sake of 'making work;' and to lay bounties on products in order to enable the people to carry on production. The distress was real, but it came from turning their backs on what nature offered them gratuitously, and violating the laws by which they might have profited by these gifts." In order to increase the paper issues, "expeditions were favored for the purpose of bringing about issues of paper, and public works were advocated for the same reason." Previously to this, a large amount of bills had been issued to carry on the expeditions of 1690 and 1709 against Canada; £100,000 more bills were issued in 1715, "because bills were scarce." How often have the following declarations of a writer in 1719 been substantially repeated during the last six months: "£50,000

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ought to be laid out for building a bridge over Charles River, so that workmen might be employed and currency enlarged, as well as the public accommodated, and ruin will come unless more bills of credit are emitted." Two years later, the governor was forbidden by royal instructions from signing bills authorizing the issue of more paper currency. The craving for it had got fast hold of the people. For the next twenty years, the question of inflating the currency gave rise to frequent conflicts between successive governors and the lower house of the legislature, as that body was perpetually bent toward inflation. Its persistency was so great that it partially succeeded in its aims, notwithstanding the opposition of governors, and when at last it succumbed, it chartered a land bank to do what the lower house was powerless of accomplishing. This was in 1739. "'Trade was stagnant and 'money scarce.'" The bank consisted of a number of land owners, who formed a company and mortgaged their estates to it for its notes, giving three per cent. per annum interest in merchandise, and five per cent. per annum on the principal in the same currency. A mechanic, with two sureties, might have £100 stock. The notes were payable after twenty years "in manufactures of the province." "For a thorough-going application of the paper theory, nothing has ever been proposed anywhere, much less put in operation, which could equal this. A note for $1 payable twenty years hence in gold without interest, when interest is three per cent., is worth fifty-five cents, or, if interest is six per cent., thirty-one cents. If payable in any one of a dozen commodities, it is payable in that one which twenty years hence may be the cheapest. At what rate, then, ought a man who to-day gives wheat for the note, to make the exchange? These notes were based on nothing, floated on nothing, and represented nothing definable. The system of money which consists in 'basing,' 'floating,' and 'representing' was, therefore, here in perfection." By 1743, Massachusetts had grown sick of her paper currency. The "paper money disease," as Gouge forcibly calls it, was killing her. She proposed to the other New England colonies to appoint commissioners who should conspire for doing away with the bills. This attempt failed. The next year the governor resolved to capture Louisburg from the French. The friends of paper currency fell into the scheme, and all thirsting for adventure. The colonists having taken the place, England in 1749 voted to ransom it from them. The sum coming to Massachusetts was £138,649 sterling, which at eleven for one, the ruling exchange, would nearly cancel the paper. It was proposed to ask Parliament to ship this sum in silver dollars and copper coins, and that these should be used as far as they would go, the rest to be called in by a tax. "After considerable opposition this course was adopted. The silver was sent over and exchanged. Prices were adjusted to this new measure, and the silver remained in circulation when it no longer had a meaner rival. The 'shock' which was apprehended did not occur. The only shock was to Rhode Island and New Hampshire, who found their trade transferred to the 'silver colony,' and their paper suddenly and heavily depreciated. . . . Trade now revived steadily and rapidly, and we hear no more of 'scarcity of money' until the next violation of the laws of circulation." Thus is history ever repeating herself.

Such is a fair specimen of Professor Sumner's style and mode of treating his subject. Terse, and epigrammatic at times, his book has a freshness and vivacity rarely found in works of this kind.

There are two valuable additional chapters: one chapter upon the English Bank Restriction Act, accompanied with the Bullion Report; the other upon Austrian Paper Money. Professor Sumner's exposition of the celebrated Bullion Report brings out the important features of that valuable document, which has worthily engaged the study and excited the admiration of every well-read student of economic science.

— Dr. Hovey discusses various timely subjects in his book, Religion and the State; and although we are unable to assent to all his views, we are ready to acknowledge the merits of his style, precision and moderation, and the fair-mindedness he generally shows in his arguments. The aim of his book is to define the duties of the state to the individual in general, and more particularly the ground which it should take in the matter of exemption from taxation of the property of religious and charitable associations. This last matter is one which agitation is bringing forward for settlement with a certain amount of prominence. For the most part it has not found much support from the presidents and professors of theological institutions, and the reasons

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which influence Dr. Hovey to argue in support of taxing churches and church property are not the same as those which have suddenly been revealed to the enemies who are attacking the weakest outposts of Christianity. "The revenues of the state," he says, "should be drawn as equitably as possible from all the persons and property under its protection. . . . It is important for those who justify the exemption of certain kinds of property to bear in mind several facts; namely: —

"1. The property in question, whatever it be, has been put to the use which it now serves by the free act of its owners. . . . In a majority of cases, though not in all, it would have been put in the same form, to do the same work, had it been subject to taxation from the first.

"2. The protection of this property by the state gives it a considerable part of its value for the use to which it is applied. Thus the state is actually doing something every year to preserve or increase its value. It watches over it by day and by night. It defends it from the thief, the robber, and the mob. . . .

"3. The state is supported in part, at least, by taxes levied upon the property of the people; and therefore, if a part of that property is devoted to uses which exempt it from taxation, a heavier burden must be laid upon the rest. Is not this the same in effect as a gift from the state of the amount saved to the church by exemption? It must be, if we look at the matter from a simply fiscal point of view. But would Christians of any name in this land be willing to commit themselves for the future to the policy of receiving from the state a yearly stipend for the prosecution of their work, that stipend being exacted from the people without regard to their religious belief? If not, then it is clear that they should not wish their church property to be relieved permanently from taxation."

This, he acknowledges, will lead to withdrawing the exemption from educational and charitable institutions. And however unpleasant may be to us the right of a religious body speculating in real estate, we should likewise try to picture to ourselves our probable enjoyment of the closing of our already struggling hospitals. Fortunately man is an illogical creature, and some compromise may be hit upon by our law-makers; otherwise we should for ourselves rather see a religious corporation growing rich, than the doors of our noblest public charities closed against the sufferers who, theoretically, are those who would most profit by the change. It is well, when beginning an outcry on such general principles, to look at all the possible consequences; and a syllogism may be neat without the conclusion being advisable as a course of action. This part of his subject Dr. Hovey does not discuss; there is a great deal of truth in what he says about the exemption of church property, but the question demands a broader examination before it is completely settled. The church of Rome is rather a bugaboo to our author's mind.

— Dr. Tyng's The Christian Pastor is a reprint of the lectures delivered by him before the Theological School of the Boston University in the autumn of last year. They seem to have given great pleasure to his hearers, and it is at the separate request of both the students and the faculty of the school that they are now published. Some objection might be raised by cavilers to the literary criticism made by the faculty in their resolutions calling for the printing of the lectures, where attention is called to "the pureness and chasteness of his language and the simplicity of his style, throwing a rich charm over every sentence used," or to "the sharp discrimination of a professed dialectician," and to "the rhetorical excellence of one who is a master of his mother-tongue," for to those accustomed to profane literature his writing resembles much more the mellifluous conventionality too often heard in the pulpit, than it does an intelligible exposition to young men. Still, it has been passed upon and approved by high authority, which knows what it wants. Without wishing to pick flaws, and certainly this book cannot claim to be exempt from such criticism, especially when so much is claimed for its style, it may be said that there are many sentences like the following: "Keep the edge of prayer bright and sharp, appropriate, intelligent, instructive, scriptural, and spiritual." Is there a definite meaning attaching to every one of these words? Is it the Deity the prayer is to instruct? Is there not some vagueness about this? Again: "Never be *impatient*. You will have narrow necks to fill. And the gentle dropping of the teakettle will be far better and more successful than the swashing of the pump."

Without disrespect, may we not ask if it would not be better for young men pre-

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paring to leave their studies, and with all their inexperience to go forth into the world, to have part of their preparation consist of practice in hearing and using the ordinary language of the citizens of the world, with whom the greater part of their work lies? In our opinion that might lead to some better result than the vagueness of thought and phrase which so often characterizes books about religion.

— In his Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming, Mr. Beecher throws off his clerical coat, and instructs and entertains us very charmingly.

Perhaps the best thing in the book is his discourse about Apples, which is almost as good in its way as Charles Lamb. The life and movement in his style is remarkable. You feel the presence of a large, generous, electric nature, ranging through all moods of the earnest, the tender, the poetic, and the humorous; and no one has better tact in addressing the people, and enlisting their sympathies.

French and German.[1]

M. Flaubert is an author who has won considerable reputation in France by three novels which have already called out a great deal of discussion, both in the country where they were written and elsewhere; they are Madame Bovary, L'Éducation Sentimentale, and Salammbô. In all of them there was talent of a certain kind, enough to get itself very much talked about, but chiefly from the novelty of the author in maintaining the paradox that the treatment of any subject, if only clever, could outweigh the most natural objections to a distasteful topic. So much may be said of Madame Bovary and L'Éducation Sentimentale, at least; Salammbô was an attempt to breathe life into the few fragments we have left of Carthaginian history, and it labored under the misfortune of being, even when successfully done, hardly more than a *tour de force*. The greater the cleverness shown in patching together scrappy references from Livy and Polybius, the further removed we are from a hearty enjoyment of the story; we are pained whenever we have to verify our admiration by antiquarian investigations, and we are also pained whenever we let everything go by as possible, and make no question about the accuracy of the author. At the best we have only a chastened melodrama. The Temptation of Saint Anthony, which we have before us to-day, is something like this last-named novel, not in construction, but in being a great store-house of facts that lie hidden in lexicons and recondite volumes.

To state what it might be expected that such a book would be, might lead us very far; most readers would fancy a novel of a sort that would be darkly explained by the adjective French, but in fact we have nothing of the sort. The form which M. Flaubert has chosen is that of a mystery, with the very smallest amount of dramatic action. At the beginning of the book we find Saint Anthony in his cell recalling various events in his life, regretting the companion of his youth, doubting the wisdom of his choice of a religious life, uncertain whether he might not have done better at soldiering, suffering too from hunger and thirst, and, as they attack him, seeing phantom luxuries appear before him; there is money, too, tempting him to abandon this lonely life and live in comfort among his fellowmen — but they all vanish. Then he grows angry at recalling the way he was treated at the Council of Nice; but more serious temptations await him: the Queen of Sheba appears, inviting him to join her, and narrating the pleasures that await him, after the manner of many painters of the present time, who try to make research usurp the place of pictorial power. It is the semi-antiquarian painters we mean, who are so much the fashion, nowadays, for their pictures of the historical school, which have not any of the enthusiasm of the last century, but a thousand times the accuracy. This quality shows itself throughout the book; for after the Queen of Sheba is rebuffed, we have a long list of tempters: the King of Evil himself, a very shadowy creation, as if the popular skepticism about his existence had told upon him; and there is also Hilarion, who leads Anthony through an enormous series of visions. Under this guardianship we see representatives of various sects of the early Christians, who come forward and make brief speeches; we see the Roman circus; we have hair-splitting discussions about theological matters; Nebuchadnezzar and Buddha rub elbows;

[1] All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

La Tentation de Saint Antoine. Par Gustave Flaubert. Paris: 1874.

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the various Roman gods and goddesses in large numbers appear and then disappear in a vague way before the advance of Christianity, Minerva describes what used to be done at her feasts, Neptune, Mars, and all the others tell their little stories; then the devil appears once more with characteristic speeches, and finally death and luxury appear, sorely tempting the distracted saint, and the end of it all is a most curious nightmare of vegetables confounding themselves with animals, plants with stones, diamonds shining like eyes, and minerals palpitating. Insects without stomachs continue eating; finally he sees "little globulous moving masses, the size of pins' heads, and covered with small hairs." In his madness he cries out, with the voice of one who has solved the problem of spontaneous generation: "Oh joy! I have seen the origin of life, I have seen movement begin! The blood in my veins boils as if it would burst them. I am seized with a yearning to fly, swim, bark, bellow, howl. I should like to have wings, a shell; to breathe smoke; to carry a trunk; to twist my body; to divide myself everywhere; to be in everything; to emanate with odors; to grow up like plants; to flow like water; to vibrate like sound; to shine like light; to lie hid under all sorts of forms; to penetrate every atom; to go to the bottom of matter, — to be matter!"

At this point of his materialism the long and disturbed night ends, the day breaks, and Saint Anthony makes the sign of the cross and turns to praying again.

To be sure this has a cruder sound in English than in the original French, but we cannot help thinking that what is disappointing in the book lies much deeper than that. If Flaubert meant to be realistic, he could not succeed without having very much more imagination. The liberties he takes are enough to convict him of error in the field of antiquity; for instance, was Hilarion a Neoplatonist? Is it within the limits of possibility that such visions could appear? Has the book any dramatic interest, in other words? We think this can hardly be claimed. What we have is, rather, an interesting exposition of certain archæological curiosities, put together evidently with considerable care, but also without any real human sympathy. For instance, there is the vanishing of the pagan deities, the account of which is wholly void of poetical interest. Then the vague description of Buddha, does that really touch the readers? Here, too, the knowledge is not very profound.

The art with which it is all elaborated is of course extremely remarkable. The descriptions are in many ways very complete; they have an appearance of accuracy, but it is a sort of accuracy that exists for itself, to endure criticism, much more than to call up any feeling in the reader, except one of amazement at the author's industry. In the whole book there is not a breath of poetry; there is nothing more than this very gilded setting of a dramatic subject, which is very nearly lost under the weight of ornament. Is it an allegory? Its complexity would seem to forbid this explanation. Does it teach us anything about any possible Saint Anthony? Hardly. No, it would be hard to avoid calling this a very disappointing book. No accuracy in details, no exactness in archæology can breathe life into these visions, which are narrated with more than Pre-Raphaelite distinctness. There is a certain feeling of satisfied curiosity when the reader comes to any familiar touch of information, but for all the rest he lacks complete enjoyment.

The classical and oriental facts which M. Flaubert has collected and displayed, with the label of the Temptation of Saint Anthony, confuse the reader's mind and make him forget, amid all the turmoil of these visions, what it might be supposed that the book would describe, and the omission of which is so disappointing: and that is the hermit himself. We have but very faint indications of the manner in which the gorgeous panorama affected him. The Sphinx and Chimæra themselves cannot make up to us for this omission. He appears to be seen as one of the *dramatis personæ*, but he is vaguer than all the rest of the characters; even the unnamable ones are more fully described. As a picture of a possible man the book is a lamentable failure, and as a picture of a certain, definite Saint Anthony it is still more of a failure.

A more fervent imagination would have aided the dramatic part of the book, and would have rendered unnecessary the enormous accumulation of details which of necessity have only a secondary value; they have the effect of bringing before our minds, not Saint Anthony, whose knowledge of Buddhism must have been extremely limited, but the author, who has exhausted his erudition to interest and amaze, but not to delight us. Such realism appears as but a

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barren method; it is neither truth nor a probable representation of truth. It fails, as many of the modern pictures of antiquity fail, because while interesting and generally accurate in the curiosities represented, it sins against the spirit of antiquity in carrying back the modern analytic feeling to a scene where it does not belong. As it stands, the book is a most remarkable one; it is a wonderful example of great effort and meagre result, it is an interesting literary curiosity. Full of cleverness as it is, it leaves the reader as little improved as mere cleverness always does.

ART.

Mr. Fergusson's recently issued volume, the History of the Modern Styles of Architecture,[1] is meant as the fourth volume (the first published) of a new and extended edition of his History of Architecture, a work which has been elaborated from his Handbook of Architecture, published in 1855, and which first appeared under its present title in 1867. It is a reprint, with some alterations, of the book of the same title which, published in 1862 as a supplement to the hand-book, served as the third volume of the first edition of the history. It promises us the first and second volumes of the new edition, revised and enlarged, though with the omission of the chapters on Indian Architecture, for November of this year. The excised chapters are to be expanded into a third volume, on Indian architecture alone, which will be published next year.

Mr. Fergusson's history, being the only extended general history of architecture in English, is probably known to most of our readers who have an interest in its subject. Its only English competitor, so far as we know, is Mr. Freeman's history, a more philosophical and in some respects more interesting work, but much less complete. This had the defect, fatal in our day to any work on this subject, of being without illustrations; and is now, we fear, nearly forgotten.

The alterations in the volume now published are not great or substantial, which is probably the reason for its being the first to reappear. These consist mainly in a few new illustrations and additional criticisms in the English, French, and American chapters, calling attention to what has been done and undone in architecture since its first publication; and the substitution of a short appendix on the arrangement of Latin cathedrals for the former one on ethnology. It begins with the first appearance in Italy of the classic revival known as the Renaissance, and taking in succession the different countries of Europe, gives a general history of the progress of the art in each to the present day. The arrangement and sequence are still a little too much like those of a hand-book to be quite satisfactory in what is called a history; though the habit acquired in the earlier works, and the difficulty of tracing a continuous development in a phase of art so much the subject of individual caprice, were perhaps an irresistible temptation to this treatment. To a foreigner, in whose eyes English architecture from the days of Wren to those of Barry is utterly insignificant, England seems to occupy an undue share of Mr. Fergusson's pages, being given the greatest prominence next to Italy; but the book was written for Englishmen. France is but slightly treated, in spite of the author's evidently greater respect for her art on the whole; and Germany Renaissance is dismissed with but little examination, and the general remark that "during these three centuries not a single architect was produced of whom even his compatriots are proud, or whose name is remembered in other countries; and not a single building erected, the architecture of which is worthy of much study, nor one that calls forth the admiration of even the most patriotic Germans themselves." The works of Schinkel, however, and those of the reign of King Ludwig in Munich, receive their share of attention. A few pages of not very gratifying comment are perhaps all our past suc-

[1] *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.* By James Fergusson, D. C. L., F. R. S., Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1873.

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cesses in building in the United States entitle us to, though the examples are not on the whole very happily chosen. The preface says that the writer knows of no modern work of the same scope; we know of none in French, and in German Lübke and Burckhardt's continuation of Kugler's history, a more extended though less elegant work than Fergusson's, is not, or at least was not a few months ago, all published.

Mr. Fergusson is among the most catholic of writers on art; his judgments are always moderate and judicial, his wide range of study makes him freer from partiality and prejudice than many of his professional brethren; nevertheless he has some sturdy prepossessions and antipathies of his own. A drawback to his criticism is his lack, or at least the omission from his books, of a clear scheme or well-digested code of principles. This is characteristic of his countrymen, in whose architectural teaching there is no established system, and a marked distinction from the French architects, whose criticism is systematic, whatever its other merits may be; and it is a great bar to unity in the book before us.

His examples are taken up *seriatim*, in geographical or chronological order, each case considered pretty much alone, or grouped only with its immediate neighbors, and any rule or principle by which it is judged given only incidentally. Hence a student or general reader, who should come to the book in hope of learning how to judge for himself, would be likely to leave it with a confused notion of what characteristics he ought to approve or disapprove, unless he had the tenacity to remember and educe from a thousand disconnected examples the laws which lie at the bottom of Mr. Fergusson's judgments. We refer here to what may be called technical and æsthetic laws, as for instance in proportion, grouping, management of detail, and the like; for on the general laws of honesty, perspicuity, independence, decorum, which rule in architecture as in all the concerns of life, Mr. Fergusson is explicit enough. In spite of all this his criticisms, the fruit of strong common-sense guided by long experience and abundant learning, seem to readers who know the examples to which they refer, almost always sound. He has, too, a rare impartiality in recognizing the merits and defects of buildings, apart from his own predilections in point of style. In fact, his studious care to do justice to both excellences and faults may often give his judgments an air of indecision, and even, to a hasty reader, of inconsistency.

Perhaps the most characteristic and interesting part of the present volume, at least as a matter of discussion, is the introduction, in which the author considers with lively interest the present tendencies and future prospects of architecture. In his view the whole modern movement in architecture — he writes mainly of England — is wrong, being purely imitative and servile. Hence in the great contest between Gothicists and classicists, he espouses neither side; but since his sympathies incline to classical rather than mediæval art, and since the Gothicists are at present the aggressive party, he has naturally come to blows with them; and everybody who has seen his career without prejudice must admire the fairness and courtesy, as well as the ability, with which he has fought on what seems to us the losing side. It is curious and instructive to watch the turn this contest has taken. A quarter of a century ago the Gothicists, led in literature by Ruskin and the second Pugin, — who quarreled bitterly enough between themselves, — were at the hottest of their fighting for new principles, and the style in which alone they saw them embodied. Their principles, indeed, — of honesty, candor, expressiveness of purpose and construction, — though long forgotten, were irresistible when once put forward. They have compelled acceptance, and are insisted on at this day by all thoughtful and honest architects; but the style which was supposed to be inseparable from them is far from having equally prevailed. At this day Sir Digby Wyatt, lecturing at Cambridge on like subjects with Mr. Ruskin at Oxford, enforces like principles of design, and in practice holds imperturbably to classical and "Italian" forms. Gothicists and classicists now go to battle with the same cry. Mr. Fergusson takes, as we have indicated, strong ground against both modern Gothic and modern classic architecture. He urges justly the distinction between the Renaissance, in which the details of classic art were borrowed and used with freedom, and the recent revivals, in which both details and general forms were assumed as completely as possible; but he fails to take account that the Renaissance was an attempted revival, though at first very imperfect (as far as this its real purpose was concerned), and that the modern revival was only its legitimate consummation. He argues very

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strenuously that the whole system of modern architecture is a system of lifeless copying, and that on the one side and the other the only effort is to produce as perfect a counterfeit as possible. In such a condition, he maintains, both parties are under different names pursuing hopelessly the same wrong path. As a means of escaping this degradation of servility he advocates the adoption of what he calls the Italian style, which however, so far as it has any existence, is only an accumulation of classical and Renaissance forms, made more or less tractable to modern purposes by being broken away from their old matrices, as any other forms might be. It is true that till recently England has been divided between classical and mediæval pedantry, but now the bonds of both are loosening, and the common-sense principles of architectural design are recognized by both parties. The struggle is virtually between predilections for one and another of two different series of forms. The French are too fertile of invention to be patient of mere copyism, and have never yielded to it except for a short time near the beginning of this century. The Germans too, less prescriptive than the English, have by virtue of their native ingenuity constrained their inaptitude for art into something better than servility. But with regard to the future of architecture, Mr. Fergusson speaks only as an Englishman to Englishmen. He does not even analyze the present condition and tendency of French architecture, which shows the nearest approach made in our day to the development of a style; but contents himself with a mention and examination of a few buildings. No doubt he is right in condemning copyism in either style, but we think he does not do justice to the present tendency of modern Gothic. It seems to us to have already got beyond mere copyism, and to be tending away from it. Even in the new Law Courts, whose design Mr. Fergusson has opposed with all his might, Mr. Street, though he does apparently aim most closely at preserving the historical propriety of his style, introduces many forms for which Mr. Fergusson would be hard pushed to find prototypes in the thirteenth century, and the tendency of the day seems to us decidedly toward great license — as great as we should be likely to use in a style of our own invention. As Mr. Fergusson admits, we must start from some style or styles. It is utterly impossible for any but savages to start, as some people expect us to do in our time, with no accepted forms, and reinvent everything from the beginning. The device is between a loose eclecticism, which will leave us any year just where we were the last, and a steady development in some one direction.

But if we ask which of the now conflicting styles best answers to the spirit and wants of the world of to-day, to its multiplied activity, its endless variety of invention, its informality, and its impatience of restraint, the decision is quick, we think, between the rigid, stately, and impassive classic, either in its original forms or its modern variations, and the pliant, inventive, ever-varying Gothic. If we wish our architecture to have a monumental character of its own, an ideal expression which may be independent of our own character and our habits, — and this is a common and intelligible, though perhaps not a reasonable aspiration, — there is endless room for choice. If it is to be a reflex of our life and requirements, none of the styles now in use seems to us so fit a starting-point as the modern Gothic.

It would be a singular phenomenon, by the way, if, in an age as cosmopolitan as this, two styles should grow up and continue side by side, among two nations in daily and hourly communication with each other, as different in form as the present work of the French and English architects; such different styles have not grown together in the civilized world since the days of the Greeks and Egyptians.

Mr. Fergusson does not recede from his classification of arts into "technic" and "phonetic," by which he so exasperated Mr. Ruskin when he first brought it forward in his Principles of Beauty in Art. To us, he seems in this to set forth somewhat elaborately nothing more than the recognized distinction between arts of expression and arts of convenience, or in common words, fine arts and useful arts; but, in his zeal for classification, to forget that architecture, which he classes as simply technic in opposition to painting and sculpture which are phonetic, is at once a fine art and a useful art, or if he will, technic and phonetic together. When, therefore, he complains that, being technic, it has been since the Renaissance practiced simply as if it were phonetic, we should translate him by saying that its decoration, instead of being developed from its uses, had been studied as if it were inde-

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pendent of them. But he touches here another point which is vital to us, when he says: "Perhaps the greatest inconvenience is the remarkably small amount of thought of any kind that a modern building ever displays . . . in one glance you see it all. With five minutes' study you have mastered the whole design. In a work of true art, such as a mediæval cathedral, the case is different. . . . You have the dream and aspiration of the bishop who designed it, of the master mason, who was skilled in construction, of the carver, the painter, the glazier, of the host of men who, each in his own craft, knew all that had been done before them. . . . There is not one shaft, one molding, one carving, not one chisel mark in such a building, that was not designed specially for the place where it is found. . . . You may wander in such a building for weeks or months together, and never know it all." And later on more concisely: "They [Renaissance designs] are little more than one man's contribution of thought — a real classical or mediæval design includes that of hundreds." We may say, by the way, that though we have no accounts of the processes by which classical buildings were carried out, there is every indication in the nature of the work that both Greek and Roman buildings were as entirely the work of one designer using a fixed form of indefinitely repeated detail, as modern or Renaissance buildings; and herein lies the broadest distinction in spirit between them and mediæval work. The distinction is marked with equal clearness by Mr. Ruskin in the second volume of the Stones of Venice, in his chapter on the Nature of Gothic — and this is a point of the greatest importance to us now. It involves the question whether we shall have an architecture, and remotely other decorative arts, in which everything shall be rigidly fixed to the smallest details by the first designer, — in which case the only choice in any large work will be between utter baldness, and an endless and formal repetition of a limited number of details, — or one in which the subordinate parts shall be designed by men skilled in them, under the guidance only of one leading mind: an art, on the one hand, which may be elegant and stately, but must be limited in idea, formal and monotonous; or on the other, an art full of life and thought, less smoothly perfect in its kind, very likely, but infinitely more highly organized. It is the vital distinction between classical and modern art and mediæval, between the spirits of a despotism and of a commonwealth. Whatever may be our preferences in the matter of form, there can be no doubt that the mediæval method is the healthier and the more progressive. It is, as Mr. Fergusson points out, the way in which our mechanic arts advance so steadily and to such wonderful excellence; and whatever may be the form in use, it will only be fully developed when we have a class of workmen who are skilled, like those in the Middle Ages, to design their parts of the work and execute them from sketches or slight indications only, without working drawings. There is a foundation for something of this sort in France, where the government has given much pains to the artistic education of workmen, though there the character of their work is too much the result of prescription, and too little of natural development. The bearing of this on the social aims of working-men is worth considering. At present the efforts of trades unions and strikers are to make mechanics' work as perfunctory as possible, and to bring all down to the level of the poorest workmen. Such an interest and pride in their work as belonged to the mediæval guilds would be the happiest possible corrective for this tendency. The more purely mechanical and unthinking a man's work is, the more he will shirk it, or subordinate it to some other interest; the more it engages his better powers and responsibility, the more pride he will take in it, and the more interest he will feel in the social order which encourages and protects it. It is impossible to imagine the order of free masons in the fourteenth century set to tearing down cathedrals; but four years ago the workmen of Paris were mad for the destruction of her palaces.

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MUSIC.

It is becoming more and more plainly evident that our best musical institutions are beginning fully to appreciate the principle of æsthetic education. The Harvard Musical Association have from the very first made this their fundamental principle of action. The Händel and Haydn Society have shown in their last triennial festival that they are more than ever persuaded of its importance. In glancing back upon this festival, the earnest music-lover must consider it an event wholly without parallel in the history of music in this country. We can look through programme after programme of similar festivals in England without finding ourselves in so evenly pure an æsthetic atmosphere. In all the six days of the festival there were performed at the very most but two or three pieces unworthy of a place on such an occasion. With the exception of Cherubini, all the really great names in modern music were represented. As usual the place of honor was given to Mendelssohn. Counting the extra performance of Elijah, Mendelssohn's name appeared seven times on the programme. Next in order came Bach and Beethoven, who appeared four times each.

The extraordinary popularity of Mendelssohn in England and America is by no means difficult to account for. Mendelssohn unites in himself almost all the elements which are to be admired in other composers. A most clear, transparent style; great melodic power; a perfection of form that is unexcelled by any other composer; rich and effective orchestration; dramatic power, or at the least, great dramatic ingenuity, are all to be found in his music. He is, moreover, almost constantly artistically as well as morally refined. Mendelssohn is eminently the gentleman-composer; he never struggles after an effect, he is never obtrusively self-conscious; he sometimes rises to a great height of formal beauty, sometimes, though much more rarely, to great beauty of sentiment; he never shocks you by inelegance or vulgarity; he is always eminently respectable; but the Staubbach is not further from Niagara than he is from genuine *greatness*.

Of all the things of Mendelssohn that were given at the festival, the most thoroughly beautiful, to our thinking, is the soprano solo and chorus, "Oh for the wings of a dove," in the motette, "Hear my prayer." Here, if anywhere, Mendelssohn has succeeded in uniting religious sentiment to exquisite formal beauty. A certain refined, poetic atmosphere pervades the whole, without in the least obscuring the purely devotional spirit, as is too often the case with Mendelssohn. The solo and chorus, "The enemy shouteth," in the same work, is dramatically effective, at best. The few numbers from the posthumous oratorio, Christus, were certainly interesting, as what unfinished, posthumous work of a man of Mendelssohn's prestige is not? In some of them great beauties lie even on the surface. The chorus, "There shall a star from Jacob come forth," can be compared with anything the composer has written, as far as mere beauty of form goes. It is in the composer's most lyric-melodious vein; it were difficult to imagine anything more enchanting than the graceful rise and fall of the voices in the first twenty-eight bars; had it been a Mahomet's promise of eternal hasheesh and narghilés, it could not have been more fascinating. Only at the words, "And dash in pieces princes and nations," does the composer's hand become paralytic in its attempt at strength. From this point it gets weaker and weaker, until in the choral, "As bright the star of morning gleams," it becomes little better than mere church-choir psalmody. What this choral harmony might have seemed, had not Sebastian Bach done the same thing in so incomparably stronger a way, we cannot tell; but the comparison with Bach which it forces upon the mind makes it appear almost unbearably feeble. In the short *turbæ*, or people's choruses, the composer has evidently made every attempt at dramatic effect. These choruses are to a certain extent brilliant. The restless twelve-eighths measure of "He stirreth up the Jews" has at least a disquieting effect, rather of the nervous involuntary sort, and the "Crucify him" (notwithstanding a bad false quantity, which exists in German as well as in English) is in its opening phrase peculiarly effective. Here Mendelssohn, who never for a moment forgot that he was above all

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things a musician, has given us a bit of drastic realism that has rather a tendency to disarm criticism, if only from the fact that it does not fly in the face of any principle of formal art; "We have a sacred law" comes out in a bold, trumpet-like phrase, which rather disappoints one in not sounding as effectively as it looks on paper, with the traditional diminished seventh chord on "Let him suffer."

But after all, these choruses, in spite of their dramatic truthfulness, are somehow wanting in just that indescribable, intangible element which we call strength, power, or grandeur. Mendelssohn has put into all his people's choruses a certain brass-bound, heartless, pagan element that is unpleasant rather than impressive. We feel this in all the Christus turbæ, in the Baal choruses in Elijah, even in the "Oh be gracious" in Saint Paul, which has one knows not what uncanny, barbaric tang of Mumbo Jumbo worship to it. Whether this character be the result of an instinctive tendency or of the most perfectly concealed art, it is always technically justifiable on naturalistic dramatic grounds, but it is nevertheless repulsive rather than impressive, muscular rather than powerful.

The exceedingly defective condition in which Bach, like Händel, left his scores, acted for a long while as an insuperable obstacle to any satisfactory performance. Even as far back as Mozart's time this difficulty was felt to be a serious one. Mozart rescored nearly the whole of Handel's Messiah (not always in the best style). Mendelssohn wrote out a complete organ part for Israel in Egypt, and wholly rescored Acis and Galatea in a manner which smacked much more of Mendelssohn than of Händel. It was long before anything of the kind was done with Bach. At last Robert Franz filled out the scores of the Saint Matthew Passion-music, the Magnificat in D, and some other of Bach's works, as well as Händel's L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato. The manner in which Franz has done his work is so superb as to leave all previous attempts far behind. The question as to whether such rescoring of old works is artistically justifiable or not, has been the subject of much discussion and counter-discussion of late, but it is one which we cannot enter on here.

The rescoring of works like the Passion must be looked at from a distinct point of view. As far as the purely contrapuntal part of the work is concerned, there can hardly be two opinions about Franz's score. It is simply above praise, from its musical perfection and its complete adherence to Bach's style. This part of the work of completing the original score has nothing whatever in common with what is technically called rescoring, that is, changing or adding to the mere instrumentation. It has to do with the anatomical structure of the composition itself. As for Franz's orchestration, it is really superb, as such. It is, moreover, perfectly in harmony with the spirit of the work *as we now conceive it.* Franz has indubitably given many portions of the work a modern richness of coloring which is different from any orchestral effect that has come down to us from Bach's time. Whether this is excusable or not may be the subject of much discussion. To us it is not only excusable but admirable. The whole orchestra of Bach's day was something wholly and vitally different from that of our own time. Since then some instruments have wholly fallen into disuse; others have been introduced. The old orchestral coloring has been irreclaimably lost. It is no disrespect to old scores to substitute the modern richer hues for the old ones, whenever it can be done without running counter to the intrinsic spirit of the work. Wherever Bach has aimed at orchestral effects as such, Franz has left them as they stood. He has changed nothing in the score, but has only added what was wanting. The performance of the Passion-music was in many respects a positive triumph. The great shortcoming was necessarily in the airs. We must be content to wait some years before our singers begin to feel themselves really at home in this music. It is by no means music that can be sung to a metronome, and the great rhythmical complexity of the orchestral part makes a satisfying delivery of the airs often very difficult. But the choruses went well beyond all expectation; even (barring some few wavering bars) the extremely difficult opening chorus. An interesting question arises in regard to the *tempi* of the various solos and choruses, as taken by Mr. Zerrahn. We give for comparison the tempi of a few choruses and solos as taken at the performance of the Passion in Berlin by the Singacademie under the leadership of Grell, in 1870, at the St. Thomas church in Leipzig, on Good Friday, 1870, at the recent performance by the Händel and Haydn Society, and the metronome marks in Franz's score.

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	Berlin, April 1870. (Grell.)	Leipzig, April 1870. (Julius Rietz.)	Boston, May 1874. (Zerrahn.)	Metronome mark in Franz's Score.
No. 1. Opening chorus .	♪ = 112.	♪ = 128.	♪ = 144.	♪ = 228.
No. 3. Choral	—	♪ = 72.	♪ = 92.	♪ = 132.
No. 9. Alto recit. . . .	♪ = 68.	♪ = 80.	♪ = 80.	♪ = 96.
No. 10. Alto air	♪ = 88.	♪ = 88.	♪ = 96.	♪ = 104.
No. 14. Turba	♩ = 60.	♩ = 80.	♩ = 88.	♩ = 104.
No. 25. Tenor air with chorus . . .	♩ = 65.	♩ = 56.	♩ = 66.	♩ = 80.

Some of Franz's marks we have reduced to the same denomination as the other columns. Thus in the opening chorus Franz's mark ♩. = 76 would furnish no direct comparison to the eye with Grell's ♪ = 112, so we have put it ♪ = 228. The marks in the first three columns were taken by competent musicians at the several performances, with the second hand of a watch. It will be seen at a glance that Franz's tempi are much faster than the others. In the first chorus, indeed, he is more than twice as fast as Grell. Zerrahn is markedly faster than either Grell or Rietz, but by no means so fast as Franz. This enormous discrepancy may be accounted for in two ways. In the first place, Franz probably used a metronome. As metronomes are made, the chances are very much in favor of its being a bad one, that is, one which when set at 60 did not strike once per second. In the second place, Franz has been of late years seriously deaf, so that he probably wrote down his metronome marks with the score in one hand and the metronome in the other, humming over the themes to himself. The great difficulty of judging of a tempo while not actually hearing a piece, may be appreciated by any one who will take the trouble to try it. We would not then set too high a value upon Franz's metronome marks. Even Zerrahn's tempi often sounded to us unreasonably fast, especially in the tenor air, No. 25. Imagine the grand first chorus rushing along at the pace Franz has indicated! The effect would, no doubt, be one of immense power, but would not the chorus express ungovernable tragic fury rather than sorrowing lamentation? Would it not be more a passionate cry for vengeance than a tearful invitation to fellowship in grief and mourning? This wonderful chorus seems to exhaust all possible tragic expression.

It is to be regretted by all who are anxious to interest the musical public at large in the Passion-music and in Bach's choral works generally, that the selections made by the Händel and Haydn Society were almost wholly in the same strain. There is no lack of variety and contrasts in the work, in spite of the vein of deep tragedy that necessarily runs through it. The only numbers that represented the more brilliant, dramatic side of the work were the duet, "Alas! my Jesus now is taken," with the double chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders!" in the first part, and the recitative about the rending of the veil in the temple, in the second part.

We would have gladly heard more of these dramatic numbers, more of the stormy turbæ. The scene before Pontius Pilate and the whole scene of the crucifixion were unaccountably omitted. We think that for a first venture, it would have been more judicious to have given as much as possible of this highly dramatic sort, and also to have given more of the simple chorals which are to be easily enjoyed by any audience, than to have given almost exclusively the merely contemplative part of the work, especially the long and taxing *arias*, for which neither our audience nor our singers are as yet quite ripe. It is unfortunate that Bach, of all composers, should have been first introduced to our public by his least seductive side; at all events, that phase of his genius has always been presented first which was the least calculated to enlist the sympathies of our musical public. In his instrumental music, we first became acquainted with his great organ *fugues* and *toccatas*, and the first things we heard of his

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vocal compositions were the airs in the Passion. These airs are a running commentary upon the dramatic action in the work, for we must insist that the basis of the work is essentially dramatic. Divorced from their surroundings, these airs can only appeal to the public through their purely musical beauty, which is indeed of the very highest grade, but, unfortunately, of such a character as not to be generally felt, excepting after thorough acquaintance. We cannot but think that these very airs, taken in connection with what logically precedes and follows them, would be much more quickly appreciated than is otherwise possible. To make this more plain, we will take an example. At the Händel and Haydn Society's performance, the choral No. 53, "Commit thy ways, O pilgrim," was immediately followed by the long soprano recitative and air, "He hath done only good to all," and that by the choral, "O head all bruised and wounded." The whole dramatic action which gives rise to and accounts for these numbers was omitted. This omission was furthermore unfortunate as it brought three slow, solemn movements into immediate contact with each other. In the original text the choral, "Commit thy ways" is followed by the alternately descriptive and dramatic recitative containing Pilate's appeal to the people, which reaches its climax at the phrase, "Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?" upon which the chorus thunders out "Barabbas!" in the most blood-curdling diminished seventh chord that we know of in all music. Then follows Pilate's question, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" Upon which the chorus again answers with the prolonged shriek, growing in fearful intensity as it goes on, of "Let him be crucified!" The dramatic interest has here been worked up to an almost unbearable pitch of intensity. Now Bach steps in with the commentary in the calm, grandly tragic choral, "How wonderful is this punishment!" Then comes a short return to dramatic action in Pilate's question, "Why, what evil hath he done?" when the soprano voice answers in sad recitative, half in reply, half in commentary: "He hath done only good to all. The blind have back their sight through him; the lame again are walking . . . . beside my Jesu nought hath done," followed by the air, "From love unbounded, yes, all from love, my Saviour dieth." Then the dramatic thread is taken up again, and the chorus reiterates its clamorous demand, "Let him be crucified!" The choral, "O head all bruised and wounded," comes in somewhat later, immediately after the sneering chorus, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and the evangelist's recitative, "And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head." No doubt the intrinsic musical beauty of these long, sad airs is really a thousand times more important than their dramatic relation to the rest of the work. But what we insist upon is that nine persons out of ten will be first drawn towards them by their intimate connection with their dramatic surroundings, rather than by their musical merit *per se;* and that if the public can by any means be brought to like them, we must not look too closely into the mental operation by which such liking is brought about.

But after all, and in spite of the rather general want of appreciation of the airs, the performance of the Passion was so flattering a success that one can really find but little fault. The thunder and lightning chorus created as much enthusiasm as anything that has ever been sung in the music hall, and, although it was the closing chorus of a part, it had to be repeated. We hope that this great work, having now been formally introduced to our public, will not be allowed to lie upon the shelf in future.

Accounting the production of the Passion as the most important feature of the festival, the next most important was certainly the production of two choral works by American composers, namely, John K. Paine's Saint Peter, and Dudley Buck's Forty-sixth Psalm. In Mr. Buck's composition we have a work that at once commands our respect from its excellence of form and purity of style. It begins with a short, sonorous orchestral introduction, which in the very opening bars betrays the composer's fondness for those rich, sensuous chords of the seventh with the major third that we find so constantly in all his writings. This introduces a beautifully written and exceedingly melodious chorus in F to the first three verses of the psalm. If this chorus is in some places of not quite Titanic strength, it is certainly not wanting in great beauty of form, and in some places it is extremely brilliant. If it have a fault, it is that it is often rather too sweet; the harmonies have at times a somewhat too caressing grace. The fourth and fifth verses of the psalm are set as a soprano solo and double quartette. The number is

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melodious and well-written, and both voices and instruments are well and effectively used, but the style is rather light for the subject, and the music too often merely pleasing, at times almost trivial. The third number, a recitation for bass voices, is one of the strongest in the work. It comprises the sixth verse of the psalm, and leads directly to number four, the theme of which is first given out by the bass voice and then taken up by the chorus. This chorus, comprising the seventh verse, is the most brilliant piece of writing in the work. The theme, albeit somewhat common-place, has much dash and brilliancy in it, and is most effectively worked up, with an occasional tendency, to be sure, as we have said of the opening chorus, to the redundantly sensuous; for instance in the long pedal on the dominant beginning at the bottom of page 38, and the ensuing modulation as far as the first bar on page 41, the purely religious element runs great risk of being lulled to sleep, while the ear is pillowed on such downy harmonies.

The next number, a tenor solo on the words of the eighth and ninth verses, is extremely beautiful: the lovely, finely articulated melody showing not only great sensibility to formal beauty (of which there is no lack throughout the work), but even great refinement and some depth of feeling. The middle allegro in A minor is full of strength and dramatic fire, and all its effects are simply and easily brought about. The return to the first andante in A major is well managed. The last two bars of the air, however, do not satisfy us, neither can we quite understand them. There seems to be a bar wanting. Number six, comprising the tenth verse, is a well-written quartette.

The final chorus, after a few full chords, strikes in with the theme of number four, which is briefly worked up in fugue form, soon followed by a more elaborate fugue on a new subject, but the original theme returns again with a long pedal on the dominant, and is worked up to the end with a constant acceleration of tempo. The end is not quite worthy of the rest of the work, being rather wanting in dignity, and not particularly effective.

The work, as a whole, has many great beauties to offset its not unfrequent weaknesses, and is certainly a composition that Americans have every reason to be proud of. It moreover, by its very merits, invites honest and searching criticism. To treat it with gloved hands, would be to at once place it in that dubious class of first attempts, to which it in no way belongs. Mr. Buck has earned the right to be treated fairly and on a level, without being shielded behind considerations of nationality or inexperience. He has well won his position as a composer, and now and henceforth his works, and his works alone, must be his weapons of defense in it.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of sacred choral music two works more totally dissimilar at every point than Dudley Buck's Forty-sixth Psalm and John K. Paine's Saint Peter. Such being the case, we shall make no comparison whatever between the two works. If Mr. Paine have a distinguishing quality as a composer it is that of strength. When his Mass in D, a work of considerable power and great formal beauty, was published in 1866, his command over musical form was at once evident. But his studies of other composers were then too recent to allow of his habitual musical thoughts running in any very original track. Since then, what might be called the intellectual side of his genius has developed itself with astounding rapidity. One cannot look through his compositions that are spread over the last five or six years, without being struck by the ever increasing, at times really startling, originality of his æsthetic conceptions.

As originality of matter and conception must sooner or later necessitate originality of form, we find that that mastery over musical form which Mr. Paine had so perfectly acquired, did not stand him in so good stead, as his original conceptions began to develop themselves, as it had while his æsthetic conceptions were more or less the reflex of other minds. Indeed, the old finished perfection of form began gradually to disappear from his compositions as the matter grew in strength and vitality. His power of completely realizing his conceptions has decreased. In fact, we may say that his ideal has slipped the leash, and that his life-work is henceforth to be a life-chase after it. And is this not one of the distinctions between the man of genius and the man of mere talent? The man of talent always has his ideal where he can drop his pinch of salt upon it, take it in his hand and tangibly present it to the world; the man of genius follows his high ideal through life, ever drawing nearer to it, without winning it. Saint Peter is a work which

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it is almost impossible, for us at least, to criticise. Well acquainted as we had thought ourselves with Mr. Paine's later style, there are many places in the oratorio in which, even after careful study, we cannot as yet find ourselves at home. But even those passages which are puzzling in their unintelligibility, never give the impression that the composer has nothing to say. We feel that they are rather struggles after expression, than after an idea. In some places, — as, for example, in the final chorus, — it seems as if the composer hardly gave himself time to fix, much less to realize his own conception, but was constantly impelled to rush on to something new; so overcharged is the chorus with ideas, so full of but partially assimilated matter. On the other hand he has in some places given the most vivid expression to conceptions of overpowering grandeur, as in the chorus, "The Son of man was delivered into the hands of sinful men."

Throughout the work Mr. Paine shows a horror of the trivial and commonplace that seems to be genuine and spontaneous. This is by no means rare with composers of the present day, the passion for originality being quite a prevailing one. But in many composers (Goldmark, Svendsen, for instance, *et hoc genus omne*) this striving after originality seems to be something wholly self-conscious, tempting them on to hideous excesses, while they can only charm us when, forgetful of their self-imposed dignity of original genius, they now and then talk quite pleasantly and even gracefully in their natural, commonplace vein. Mr. Paine, on the contrary, we feel to be most at home when he is most original. Of straining after peculiarity we see no trace in him.

In Saint Peter the instrumental and vocal parts are the exact complements of each other, the orchestration being an integral feature of the work, not something superimposed upon it. Thus some passages that were perfectly baffling at the rehearsals, with piano-forte, became plain enough when heard with the orchestra. To take one instance among many, the disagreeable effect of the seventh between the soprano and alto in the seventh bar of the chorus, "If ye then be risen with Christ," which everybody who sang in the chorus must remember as intolerably grating entirely disappeared when the orchestra stepped in. We do not purpose to give a detailed analysis of the work. For this we refer the reader to a previous number.[1] We would only say in conclusion that we know very few works of so great promise as Saint Peter. Faults it undoubtedly has, but in some passages it rises to a pitch of grandeur and power that we look for in vain in many works of world-wide reputation.

Of the other works performed at the festival it is unnecessary to speak, as they have by this time become familiar as household words to most of our public. Of the manner in which the various works were performed we have little but praise to say. The Society's chorus has never been in such good singing condition, and the orchestra, of which Theodore Thomas's orchestra formed the nucleus, was by far the best we have yet heard in Boston. The Society undertook to do an immense amount of work, and some of the newly performed compositions suffered from want of sufficient rehearsing with the orchestra; but taken as a whole, the performances were a positive triumph. One little point we would, however, express our astonishment at; namely, that ever since the Thomas orchestra first bit our public with the Träumerei-pianissimo mania, Mr. Zerrahn should have persistently left out the wind instruments in the second half of the Pastoral Symphony in the Messiah. It is an inexcusable bit of sentimentalism.

1 Atlantic for August, 1873.

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EDUCATION.

THE Dean of the Harvard College Faculty, in his report of the present year, after speaking of the need of coöperation on the part of the leading colleges "in enforcing upon teachers, and in enabling them to enforce upon their pupils, the necessity of thorough training in all the elements of a sound education," says: "As soon as these colleges unite in demanding of candidates *for admission a thoroughly good training* in English no less than in classical subjects, the schools which feed the colleges will in turn be able to exact from lower schools an efficiency which they now greatly lack."

We think that this greatly overestimates the influence that the colleges and the preparatory schools have or should have upon the grammar or common schools of the country. We have not, except in the mistaken theory of a few educators, a system of instruction that proceeds from the primary school through regular and successive stages, and finds its completeness only in the university. The great mass of our children receive their entire education in the primary and lower classes of the grammar schools. An exceedingly small percentage ever enter higher schools. Probably in no one of our cities is the proportion of those in the high schools to those in the grammar and primary schools greater than five per cent. Philadelphia embraces in her system of free schools 148,511 pupils, and of these but "2000 in the high schools and advanced departments of the grammar schools." The Superintendent of the Common Schools of Pennsylvania reports this year that out of 1,200,000 persons of school age in the State, there are but 45,000 "who are engaged in the study of one or more branches of knowledge beyond the elements."

Still further: in the graded grammar schools of our cities and large towns, only a very small proportion of the pupils ever reach the highest classes. This is not generally understood, we think, by the community. When we exhibit with pride our high schools and the upper classes of the grammar schools, we are showing the most costly part of our school system, but a part that is reached only by the exceptional few. They are free to all, but nevertheless only a few are there. The great mass of children are called away from school by necessity or inclination, at an early age.

It should be recognized by all who are interested in the cause of general education in our country, that at least ninety per cent. of the pupils receive only what can be taught them in a very few years, and that their instruction should be based on what is best for them — leaving school as they will as early as fourteen years of age, and a large proportion of them much earlier — and not at all on what would be the best basis of training for those who are to superadd to this many years of higher culture. In many of the States the country schools are in operation quite frequently but twenty-eight weeks of the year, and with a succession of different teachers from term to term. In our larger towns and cities, the number of those who leave school long before promotion to the higher classes is startling, as making manifest the limited education that the girls and still more that the boys receive.

No demand that the academies or classical schools may make will meet with response, because the number of those who expect to enter them is comparatively insignificant. The time must come, and the sooner it does the better, when those in charge of public education in the different States realize that the right aim is to give a short course, as practical as it can be made, to meet the necessities of the most of the children, and to draw off from them at a very early period those who hope for a more liberal training.

The burden of the additional requisitions of the college is laid upon the preparatory schools. We can even imagine that some of the experienced teachers, in charge of great grammar schools in our cities, would smile at the thought that Harvard College, by any scheme of examination that she could devise, would have the slightest influence upon the instruction of those who, with the exception of perhaps one in five hundred, have not the remotest notion of ever entering her halls. The real influence that Harvard College exerts upon lower education is in sending forth her own pupils as cultivated gentlemen, accurate scholars, and well-equipped teachers.

But we have an additional reason for thinking that it is impossible for the preparatory schools to exact of the lower schools "a thoroughly good training in English." We offer it with some hesitation,

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because in the absence of any comprehensive system of supervision of schools throughout our country, it is not easy to ascertain much concerning the real state of education, and we are likely to utter impressions that rest upon an insufficient basis of facts. We confess to having examined many volumes of reports upon public education without being able to get much definite knowledge upon what branches are taught, still less what proficiency is attained. The statistics given are such as refer largely to expenditure and attendance. One of the State reports says: "To estimate with any degree of accuracy the value of a school system in a broad sense, there are four classes of facts that seem indispensable: first, the number of children to be educated; second, the number that attend school; third, the average daily attendance; and fourth, the percentage of attendance." The facts that are really important are, How have the children been taught, and what have they learned? We doubt if any expenditure for education would be of so much service to any State, as a uniform examination, by properly appointed State officials, of all the public schools; or any report of so much value as a candid statement of the results of such examination. But after acknowledging that our belief does not rest on statistics upon which we can rely, we are constrained to say that we think the schools which feed the colleges can depend upon the lower schools for no part of what may be demanded of their pupils on entering college, because the lower schools do not do their work well.

There are in Pennsylvania over nineteen thousand teachers of public schools, but the Superintendent of Common Schools says: "We have only about 2500 teachers fully qualified for their work;" and again, "Of the 15,003 teachers receiving certificates to teach during the year, only 374 were found to have a thorough knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar, and that practical preparation for their profession which insures success." Similar complaints, perhaps not so plainly expressed, are found in other State reports. In fact, when we take into account the low average pay of teachers, the itineracy of their occupation, outside of the cities, and the fact that local measures, plans, and expenditures prevent anything like a true system of education, we see that the results obtained are all but accidental, and are not surprised that, at the recent examination for admission to West Point, nearly one third of all the candidates, very many of whom had doubtless been specially selected by the appointing congressmen through confidence in their ability, were rejected for deficiency in elementary English studies.

We are told in the report of the Dean of Harvard College, that the single aim of the Faculty in the changes required by them in the preparatory course of study has been "to make that course correspond more nearly with the *best possible course of study for young men, up to an average age of eighteen, who purpose to pursue non-professional studies for four years more.*" In the words that we have italicized is seen the reason why no part of this "best possible course" can be expected of those whose purpose is entirely different; can be demanded of any schools excepting those that undertake to contribute a part of this long-extended general training

A single illustration will show that no part of the college requisitions can be met in the common schools. The academies might perhaps claim that boys should come to them already well prepared in geography. We give a few questions taken from late examination papers at Harvard — one question taken from each of several papers — to show the range of topics and extent of knowledge required of the candidates, who cannot, of course, know upon what parts of the general subject the examiner will direct his inquiries: —

"To what powers belong the Azores, Corsica, Malta, Heligoland, Algeria, Batavia, Manilla, Sydney, Havana?"

"State approximately the population of the most important states of Europe."

"Give as precisely as you can the position of the following mountains, and state, when possible, to what range each belongs: Washington; St. Elias; Hecla; Elburz; Pike's Peak; Dwalagiri; Chimborazo; Shasta; Orizaba."

"Describe the coast of Asia from Behring's Strait to the Strait of Malacca, mentioning the peninsulas, the seas, the mouths of important rivers, and the islands lying near the mainland."

"To what States or countries would you go for caoutchouc, coffee, olives, opium, pepper, rice, sugar, silk, tapioca, turpentine?"

"Name and give the situation of the English colonies in Africa."

Would it be reasonable to expect schools, the great majority of whose pupils before the age of fourteen, and many still earlier,

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leave all school instruction, to undertake to give such an acquaintance with geography as is indicated by these questions?

We think Harvard College has a full right to demand all that her new requisitions exact, that it is no more than "a well-educated young man ought to possess," but we also think that the only way by which it can readily and surely be reached is by separating those who hope to receive a liberal culture from the great mass of their schoolmates, at a much earlier age than is now usual, and by the classical schools attaching to themselves classes preparatory to their own course and under their own direction.

— The last Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in the city of Brooklyn, Mr. Thomas W. Field, lies before us. In it he says that the boys in the public schools of Brooklyn now leave them at the average age of fourteen years, whereas the former average was fifteen, and that consequently their grade of scholarship is diminished. The reasons for this he finds in the fearfully overcrowded state of the schools, the classes in about one half of them ranging all the way from eighty to *a hundred and eighty scholars!* and in the yet sadder fact, if possible, that these tremendous classes are taught by girls so youthful as to be utterly incompetent either physically or intellectually for their work. Brooklyn refuses to support a Normal School, yet her Board of Education appoints annually not less than a hundred new teachers, of whom the average age is "less than eighteen years," and "three fourths of whom are little more skilled than the pupils themselves." The poor young things often have not got their growth even, and for a pittance of four hundred dollars per annum they undertake this exhausting daily drudgery, and many of them teach in the evening schools beside. "So monstrous is this overcrowding of their class-rooms," says Mr. Field, "that in some instances, when the pupils have once assumed their positions, only the front rows are accessible to the teacher without treading upon or removing the scholars." The male principals of the schools are obliged to give their entire time to the mere superintendence of these young hordes, and the function of teaching devolves wholly on their female assistants, which again, Mr. Field thinks, is a cause of the boys leaving school a year earlier. He therefore recommends the appointment of a male assistant to each principal, who will also succeed to his place when the latter retires, — and *we* recommend that the next benevolent association formed in Brooklyn be one for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Teachers, and of Mental and Moral Ruin to Children."

But Mr. Field's anxieties are not all for the boys, and there is still another implied reason for their low scholarships. The city of Brooklyn has tried what he calls the "sentimental caprice" of mixed schools of boys and girls. The girls are so much more faithful or ambitious, that they are in effect about half a grade beyond the boys all the time. The hasty inference from this statement naturally is that the boys in mixed schools are half a grade lower than those in unmixed schools; but this is nowhere shown or stated by Mr. Field. If the boys in mixed schools are no lower in scholarship than those in unmixed ones, *other things being equal*, then Mr. Field's point is worth just nothing at all. On the contrary, the boys must be benefited in the end by hearing the better recitations of the girls, however little they seem to profit by them at the time, since the next best thing for a class to a good teacher is a bright scholar.

But not only do the girls, in Mr. Field's opinion, injure the boys intellectually. The boys injure them morally, and "the sad facts in his possession," which prove this, induce him to recommend that the mixed schools be given up as failures in every respect. These "sad facts" are not surprising, when we learn that "boys and young men from sixteen to twenty years of age are encouraged to sit at the same desks with young ladies of the same age," and that the "vicious youth, whose mind is precociously matured with the evils of a metropolitan city, and thoroughly educated in all its mysteries of vice, is *not* a rare personage in our public schools." An innocent girl, not only "permitted but encouraged" to sit by what he calls a "youthful debauchee," is indeed an unpardonable spectacle.

But it rests upon those who, like Mr. Field, discourage mixed schools and colleges, to show, not merely that occasional "sad facts" among the boys and girls who go to school together come to the knowledge of teachers. These aberrations occur under all systems. But Mr. Field must prove that the whole tone of the community is lowered in regard to the relation of the

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sexes, before he can make good his case. The advocates of co-education maintain that it raises the moral standard of the community, and that the cases of aberration become fewer and less pronounced. But no school, mixed or unmixed, should harbor a "youthful debauchee" who is known by his teacher to be such, whether his "respectable parent requires his attendance there," as Mr. Field says, or not. He should be sent to the Reform School, along with the young thief.

—Here is a compendium which is one indeed, for between the covers of Mr. Gilman's little book,[1] we whiz from one end of history to the other with the speed of an English lightning express. It is very complete, with maps, chronological tables, an ample index, and a catalogue of histories and related works in English to assist the student. If compendiums must exist, it should seem that their style, in the very nature of things, should be rapid, and that a few bold strokes should tell the story. Generally they are anything but this, and are as tedious as they must be uninstructive. This of Mr. Gilman's is, however, a shining exception, for beside his own fluent narrative, he gives the reader many attractive side glimpses by the apposite quotations which come in here and there in a very easy way —as for instance in the description of the Greek and Latin languages on pp. 33, 34. Altogether, the compilation has the effect of having been thrown off from memory by a cultivated man in his leisure moments, and the result is so graceful that that alone would make it popular.

Mr. Gilman writes, he says, "in order to stimulate the student to make thorough investigations, and at the same time to furnish a guide which shall indicate the general path to be pursued." We hope it may have the desired result in a wide degree, since there is no study which is so shamefully neglected in our country as the study of history, though to a people that is trying the art of self-government, it is obvious that there can be none so important. The sketch of our late civil war, which closes the story, is the most judicious we have seen in any text-book.

Of the philosophy of history —the *rationale* of it —there is no hint throughout this book. Mr. Gilman skims the cream of events, but as to how the cream came to be there he does not trouble himself or the reader. And yet it would have added very little to his account of the ancient republics, to have stated briefly the phases that they nearly all of them alike went through, what kind of relation the citizens of each held to itself and to the others, and what was the social, political, and intellectual condition of women and of the masses throughout their existence. A few well-considered paragraphs might have cleared up popular misconceptions on these points that have too long prevailed; for a Greek republic, or that of Rome itself, was no more like our own than a modern steamship is like an ancient galley. In like manner, in the chapters devoted to England and America, the constitutional history of England previous to the time of the Stuarts is not even alluded to, and the student is left, as in our absurd grammar-school histories of the United States, to infer that the principles of our constitution originated on American soil. Not even the birth of political representation in the thirteenth century by the creation of the English House of Commons, is anywhere mentioned! In short, the history of the people, as it appears in their laws, customs and struggles from generation to generation, is too much ignored. A long procession of kings, warriors, and statesmen pass across the stage in company with an occasional poet or philosopher, and that is almost all. Still, Mr. Gilman may be forgiven for having adhered so closely to the old plum-in-the-pudding principles of writing history, since any other conception of it is of so comparatively recent date. His inaccuracies, however, seem to us not so excusable. For example, he says that Elizabeth's favorite, the Earl of Leicester, was the son of her prime minister, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, and that "among the chief advisers of James I. was the Cecil who had been of so much service to Elizabeth," whereas the latter Cecil was the son of the former. Other examples nearly as flagrant might be cited. With a careful revision, however, and some additions of the nature indicated, this little book might be made a model of its kind. The dates between commas, following proper names, we think would be better in the margin.

[1] *First Steps in General History. A Suggestive Outline.* By ARTHUR GILMAN, M. A., author of First Steps in English Literature, etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1874.

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